Aug. 23, 1976

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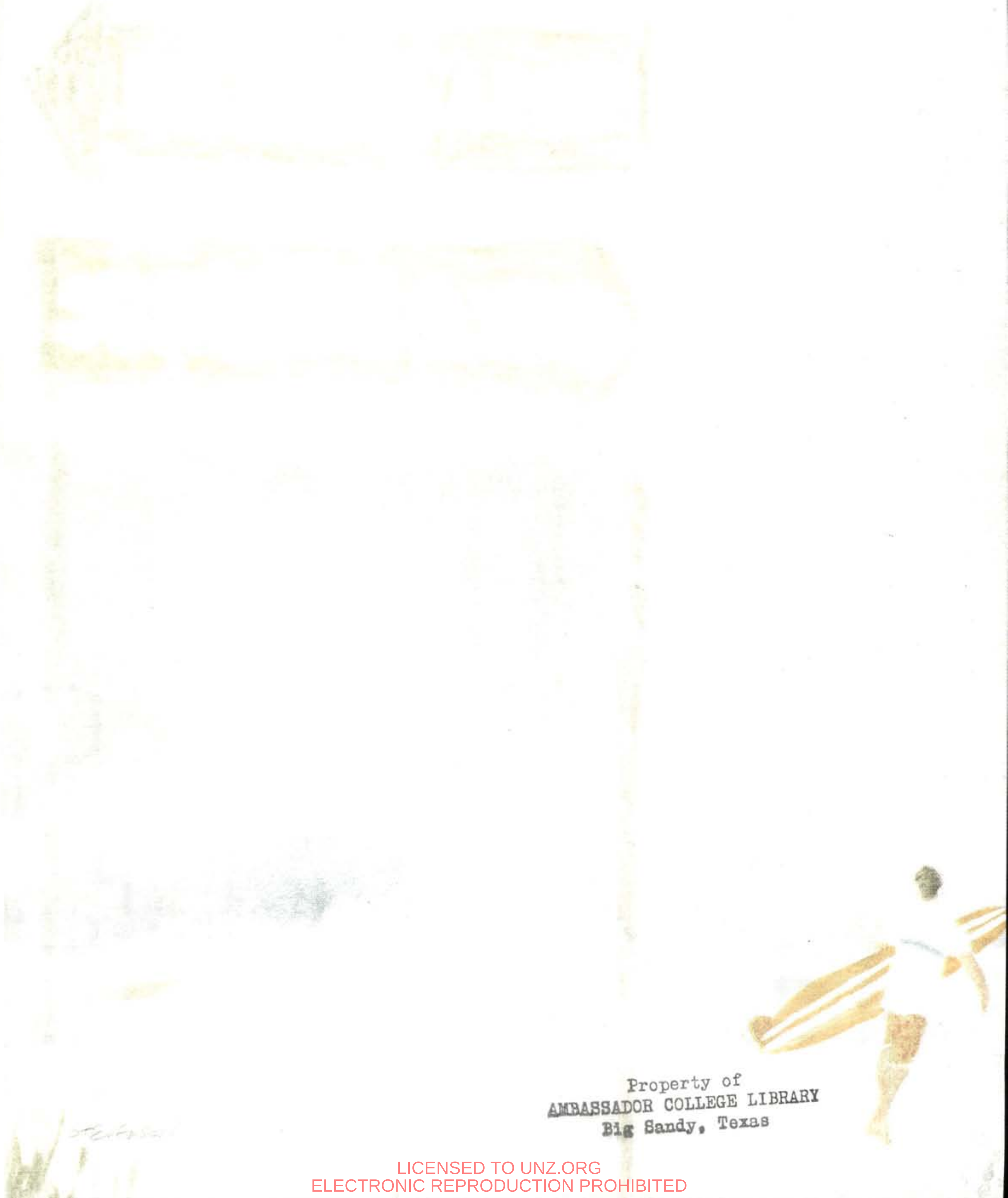
THE NEW YORKER



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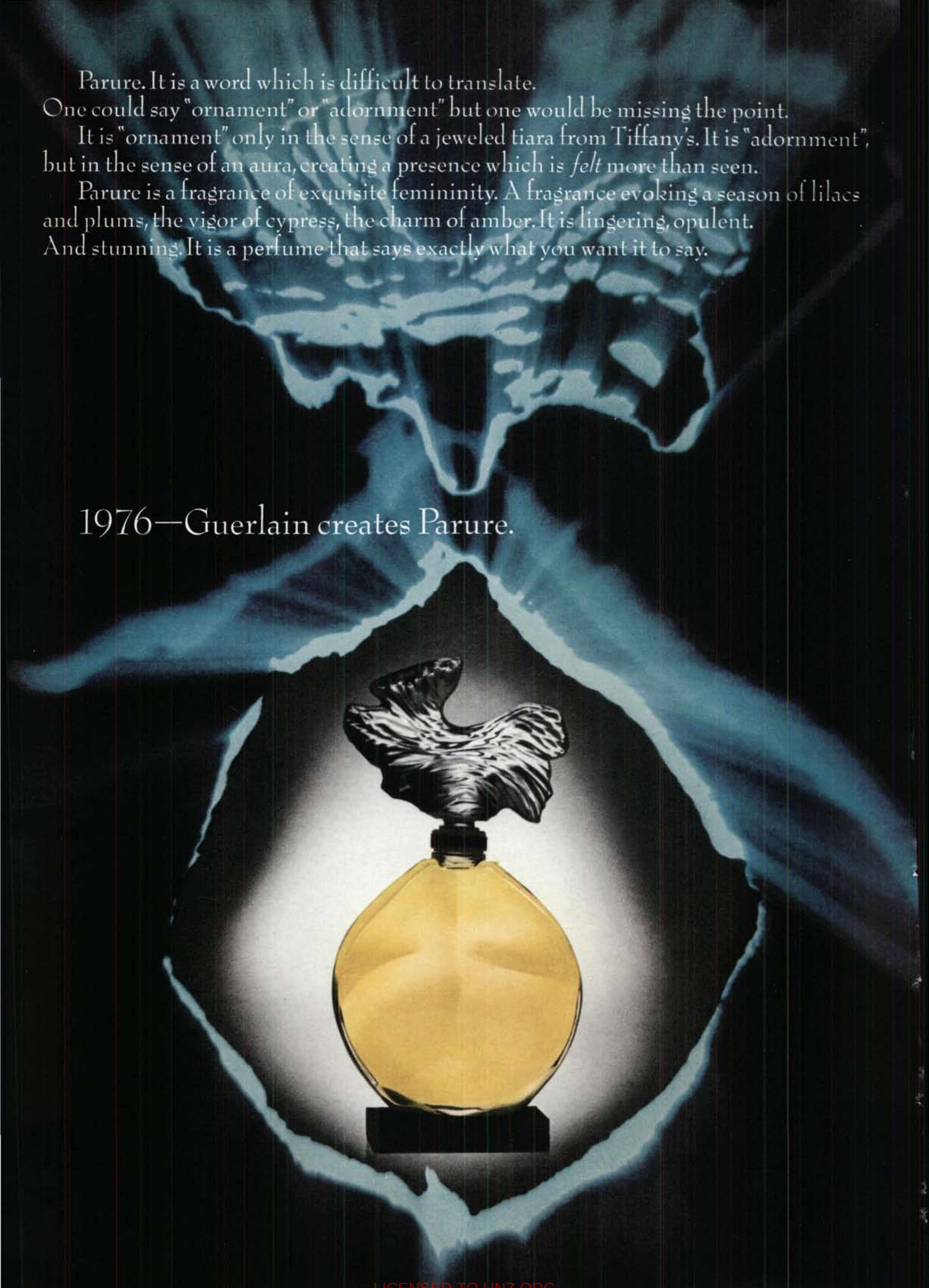

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—A poorly produced revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical, which has a book by John O'Hara. Joan Copeland is excellent in the role originated by Vivienne Segal. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**boy meets boy:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **chicago:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the

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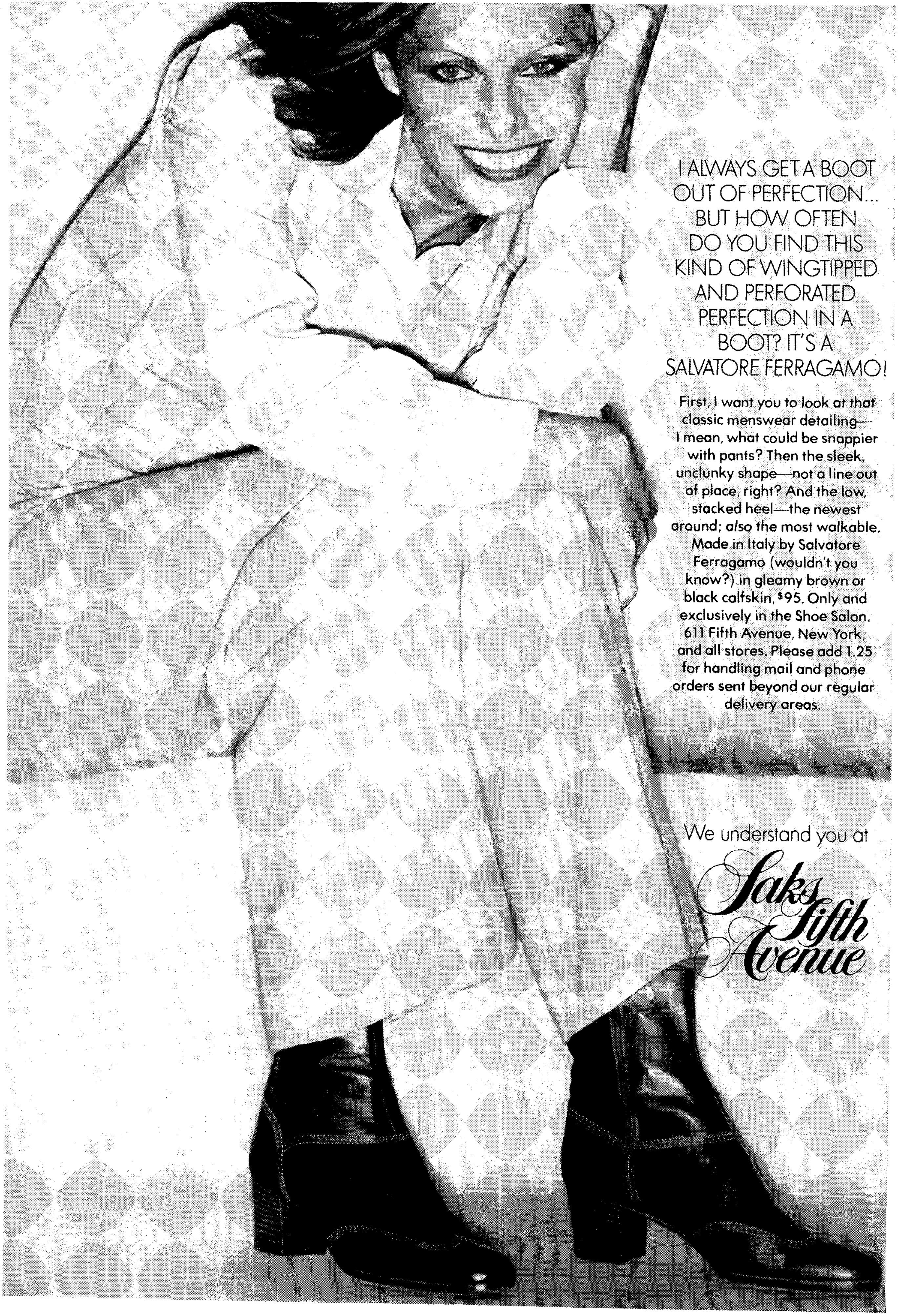

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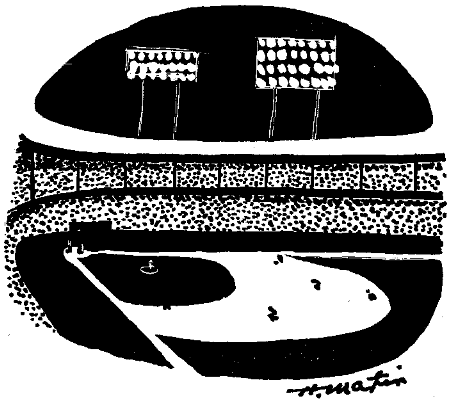
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, and Marian Seldes. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,793 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30 and 5:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming, Dianne de Leeuw, and Jill Shipstad. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 18, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and also Thursday, Aug. 19, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 24-25, at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. The Duke Ellington Orchestra, led by Mercer Ellington, is playing one number at each performance. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8: "Blues Suite," "The Mooche," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8: "Streams," "Love Songs," "Blues Suite," and "Caravan."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2: "Games," "Streams," "Love Songs," and "Caravan."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 1: "Games," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 7: "The Mooche," "Caravan," and "Revelations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Nearly a hundred years ago, this building housed the offices of the Jennings Lace Works, which was the first concern to import Chantilly, Alençon, and Breton lace into this country. Today, most of the building is divided up into studios and residences for artists, musicians, and dancers. The only commercial space is Ali's Alley, on the ground floor, a former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious, bar and soul-food night club. The owner, **RASHIED ALI**, an astonishingly gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus, leads an unrestrained quintet—bassist Benny Wilson, either Don Pullen or Charles Eubanks on piano, Marvin Blackman on tenor sax, James Vass on alto, and blues singer Royal Blue. Thursdays through Sundays, from about ten.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A sort of thirties chophouse, and worthwhile. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Bassist Walter Booker and his quintet wind up on Wednesday, Aug. 18. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 19-21, saxophonist George Adams leads a quartet. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24, **CHARLES SULLIVAN**, a wonderful young trumpet player, will perform with his fivesome. On Wednesday, Aug. 25, a quintet headed by saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will take over. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Flying Burrito Brothers will be onstage, along with country singer Jim Post. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, singer and songwriter **TIM HARDIN** will alternate with Raun MacKinnon, a Village folksinging fixture, and her band. Sunday and Monday, Aug. 22-23, are given over to **JOHN FAHEY**, who for the last several years has been a legend among folk-guitar enthusiasts, and to folksinger Artie Traum. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 24-26, singer Roger McGuinn will appear with his new group, Thunderbyrd, opposite fiddler Byron Berline and Sundance. Beginning Friday, Aug. 27, saxophonist **JOHN HANDY** and his band will trade sets with soul singer Al Jarreau. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Thursday, Aug. 19.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** through Saturday, Aug. 21. On Monday, Aug. 23, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and pianist Peggy Stern will commence a one-week stand. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. Five groups a night are currently performing in the C.B.G.B. Underground Rock Festival. Music from about nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE**, a polished performer and boogie-woogie specialist, has replaced Dick Hyman. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, Jo Jones, brushes in hand, will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Aug. 22, Soprano Summit, a quintet co-piloted by soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER**, will perform from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays accommodate vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE**. Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Little will be back again on Sunday, Aug. 22, but this time they'll work with saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** is on hand, backed by pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and a trio. Their last night is Saturday, Aug. 21. Beginning Monday, Aug. 23, guitarist **JOE PASS** will take charge. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later

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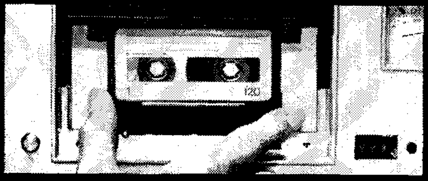
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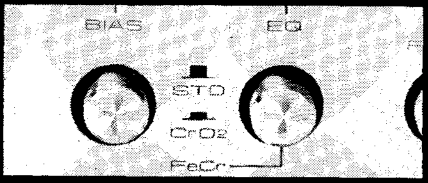

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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part. Max Kaminsky leads the band on Mondays. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jazz singer Johnny Hartman is currently on the podium, accompanied by pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Mondays through Thursdays, saxophonist Denny Morouse is here with his quintet. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Organist **JIMMY MCGRIFF** and his band will hold forth through Sunday, Aug. 22. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 25, a tripleheader: a rock band known as the Good Rats; folksinger Lisa McGregor; and Gary Yudman, a comedian-impressionist from New Jersey. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Novella Nelson, who has a substantial following in these parts, is a striking-looking young woman and a heavily dramatic singer. She will finish on Saturday, Aug. 21, after which the club shuts down for a two-week vacation. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups pass through here. On Wednesday, Aug. 18, saxophonist Eddie Daniels' quartet dominates the room. Thursday, Aug. 19, a fivesome known as Odyssey supplies the music. Closes after Friday, Aug. 20, for a two-week vacation.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has come up with a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. Through Sunday, Aug. 22, pianist **MIKE LONGO** will team up with bassist Bob Cranshaw. Mondays and Tuesdays have been reserved for **JACK WILKINS,** probably the most exciting guitarist in town, and a couple of musician friends. On Wednesday, Aug. 25, saxophonist Dave Liebman and his free-jazz-rock band, Lookout Farm, will begin a five-night run. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

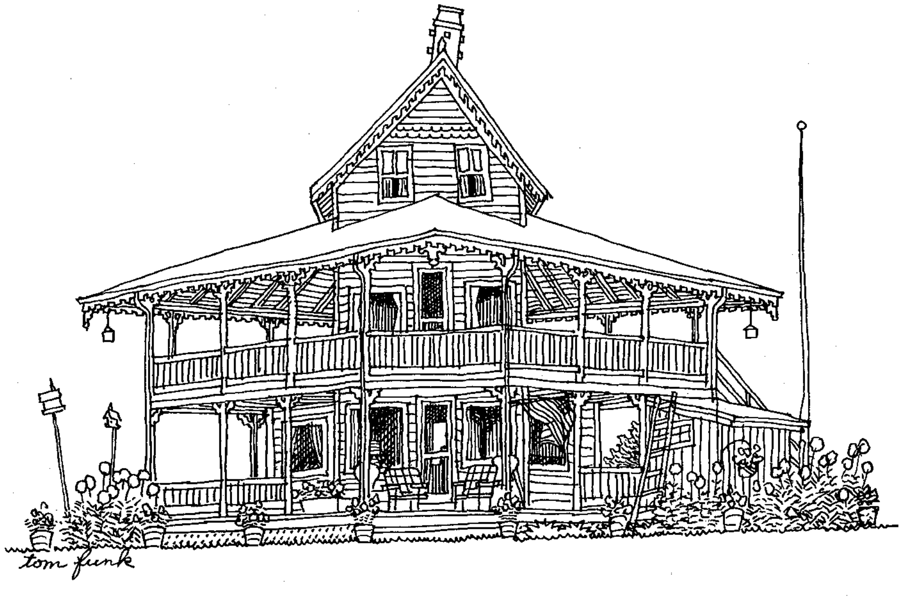
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will perform through Sunday, Aug. 22; on Saturday and Sunday, they will take turns with **STAN GETZ** and his quartet. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers brings in his group for a week's stay on Tuesday, Aug. 24. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. The **HEATH** brothers—tenor saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** and drummer **ALBERT**—finish up a week here with pianist Stanley Cowell on Sunday, Aug. 22. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK** will arrive with his combo. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** herds his youthful, truly up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quartet made up of drummer Shelton Gary, pianist Ram Ramirez, and **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties). On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience, is here at the helm of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are session times for the **COUNTSMEN,** a few stalwart Basie alumni, and others—Buddy Tate, Paul Quinichette, Earle Warren, Franklin Skeete, Jim Roberts, and Ronnie Cole. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A jazz club on a street known lately for its shoe stores, book-and-record stores, and fast food. Ron Roullier is in charge of the Tuesday-night seventeen-piece big band. Wednesdays through Saturdays, saxophonist **CHARLES MCPHERSON** plays with his quartet. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty; Tuesdays from ten-thirty. Dinner.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Karel Appel—Paintings from the fifties and early sixties, done with the thick, raw colors and wild, primitive-looking draftsmanship characteristic of the Cobra group, of which this artist was a founding member. Through Sept. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Friday, Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in an allegorical manner. Through Sept. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse styles by American and European artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Paul Klee, and Anthony Caro. Through Sept. 3. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **FINDLAY,** 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 18. (Closes for a two-week vacation after Friday, Aug. 20.). . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24.

Project Rebuild—Fairly representative works by more than fifty artists, including Carl Andre, Saul Steinberg, Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, and Mark di Suvero, who donated them to the exhibition, which takes its name from a collective effort to alleviate the effects of the recent earthquakes in northern Italy. Through Friday, Aug. 27. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, which can be entered on Washington Place, just east of Washington Square.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934) **and Clarence H. White** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays, and for two weeks after Friday, Aug. 20.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of Britons in place. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.)... **SEAGRAM BUILDING**, fourth floor, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.: An exhibit of twenty-six photographs (interiors, mostly) documenting the rise (and, in some respects, fall) of the county courthouse in the United States. Through Friday, Aug. 27.... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty prints by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) covering just about all her working career. / Frederick H. Evans, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, and other nineteenth-century British photographers. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3.... ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 12.... ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.... ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers, with examples from his entire career (1888-1976). Through Oct. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 18, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Leonard Slatkin conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Firkusny and with Samuel Rhodes, viola.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22: A recital by Anton Kuerti, piano.... ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.... ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 25-28: Neville Marriner conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Kuerti. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the regular season—Thursday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artists Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa. (A benefit for the Music Center.)... ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Mozart program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: Jorge Mester conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jean Dupouy, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the New England Conservatory Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 7:30: Loggins & Messina and Aztec Two-Step. ... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 7: Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benjamin Luxon, tenor; and Yehudi Wyner, piano, in a performance of Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. ... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting a varied program; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Miss Forrester; Mr. Luxon, Kenneth Riegel, and Seth McCoy, tenors; Richard Stilwell, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:15: John Pritchard directing the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Donald Bell, bass-baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:15: Eve Queler conducting the orchestra, with Miriam Fried, violin.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Byron Janis, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. The final concert of the season by the orchestra.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Ginger Rogers.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, at 7: Loggins & Messina and Heart.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Frank Sinatra.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: Linda Ronstadt.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7: The Beach Boys.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8:15: The New York Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with (on Friday) Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Francisco Aybar, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Dennis Wayne and Lawrence Rhodes, Jo-Ann Bruggemann and Bob Bowyer, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 19, at 3; Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—A week of performances in Newport. Sunday, Aug. 22, at 8: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 24-25, at 8: Judith Jamison and the American Dance Machine. ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8, and Friday, Aug. 27, at 9 (a benefit performance): The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Rogers High School Auditorium, Wykeham Rd., Newport, R. I.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8.... ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2.... ¶ Minnesota, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 23-25, at 8.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:15.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Washington Redskins, in an exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 23; the Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 25; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 27; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28. ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.)... **ATLANTIC**

CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Longport Handicap, Friday, Aug. 20, and the Matchmaker, Saturday, Aug. 28.

TENNIS—Tennis Week Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Saturday, Aug. 21, through Sunday, Aug. 29.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

ET ALIA

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION—Continues in Kansas City, through Thursday, Aug. 19.

ARCHITECTURAL TOUR—Michael George and other guides will conduct a tour of the Metropolitan Club, the University Club, the Rhodes School, the Villard Houses, and other buildings associated with the firm of McKim, Mead, and White. Sunday, Aug. 22, starting at the Plaza Hotel 59th Street entrance, at 2:30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(*If the* weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Meryl Streep, Lenny Baker, Sam Waterston, and John Cazale. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf (with Stanley Drucker, clarinet) is conducting the final concerts in the park. CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: Bonnie Raitt, Muddy Waters, and L.T.D. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 6: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 6:30: Chuck Mangione and his concert orchestra, with Esther Satterfield. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, and Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Santana. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 6:30: Grover Washington, Jr., Hank Crawford, and others. (Through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of musical theatre, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country and Latin music), and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Cleveland Quartet, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, at 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, Frances Cole, harpsichord, at 12:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, Marco Rizo and his Latin-Afro Jazz Ensemble at 8:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, the Jazzmobile All-Stars at 12:15 and Leonard Raver, organ, with the New York Brass Choir at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, the Atlantic Players at 2:30, Voices, Inc., at 5, and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center at 6:15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, the National Theatre Company (for children) at 11, the Rod Rodgers Dance Company at 2:30, and Parachute People at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, Martin Josman directing the National Chorale Ensemble at 12:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, the Howard University Childrens Theatre at 11, the Fairmont Deaf Theatre at 2:30, and Theatre 47 at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:15, the Joyce Trisler Danscompany. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Ballet Hispanico. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 3, Neustra Musica Latina. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Friends of Country. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:15, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Workshop.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of SHOWBOAT, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

A now-look at the classics. Bleyle's with-it A-line pull-on skirt in a wool flannel knit plus an ultra soft all-wool pull-on with new U-neckline. Under it: a classic-line knit shirt in a silky polyester.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 24: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 24: "All the President's Men" and "Badlands."
From Aug. 25: "The Omen" and another feature, to be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Aug. 24: "Murder by Death."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 24: "Tunnelvision."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 24: "Murder by Death."
From Aug. 25: "The Omen."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through Aug. 19: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
From Aug. 20: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 24: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Aug. 25: "The Shootist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Silent Movie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 19: "Tunnelvision."
Aug. 20-24: "The Gumball Rally."
From Aug. 25: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 24: "Logan's Run."
From Aug. 25: "Gator."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 20: "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Aug. 21: "King Kong."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Aug. 24: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."
From Aug. 25: "The Omen" and another feature, to be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Ode to Billy Joe."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 24: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 25: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 24: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."
From Aug. 25: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Ode to Billy Joe."

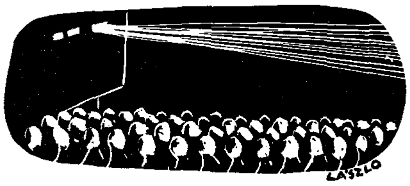
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Drum."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Survive!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 24: "Futureworld."
From Aug. 25: "Gator."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 19: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
From Aug. 20: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Aug. 24: "The Omen."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 24: "Logan's Run."
From Aug. 25: "Gator."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 19: "Street Scene" and "Winterset." Aug. 20-21: "M" and "Metropolis." Aug. 22-24: "Vampyr" and "Nosferatu." Aug. 25-26: "Things to Come" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Swashbuckler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 19: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
From Aug. 20: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 24: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 25: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "The War Between Men and Women."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Lovers and Other Relatives."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 24: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 24: "Murder by Death."
From Aug. 25: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks." From Aug. 20: "Bambi" and "Follow Me, Boys!"
Theatre 2: "Ode to Billy Joe."
Theatre 3: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 24: "Logan's Run."
From Aug. 25: "Gator."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Alpha Beta."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 24: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 25: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 18: "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin.
Aug. 19: "Frankenstein" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; and "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935), directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff, and Elsa Lanchester.
Aug. 20: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Aug. 21: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Aug. 22: "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson; and "Through a Glass Darkly." (†)
Aug. 23: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†) and "Whiskey Galore." (†)
Aug. 24: "Pickpocket" (1958), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; and "A Man Escaped." (†)
Aug. 25: "Summer Interlude" (1951), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Maj-Britt Nilsson; and "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
Aug. 26: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 18: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and "Cheyenne Autumn" (1964), directed by John Ford, with Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker, James Stewart, and Karl Malden.
Aug. 19: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Harder They Fall" (1956), directed by Mark Robson, with Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger.
Aug. 20: "A King in New York" (†) and "Point of Order!" (†)
Aug. 21: "The Misfits" (†) and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (†)
Aug. 22: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Les Visiteurs du Soir." (†)
Aug. 23: "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by Victor McLaglen, with Cary Grant, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." (†)
Aug. 24: "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan; and "The Middle of the World." (†)
Aug. 25: "Ordet" (1955), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; and "Teorema" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano.
Aug. 26: "The Balcony" (†) and "Mademoiselle." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 18: "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.
Aug. 19: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (1968), directed by Hy Aver-

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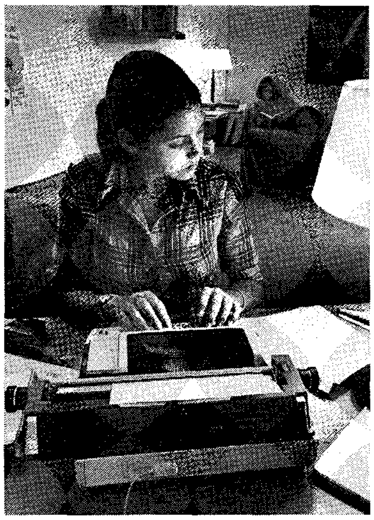

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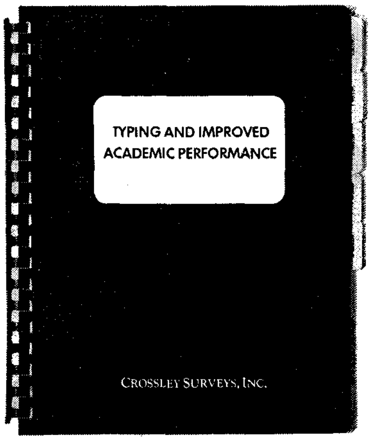

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back, with Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten.

Aug. 20: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; "The Mutations" (1974), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Donald Pleasence and Tom Baker; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

Aug. 21: "Lisztomania" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey; and "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.

Aug. 22: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Aug. 23: "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Aug. 24: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Aug. 25: "Chushingura." (†)

Aug. 26: "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Aug. 19: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

Aug. 20-21: "The Devil's Eye" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Through a Glass Darkly." (†)

Aug. 22-24: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Aug. 25-26: "Knife in the Water" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 21: "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "The Sea Hawk" (1940), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall.

Aug. 22-24: "The Public Enemy" (†) and "Key Largo." (†)

From Aug. 25: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (†) and "White Heat." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Aug. 18: "Barry Lyndon" (1975), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson; and "Elvira Madigan" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark.

Aug. 19: "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard; and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman.

Aug. 20: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Aug. 21: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

Aug. 22: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Aug. 23: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Robards, Stella Stevens, and David Warner; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

Aug. 24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Aug. 25: "Distant Thunder" (†); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Mr. Renoir.

Aug. 26: "Swept Away" (†); and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Aug. 21: "They Knew What They Wanted" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, and William Gargan; and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

Aug. 22-23: "Higher and Higher" (†) and "Step Lively." (†)

Aug. 24-25: "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" (†) and "S.O.S. Iceberg." (†)

From Aug. 26: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell; and "Kennel Murder Case." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Super Sleuth" (1937), directed by Ben Stoloff, with Jack Oakie and Ann Sothern; and "Blondes at Work" (1938), directed by Frank McDonald, with Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6: "Spring Madness" (1938), directed by Sylvan Simon, with Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew Ayres, Burgess Meredith, and Ruth Hussey. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8:30: "Hold That Co-Ed" (1938), directed by George Marshall, with John Barrymore, George Murphy, Joan Davis, and Jack Haley. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "Spring Madness." . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at noon: "The Three Musketeers" (1939), directed by Allan Dwan, with the Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche, Lionel Atwill, and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Lew Ayres. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 5: "It's a Gift" (1934), directed by Norman McLeod, with W. C. Fields and Baby Le Roy; and "The Bank Dick" (1940), directed by Eddie Cline, with W. C. Fields and Grady Sutton. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at noon: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart, and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2:30: "Another Thin Man" (1939), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 5: "Stella Maris" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at noon: "Joy of Living" (1938), directed by Tay Garnett, with Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Alice Brady. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2:30: "Another Thin Man." . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at noon: "Fifth Avenue Girl" (1939), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "You Can't Take It with You." . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Joy of Living." . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:30: "Fifth Avenue Girl." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Aug. 24.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Over the years, this couple, who yearn to be well matched, are turning each other into a philanderer and a scold. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written: the knife is on the bone every time. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (New Yorker; Aug. 25-26.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 24.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 20.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks (1971)—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 19.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (72nd Street East; starting Aug. 25.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 24.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Elgin; Aug. 25.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film, full of the sort of silent pondering that characterizes the clockmaker. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Sutton; Aug. 25.)

Drum—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman, and Waverly.)

Follow Me, Boys! (1966)—From the Disney studios, with Fred MacMurray and Vera Miles, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 20.)

Futureworld—With Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, and Arthur Hill; directed by Richard T. Heffron. (86th St. East; through Aug. 24.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston,

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Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Symphony; starting Aug. 25.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

The Gumball Rally—With Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Eastside Cinema; Aug. 20-24.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 24.)

Higher and Higher (1944)—Frank Sinatra in a slack R.K.O. adaptation of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical; the performers (Michèle Morgan, Mel Tormé, Marcy Maguire, Victor Borge, Jack Haley, Leon Errol, Barbara Hale, Paul and Grace Hartman) are trapped in an inconsistent, unengaging script. Sinatra shines, however, and sings some Harold Adamson and Jimmy McHugh songs, including "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night." (Only one Rodgers and Hart number survives.) Tim Whelan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 22-23.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 26.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Regency; Aug. 22-24.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 21.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (New Yorker; Aug. 25-26.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness as the fussy bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies and a minor classic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 23.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, her nature is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Trans-Lux East, Greenwich, and Symphony; through Aug. 24.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (First Avenue Cinema; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 25.)

Lovers and Other Relatives—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 20-21.)

Mademoiselle (1966)—Jeanne Moreau as a sex-starved pyromaniac schoolteacher, in a script by Jean Genet that punctures Kate Millett's argument for him. Tony Richardson directed this exquisitely photographed, elaborately bizarre, ridiculous, and tedious movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 24.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 25.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the financing for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," and "The Blue Angel." (Quad Cinema; Aug. 20-21.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Op-

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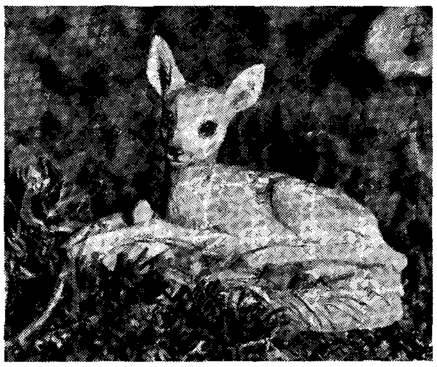
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posites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (3/31/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

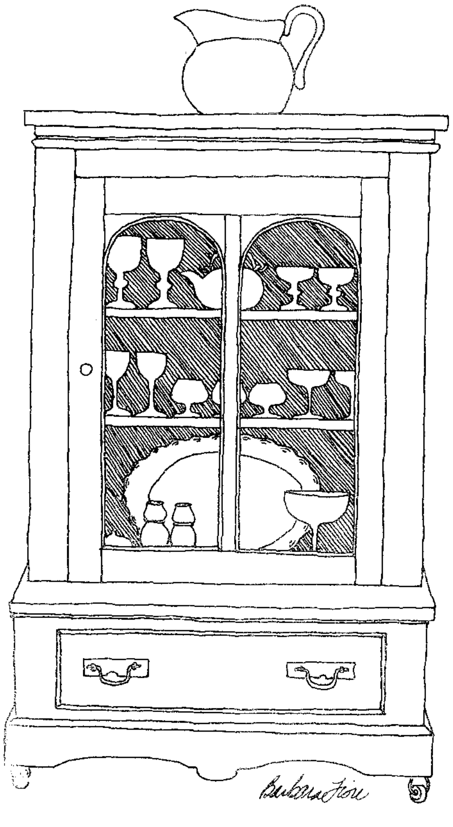
The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Baronet. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema, Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 24.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 22-24.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma, enfeebled by echolalia. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. The ambiguity is a fake, and we know it. This is the difference between Hitchcock and De Palma. De Palma declines to give us the information that Hitchcock respects as necessary to audiences. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman called Courtland (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Is she restoring a Daddi? Pun? Because she is his daughter? Or is she his mysteriously renascent wife? Or is she a hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. The most interesting part of this picture is the relationship between Courtland, as a jumped-up Southerner, and his Old South partner, Robert La Salle, played by John Lithgow. (8/2/76) (Coronet.)



Barbara Fiore

Ode to Billy Joe—With Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by Max Baer. (Columbia I, U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and First Avenue Cinema; starting Aug. 25.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 24.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Regency; Aug. 22-24.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Ziegfeld.)

The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—With Pierre Richard, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 20.)

The Ritz—Based on the Terrence McNally comedy, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, Jerry Stiller, and F. Murray Abraham. Directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Aug. 25.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Shootist—With John Wayne and Lauren Bacall. Directed by Don Siegel. (Murray Hill; starting Aug. 25.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (34th St. East, Cinema II, and Paramount.)

S.O.S. Iceberg (1933)—An international production (Danish, German, American), this adventure melodrama about a shipwrecked group of explorers hanging on to a glacier that's breaking up was an international hit. Made in Greenland in 1932 and 1933 by the director, Dr. Arnold Fanck, it starred Leni Riefenstahl and a German cast; the American version, with Tay Garnett given the director's credit, retains much of Fanck's footage, and

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22	23	24	25	26		

Riefenstahl is still the star, but the other German leads are replaced by Rod La Rocque and Gibson Gowland. From the start, the production doesn't appear to have been taken too seriously by those involved (not, at least, in the way they took "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" seriously), and it's far from a great epic, but it has an entertainingly perilous situation, and there are marvellously photographed sequences. Ernst Udet, who had appeared in "Pitz Palü" and other Fanck films, does some exhibition-style stunt flying here, as he comes to the rescue. By the time she appeared in this film, Riefenstahl, discovered by Fanck when he saw her dancing the lead role in a ballet when she was seventeen, had already made her own début as a director, with "The Blue Light," in 1932. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

Step Lively (1944)—An R.K.O. musical version of the John Murray and Allen Boretz stage farce "Room Service," which had already been filmed (to generally dismal results) with the Marx Brothers in 1938. This time, instead of the gang of characters running back and forth in one hotel room, they run clockwise and counterclockwise, through many hotel rooms. The star is Frank Sinatra, so calmly self-possessed that whenever the pack closes in he lies down on a bed or a dance floor and the thundering feet pass over him. Between times, he sings some Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne songs, including "As Long As There's Music." His cool head saves him in a movie that would be enough to eclipse the career of an ordinary singing star. With Gloria De Haven, Adolphe Menjou, Anne Jeffreys, Walter Slezak, Eugene Pallette, and George Murphy, who, directed to be idiotically rambunctious, sinks in this morass. Tim Whelan is the director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 22-23.)

Street Scene (1931)—Samuel Goldwyn, who had a high regard for dramatists, produced this remarkably faithful version of Elmer Rice's famous play, with eight members of the original Broadway cast, including the lovely and gifted young Sylvia Sidney, and Beulah Bondi as the venomous old harpy. David Landau plays the man who murders his wife (Estelle Taylor). The intelligent direction is by King Vidor. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)

Survive!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team that crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Loews Ciné.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton; Aug. 26.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Guild. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 25.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 25-26.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (New Yorker; Aug. 20-21. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Iron-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 25-26.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization; Robert Blake, as the Mexican boy; and the director himself as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. One should be prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score. (Regency; starting Aug. 25.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Aug. 24.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 22-24.)

Les Visiteurs du Soir (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

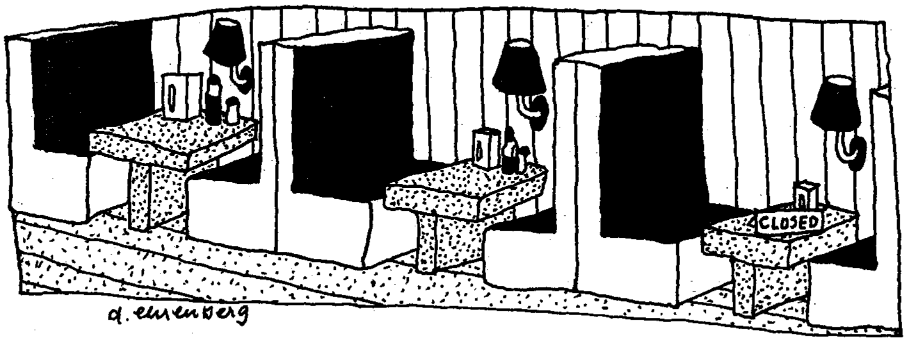
The War Between Men and Women (1972)—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Playboy; starting Aug. 25.)

Whiskey Galore (1949; also known as "Tight Little Island")—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday. A ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed. With Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 23.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Regency; starting Aug. 25.)

The White Hell of Pitz Palü (1929)—The German geologist-filmmaker Dr. Arnold Fanck made a series of six "mountain films"—all popular successes—starring the young dancer Leni Riefenstahl. This one is the most famous, perhaps because although Fanck directed the outdoor sequences (a celebration of heights, vastness, ordeal, purity), the overall story was in the hands of G. W. Pabst, who obtained marvellously sensual performances from Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl. It's a passionately romantic outdoor epic full of that Promethean Alpine idealism about the conquest of the peaks which was soon after to become identified with Nazi mysticism. The celebrated German daredevil ace of the First World War, Ernst Udet (whose later experiences, during the Nazi period, were used as the basis for the 1955 film "The Devil's General"), appears as himself; when the principal characters are trapped on a mountain peak, Udet arrives in a tiny rescue plane. An example of a genre that died, this film of precipices, avalanches, and suffering produces very mixed emotions, but however one feels about it, it is visually stunning. When it opened here at the Roxy, it had a tremendous success, though its fame was diminished by a bastardized sound version, with sequences shot in a studio replacing the authentic originals. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

Winterset (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors have been forever identified with the characters they play here. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 19.)



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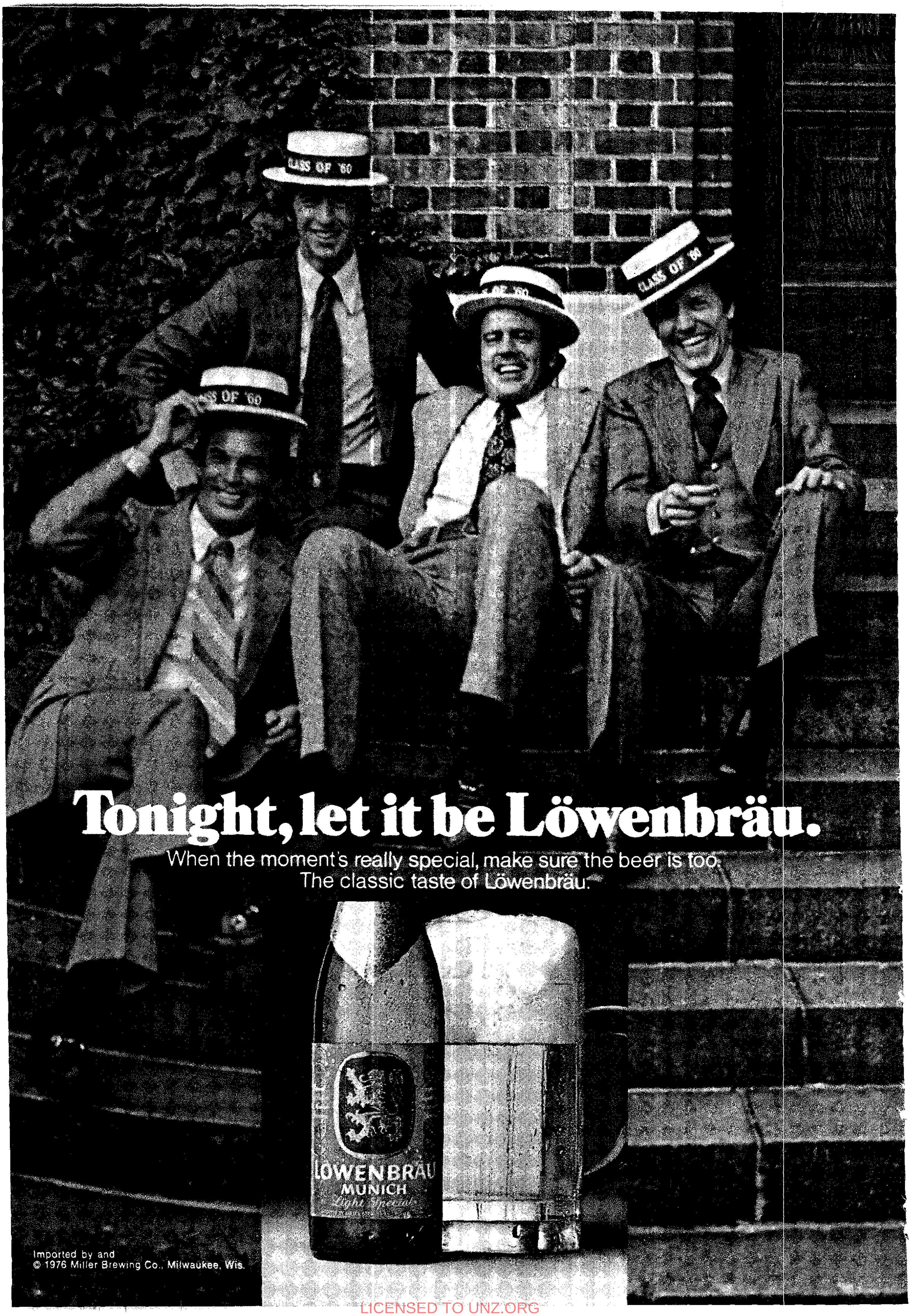

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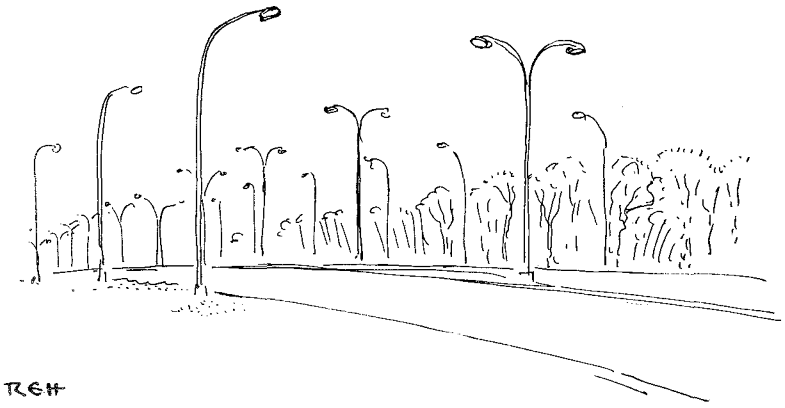
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A RECENT article in the *Times* about discussions among high city officials on new ways of controlling crime here began, "The Beame administration is re-examining several fundamental anticrime policies, including whether to rely less on police radio car patrols and more on special anticrime units composed of officers disguised in civilian clothes." Police departments throughout the country have increasingly deployed what were once called "plainclothesmen" (itself a euphemism for "detectives") to get information on criminals and potential criminals. This technique appears to have been borrowed from the F.B.I.'s long-standing use of undercover agents to infiltrate political organizations, like the Communist Party and its allies, or supposed allies, and from various federal law-enforcement agencies' more recent attempts to infiltrate organized-crime outfits. The system seemed to work—to a degree, anyway—so in the past few years it has been tried out in New York and other cities as a means of dealing with unorganized criminals. The police here, for instance, now disguise themselves as pot-smoking hippies, prostitutes, addicts, homosexuals, and likely targets for muggers. Again, the method seems to work. These disguised policemen and policewomen hang about in high-crime areas like Times Square, and in fairly low-crime but widely feared areas like Central Park, playing roles designed to tempt criminals to solicit or attack them. Some criminals have taken the bait, and the rates of arrest and conviction of such malefactors have risen. Since the method seems to be successful, it was probably inevitable that the authorities would consider using it more widely.

The practice may net a few more criminals and deter some others, and it may help ease local citizens' fear of crime. But it may also generate more crime and gradually diminish the same citizens' freedom. The practice depends essentially on enticement and usually on entrapment, both of which are morally and legally offensive. What is more, such methods encourage the police to commit crimes themselves, as a means of persuading the criminals they are after that they are trustworthy confederates, or, worse, to help others plan and carry out crimes so that the police can arrest someone—often, anyone. In short, this approach to controlling crime frequently ends up with policemen acting as *agents provocateurs* who foment crimes that otherwise wouldn't have been committed. But the most dangerous long-term effect of the method being contemplated by the Beame administration could be to plant and nourish suspicion among all of us about each other. With the best of motives, policemen are disinclined to limit the measures they use in pursuing, often at great personal risk, those who prey upon society. If disguised policemen are to be deployed under strictly supervised conditions to make street criminals uncertain about who may be watching them and who may be a decoy instead of a target, that practice may be defensible. But the threat to our freedom will persist, for throughout law-enforcement history policemen have been tempted to transgress such limits in the name of order and safety. Moreover, if this method works, it is bound to be expanded, and then expanded further. If it is not specifically and stringently limited, there will ultimately be policemen everywhere. Then the threat to all but the relatively few people who are actual criminals is not that they will be caught doing something illegal but that they will be watched as though they *were* criminals or potential criminals. As history has demonstrated—from ancient times through Watergate and on up to the latest disclosures about the C.I.A.'s and the F.B.I.'s lawless behavior—the step from controlling street crime to controlling "thought" crime is an exceedingly small one. If today's addict looking for a fix is a tough cop, then who is tomorrow's newcomer at a neighborhood bar where a few customers are arranging a friendly poker game, which is as illegal, once money changes hands, as any true crime? If today's frail-looking woman feeding pigeons from a park bench is a police officer with a black belt in karate, who is that pleasant middle-aged woman who has just applied for a job as a private secretary? And if today's young man in faded jeans and a playfully inscribed T-shirt who is smoking a joint is a member of the narcotics squad, who is tomorrow's well-dressed, mild-looking fellow sitting beside a businessman on a city bus or a commuter train and glancing at the papers that the businessman is doing some last-minute work on? This sort of question may not have



to be answered now, but if the police go on disguising themselves in greater and greater numbers, they will inevitably end up moving along the fringe and then into the center of our everyday lives. When that happens, there will be only one way to describe them: "secret police."

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Hurricane Thoughts

WE'VE received a letter, written on the night of last week's hurricane, from a friend of ours who lives on a small farm a few miles outside Wakefield, Rhode Island. Happily, as things turned out, Wakefield, like many other places on the northeast coast, was not hit as hard as had been anticipated. The electrical system was knocked out, and there was a certain amount of mild damage, but an ash tree that our friend was particularly concerned about was spared. Her letter follows:

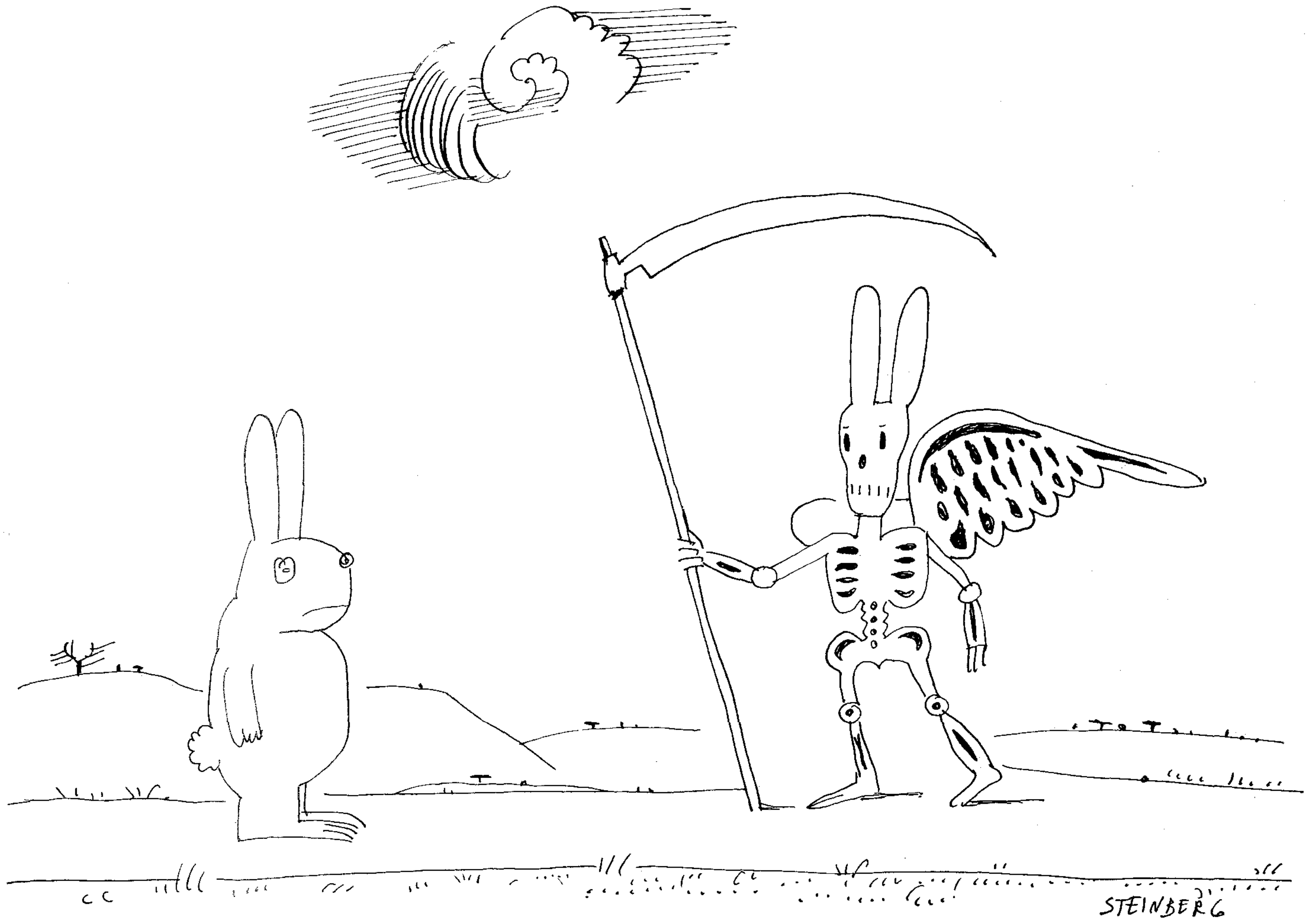
I am writing this before the hurricane, on an electric typewriter. After the storm, this typewriter won't work. It is 9:30 P.M., and the six-o'clock news said the storm was coming straight at us. My husband and I have spent all day on the storm. By about six o'clock, we had done everything we could, and were very tired. In the morning, when we first heard that the storm was coming our way, we thought about food and light and fuel, but without any sense of real urgency. Then we drove to town around noon and found that our gas station had a queue of cars stretching out into the highway. In an instant, the psychology of shortage beset us. We drew up at the end of the line, wondering if the gas would hold out until we got to it. It did. We drove on, and found, to our surprise, that the hardware store was open, though today is a legal holiday here—V-J Day. Al Damon, the proprietor, had opened the store because of the storm, and was alone behind the counter in semidarkness. We joined a huddle of people waiting to ask for hurricane lanterns, fuel, charcoal, candles. Damon handed out the supplies on his shelves and then went down into the basement and brought up all he had. With his permission, we telephoned a couple of friends and told them of the opportunity. When our turn came, we asked for four lanterns—the extra lanterns were for our friends. Next, we picked up the mail, and I was struck by how faithfully we performed this habitual errand, which could not possibly have anything to do with the coming night—the night the big ash tree might fall.

The big ash tree. That is at the heart of my foreboding. From the moment I remembered the tree—while we waited for our loot of lamps and charcoal—I have been aware of how terrible it will be if the ash tree falls. The ash tree is about ninety feet tall and about ninety feet wide. A tree man came by once and said that it must be at least two hundred years old. It is so big you can't see how big it is until you get right up to the trunk and imagine climbing into the lowest branches. They are as high above you as the second story of a house. They are as big around as ordinary tree trunks. A few years ago, one branch fell. It was just a small part of the tree, but it lay spread out on the ground like a dead whale. My husband spent days cutting it up. The ash tree is between our house and our barn. If it falls westward, it will crush our roof. If it falls toward the northeast, it could crash into the barn. But these dire possibilities do not bother me. It is the thought that it might fall at all that I cannot bear.

We made a list of things to do. Draw water in bathtubs, fill gallon jugs with drinking water, check window latches, and so on. A dreary round. Our sins of omission have all been uncovered—the unfixed leaks, the unhinged screens. All day long, I have been conscious of using things that most probably will not be here, or usable, tomorrow. Hot water from the faucet. The electric stove, on which I boiled a dozen eggs. The electric clock. I stifled an impulse to vacuum the floors—for me, an unprecedented desire. When the kitchen was tidy, we worked outdoors, dragging in the porch furniture, picking up every odd tool or object that might hurtle through a window. Most of the day, rain fell straight down—warm and needle-fine or warm and in fat streams, as though from an adjustable shower head. I often looked at the sky, where I supposed the sword of Damocles hung concealed in the wads of dark-gray cloud folded over us. There was almost no wind—strangely little wind for such a lot of rain. Between showers, a great many swallows came out and swooped and dived and rose again, as though very excited.

The pleasantest thing I did all day was to prepare our two horses for the night ahead. I cleaned the stalls, brought in fresh bedding and buckets of clean water, and filled the racks with hay. The horses were probably amazed, because in summer I don't usually do anything like this for them but leave them out to take care of themselves. They were very wet, and entered the stalls willingly and ate the hay with a look of gratification. When I closed the doors of their stable, the small dwelling looked quite secure. It was the only thing I had done all day that I felt might really turn out all right.

By six o'clock, everything was done, and everything outside was quiet. Inside, there was the TV—the news programs full of alarms, and charts showing the storm coming, and pictures of people hauling in their boats and leaving their homes. A sudden lonesomeness assailed me. Earlier in the day, I had made one or two essential phone calls, but I hadn't had time for anything else. Now I began to call friends. A number of lines were busy. We were all establishing communication. Tomorrow, phoning will be impossible. Like us, several friends live at the end of long, tree-lined roads and very likely may not get their cars out for days, until the debris of fallen trees is cleared. We decided to leave our car out on the highway, a quarter of a mile from the house. I called three friends and arranged to go by tomorrow morning and look in their mailboxes, which are on the highway, so that if they have needs or messages for the outside world they can walk down their driveways and leave me a note. I was quite pleased at having thought of this simple way to survive the loss of the telephone. We exchanged hurricane lore. The heavy rain, we agree, increases the danger that trees will fall, because their roots can be more easily wrenched out



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of the softened earth. We discussed our nerves. We all hate waiting. "Are you nervous?" someone asks. "I've been nervous as a cat all day."

Just before dark, I went out and picked all the flowers—begonias, nicotiana, zinnias, well washed but still intact. I gathered an armful, in profusion. I looked at my dozens of green tomatoes and wondered if they would survive. There was still no wind.

Now we're battened down. There is no one else to call. We've had supper. The TV news says the storm is coming, but here inside the lighted house there is no sign of anything unusual, except the sound of leaves. A few minutes ago, I stepped outside and found that it was still warm—seventy-two degrees on the porch thermometer. The air was very soft, but there was no rain. The wind felt gentle and smelled sweet and tropical, alien to New England. Whereas all day we'd had the sound of dripping rain, now we had the sound of leaves stirring. The vanguard of the storm has arrived. I looked up into the branches of the monumental ash tree. They were moving restlessly, as though the tree were coming to life to meet the imminent struggle. It must have lived through many hurricanes, but now, in its great age, it is more vulnerable than ever before. There was nothing else I could do for it, so I pronounced a blessing on it, as though it were going into a battle. Its multitude of leaves reminded me of a medieval host. Its lashing arms seemed full of life and strength, and I returned to the house with new hope that the great ash tree would be there in the morning.

Expansion

ACCORDING to the listings in the telephone directory, Manhattan is the home of a score or so of Joe's restaurants (among them a Joe Joe's Bar & Grill and a couple of Joe's Jr.s); four varieties of Leo's cafés and luncheonettes; six Max's eateries (two luncheonettes, one café, one pizza place, one restaurant, one deli); and four Ray's pizza parlors. We haven't checked on how many of the Joe's and Max's and Leo's places are actually owned by Joes and Maxes and Leos, but we do know that the Greenwich Village version of Ray's, at the corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, is run by a man named Mario Di Rienzo. Mr. Di Rienzo is the only pizza man around who has been previously employed as the second chef at the American Embassy in London and the head chef at both the Italian and the Greek Embassy there. Normally, this sort of track record would qualify him as a strong candidate to open the seventh Mario's restaurant in town. A few years ago, however, he wisely resolved to scale down his ambitions to a perfect slice of pizza. When he opened for business, in 1973, armed with a masterly pizza recipe, Mr. Di Rienzo decided, in an uncharacteristic burst of braggadocio, to call his establishment The Famous Ray's Pizza. The steady customers at The Famous Ray's tend to think of the place as just plain Ray's, but the pizza is reliably and famously delicious enough so that a sort of lost feeling swept through the neighborhood when Ray's closed down for nine days recently.

There are as many explanations for why Ray's pizza tastes good as there are ingredients. "Good tomatoes, not to mention the mushrooms," said a man seated next to us at the counter the other day. "On the other hand, it could

CHRISTIANSON

"To life as we know it!"

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be the cheese. You can chew it and swallow it. There's nothing worse than unswallowable mozzarella." The true recipe is, of course, shrouded by all the rites of *omertà*, but for some time we have been convinced that the key ingredient of Mr. Di Rienzo's success is the sidewalk in front of his place of business. Two years ago, Mr. Di Rienzo bought the building that his restaurant occupied a part of, with the hope of someday expanding the premises. When he closed, it was to do just that. Before the renovation, Ray's could comfortably accommodate ten customers, but it often had two or three times that many inside, plus a dozen or so on the sidewalk, waiting, or eating what they had already bought. Expansion meant courting the risk that the sidewalk would cease to resemble the takeoff runway at LaGuardia and so would cause Mr. Di Rienzo to forfeit the advantage of a human advertising tableau.

Because the contractor in charge of the remodelling failed to complete the job on time, on the Monday that Ray's was supposed to reopen, it didn't. This created a fair amount of anxiety for Mr. Di Rienzo, who spent much of the day apologizing to would-be customers who felt compelled to stop in and announce that the delay had forced them to settle for extraordinary lunch arrangements elsewhere. To make matters worse, Mr. Di Rienzo bore this burden alone, as his younger brother and business partner, Lamberto, was away on vacation in Italy, visiting the village of Roio Del Sangro, in Abruzzi, where they grew up. "It's a small town I come from," Mr. Di Rienzo told us. "Although I am a Mario, in Roio I am also a Ray. The name Ray is a nickname for the family name of Di Rienzo. Every family has a nickname in my town. Someone asks 'Did you see Mario?' and there are so many Marios in town you have to ask 'Which Mario?,' so the answer is Mario Ray. And so my restaurant became The Famous Ray's Pizza. If it were The Famous Mario's, you would have to ask 'Which Mario?' "

We were seated at a table in what is now the back of the restaurant. A few weeks ago, this part of the serving area belonged to a children's-clothing store. Workmen have installed two ceramic-tile walls in the area. The tiles on one wall, which features a blossoming peach tree, came from Salerno. The other wall has a mosaic design of a pool and fountain at Montecatini, near Florence; these tiles came from New Jersey. The interior remodelling has amounted to a virtual overhaul. Almost everything in the place—chairs, countertops, floor, central air-conditioning—is new except a very used-looking cash register; a couple of "Please Pay When Served" signs; eight yellowed dollar bills and a ten-spot that friends gave the Di Rienzos as good-luck tokens when the business first opened; and a photograph of Mario, Lamberto, one of their former employers, and Nelson Rockefeller. In the photograph, the men are posing with a large sugar elephant that Mario confected for a dinner that Rocky attended in 1972, and Mario is smiling, which he does a lot. He is thirty-five years old, and has a thin face, long sideburns, and brushed-back brown hair. The day before the reopening, he also had a heavy beard, because he hadn't shaved during the time the restaurant was closed.

"I've known Mario since he was a little boy," said Filippo Fornari, who was sitting with us, and who is one of the owners of the Bianchi & Margherita Restaurant, a few blocks away from Ray's. "He hasn't changed a bit."

"Not true," said Mr. Di Rienzo. "I didn't need to shave when you first knew me."

The next day, when Ray's finally did reopen, we returned, to see how the renovation would affect business. As soon as the front door was unlocked, at 11 A.M. (there is now a back door, too), the crowds were there. The first person served was Henry Vannini, who is retired and lives in the neighborhood. "I'm a restaurant man—used to run Little Venice, near here, and the Jumble Shop, on Eighth Street," he told us. "I can tell you that the guy who runs this place is going for quality. He's good."

The remodelling job drew few comments but several approving nods. One man looked around and asked, "Hey, did this place get big all of a sudden or something like that?" Sandra, a waitress, said, "Something like that." Several people wished Mario good luck, but no one offered him any fresh lucky dollar bills. Business was brisk, but the new twelve-pie Bari pizza oven and the extra tables seemed able to handle the flow of customers—internes from St. Vincent's Hospital, dancers from the Joffrey Ballet School, mail carriers, hungry people. The Famous Ray's Pizza didn't threaten to overflow.

After a while, a young blond man came in, ordered a slice of mushroom-and-onion, paid when served, stepped outside, and leaned against the building to eat his lunch. We went out to talk with him and he told us that his name is Joe, he works for a delivery service in New Jersey, he drives into the city on the job most weekdays, and he occasionally makes a special trip over from Jersey just for a couple of slices of Ray's pizza.

"Why are you eating outside?" we asked. "There's so much room in there—all those new tables."

"I like to eat out here because I'm used to it out here," he said.

Flime, Flime, Flime

THE fog is lifting now, and we're able to recall that on a Thursday night we went to the Yale Club to hear a lecture titled "Perception and Memory: Seeing Things That Are Not There and Remembering Things That Did Not Happen." It starred Dr. Ruth S. Day, an associate professor of psychology at Yale, who, according to a friend and former student, remembers the name and face of everyone she has ever taught. The lecture—actually billed as a "lecture-demonstration"—was supposed to begin at eight-thirty, but a crucial tape recording was late in arriving and Dr. Day was forced to stall a bit. During the lull, the people seated next to us—a law student, a young banker, and a young accountant—discussed the proper pronunciation of "tomato," a couple of Dr. Day's assistants handed out perception and memory demonstration sheets, and a third distributed magazines to use as writing desks. Our p. and m. were tested with the support of the March 3, 1972, issue of *The National Review* (full of articles about China).

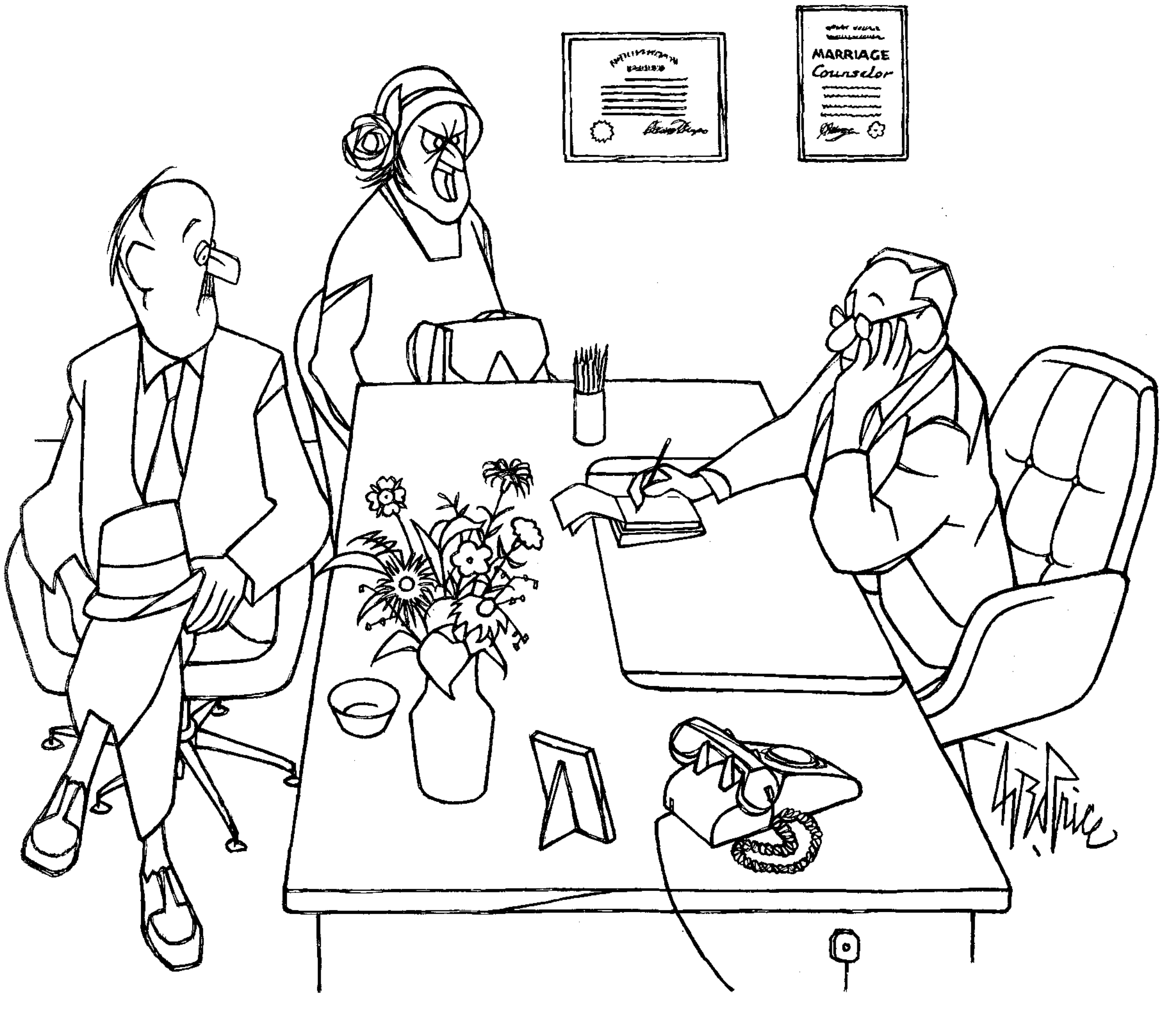
Dr. Day, an animated talker, who from a distance looks like a younger Dinah Shore, gave the audience five demonstrations, each designed to show us how our mental processes work—and sometimes don't work. In the first demonstration, "Word Memory," she read a list of about fifteen related words and then asked everyone to write down as many words as he could recall. We remembered "rest," "slumber," "yawn," "pillow," "awake," "snore," and "bed." When all had finished writing, Dr. Day asked how many had written "sleep," and about three-quarters of the people said they had. Then she said that "sleep" hadn't been on her list. She repeated the trick with a second list of words, cajoling about a third of the audience, ourself included, into "remembering" the word "slow." "Memory is productive as well as reproductive," Dr. Day said. "We recall facts, but we also piece together what we think *must* have happened. We're active processors of information, not passive receptacles. In identical events, people have different views of what happened."

When the tape recording finally arrived, Dr. Day did a couple of demonstrations using the recorded voice of a speech synthesizer. The synthesizer ordinarily produces recognizable speech, but it can also seem to say things that it doesn't actually say at all. For one demonstration, Dr. Day played a tape of a word that began by sounding to us like "fly" or "flying," and she asked everyone to continue writing down what he heard for a couple of minutes. She did not tell the participants that any change would or would not occur, but the sound from the tape seemed to us to undergo a slow metamorphosis. To our ears, the word changed from "fly" to "flide" to "flying" to "plod" to "plotting" to "plot" to "fly" again to "plotting" to "flotty" to "flying." When the tape ended, Dr. Day said that what we had thought were words were not really words at all but, rather, a meaningless syllable—"flime"—unchanging, played without pause, at a steady cadence. Some of us felt silly. "We actively construct our perception of ambiguous events," Dr. Day explained. "Where things are dull, we make up new things that didn't actually happen."

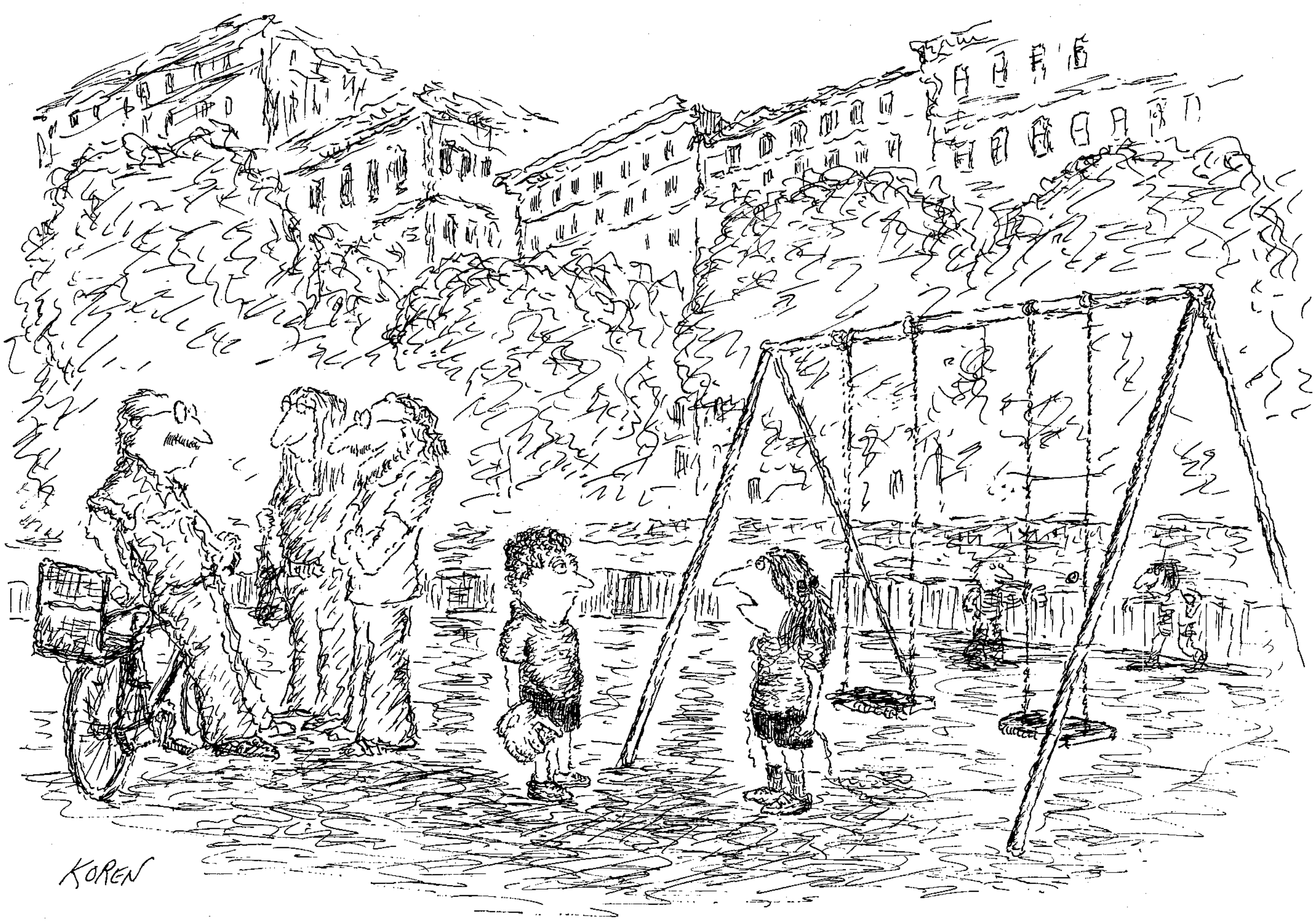
A man in the audience said, "I think some of us misunderstood the instructions of the last exercise."

"That's O.K.," said Dr. Day. "Even when we do it carefully in the laboratory, we get the same results."

She conducted a final demonstration, and then said that she would answer questions. Oliver Jensen, the chairman of the Yale Club Library and Arts Committee, presented her with a token of the club's appreciation. Several people got up to go to the bar. Others stayed to ask questions about perception and memory. Somebody asked why certain people are better at verbal recall than others. Dr. Day sug-



"And as a consequence the silver-bell tinkle has gone out of my laughter."



"Ezra, I'm not inviting you to my birthday party, because our relationship is no longer satisfying to my needs."

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gested that such people may rely more heavily on the language-processing areas of the brain, which are usually situated in the left hemisphere. However, people with less facile verbal recall may readily remember other kinds of information, such as spatial designs or music, which are usually processed in the right hemisphere.

The final question from the audience was "Do you want to say anything about E.S.P.?"

"No," said Dr. Day.

Hope Jokes

Bob Hope used to be pretty funny, although never, to our mind, quite as funny as his fellow-Ohioan Jonathan Winters, whose line "Don't touch that groundhog, baby Elizabeth, you don't know where it's *been!*" is one of the four or five greatest laugh getters of all time, worth repeating at any party you might attend. Bob Hope, who was born in England and came to Ohio at the age of four, never reached a height like that, but he did wear big sheepskin Sherpa hats, long johns, Baby LeRoy suits, barrels, sombreros with fruit on them, and all sorts of other funny clothes in his various movies. Once, playing an Eastern dude arriving in a wild frontier town, he wore a Harvard sweater with a big "H" on the chest and a beanie. His version of the comical-reaction-to-first-sip-of-strong-drink routine is one of the more elaborate on film, illuminated with wildly spinning eyeballs, steam shooting from both ears, hair standing on end, hat rotating, etc.

Last week, Bob Hope came to the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel to crack wise at a Brandeis University fund-raising dinner honoring James R. Velde, a senior vice-president of United Artists. Nearly sixty men from the motion-picture industry, wearing tuxedos, and eight hundred guests were there. Bob Hope was wearing a gray-and-brown plaid suit and brown shoes with copper-colored buckles instead of a tuxedo, because Hurricane Belle had confused his luggage transfer. He told jokes about sex in the movies ("I couldn't pass the physical"); the United States men's Olympic swim team ("Looked like the survivors from 'Jaws' "); Nadia Comaneci ("Sounds like something the Godfather would do to you"); the Olympic weight lifters ("Jackie Gleason lifts more than that just getting out of bed in the morning"); hippies ("I'm so square I still think 'my bag' is my lunch"); Jimmy Carter's teeth ("Can always get a job doing Ultra Brite commercials"); Jimmy Carter's peanuts ("Heard he named his two sons Skippy and Jif"); Sammy Davis, Jr. ("Heard he just made an appointment to hug Carter"); Las Vegas entertainment ("I'd play Vegas, but I won't work topless"); Las Vegas gambling ("In my town, Parcheesi is a felony"); and Howard Cosell ("The one man Will Rogers never met"). His head moved back and forth as he read the jokes off a sheet of paper, and he often went for quite a while without looking up. His jokes about the Middle East were not a success. Many of his jokes were near relatives of jokes that saw action some weeks ago when President Ford asked him to entertain Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip at the White House. At the Plaza, the last words of his speech were ". . . and Dean Martin's liver." He received a standing ovation.

MASS MAYHEM

DINKELSBÜHL. This pleasant little Bavarian town is the site of a promising but perhaps still immature concept in the simultaneous teaching of music and the German language, the *Festshortschrift*. This educational experiment was developed to prepare tourists heading for the great summer music festivals with massive double rations of German culture, thus permitting them to gain joint comprehension of adverbs and arias, subjunctives and solfeggio, all in the space of a single afternoon. Unfortunately, the initial "*Deutsche Messe und Sprachstunde*" ("German Mass and Language Lesson"), an intensive three-hour concert and refresher German course, proved only that this efficient innovation still remains some little distance beyond the abilities of its practitioners.

Heinrich Bauntz, a baritone rhetorician from Mainz, opened with an undistinguished rendition of the "*Ich und Du*" aria, a piece that requires considerable dynamic shading to encompass the personal pronouns. The Dinkelsbühl Fastfest Chorus followed with a badly confused "*Sein! Sein! Sein!*" ("To Be! To Be! To Be!"), in which a supposedly *capriccioso* review of the tenses was marred by the clashing of beer steins.

Lovely soprano and irregular-verb expert Else Blaubelt, whose album "Songs of the Subjunctive" has been so popular, fared somewhat better with "*Deutsch Ist eine Sprache, Deutsch Ist ein Lied*" ("German Is a Language, German Is a Song"), which included a tender lyric interlude review of prepositions which take the dative. Afterward, she joined Bauntz in a sentence-diagramming duet, "*Wo Ist der Bahnhof, Bitte?*" ("Where is the Train Station, Please?"), voiced for subject, predicate, and subordinate flute.

The "*Ohne Zucker, Bitte*" ("Without Sugar, Please") chorale, intended to prepare students for everyday restaurant conversation, was programmed to lead into a brief period of dictation. However, audience comprehension revealed itself to be so low that an open-book sing-along was substituted, in which the audience joined the choir in the familiar "Without Sugar" chorus:

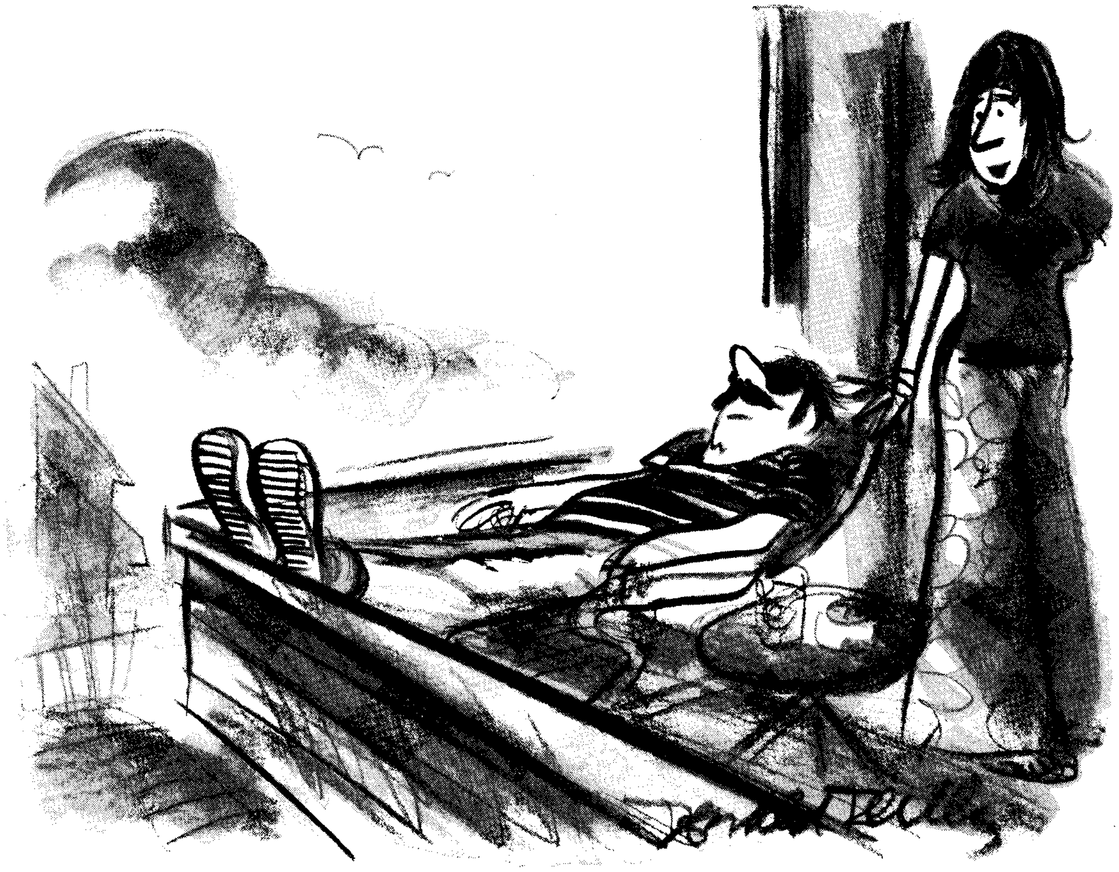
Ohne Zucker, bitte,
Without sugar, please,
Ohne Zucker, bitte.
Without sugar, please.
Ein Stück Kuchen
A piece of cake
Und kein Zucker, bitte.
And no sugar, please.

The disappointing results of the mid-concert quiz set the tone for the rest of the lesson. The final section, a call and response, or follow-the-*Lieder* technique, in which various performers posed questions to the audience based on material already covered, consisted of recitatives set at the butcher's, at the garage, and in the classroom. The finale, it must be admitted, achieved what can only be described as harmonic and syntactical pandemonium. Students answered questions like "How large is your oil pan?" with "*Aber warum so förmlich?*" ("But why so formal?") and "Have you three pounds of cutlet?" with "*Womit tanzen Sie?*" ("With what are you dancing?"), thus displaying a pathetic eagerness to learn and an accompanying total disregard for gender, mode, declension, tempi, case, and key.

Kapellmeister Bauntz, alternately calling out parts of speech and blowing on a pitch pipe, could not prevent a cacophonous double abuse of vernacular and harmony. Evidently unstrung by the responsive bellowing of so many dangling modifiers, and by the shocking sudden walkout of the chorus's lead bass, an eminent scholar of the conditional who was meant to have come in, *tutta forza*, on the nouns, Herr Bauntz was seen to shake his fist at a party of schoolteachers from Terre Haute, Indiana, as he shouted expletives in the vulgate. His phrasing of "*Zinnohr*" ("tin ear") was impeccable.

Bauntz composed himself at last and called for a chorus of "*Danke Schön, Bitte Schön, Auf Wiedersehn*," instead of the more complicated "*Nacht und Tag Sind Sie der Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, und Fünf*" ("Night and Day You Are the One, Two, Three, Four, and Five"), which was to have been executed with a descant survey of the cardinal numbers. As the exhausted and bewildered audience filed out, a few stopped to buy the soloists' latest releases: "Blaubelt's Favorite Pluperfects" and "Bauntz: The Active Voice."

—MARTHA SAXTON



"In some deep, ineffable way, Bob, you change when you put on your Earth shoes."

AMERICAN PORTRAIT: OLD STYLE

I

Beyond the last house, where home was,
Past the marsh we found the old skull in, all nameless
And cracked in star-shape from a stone-smack,
Up the hill where the grass was tangled waist-high and wind-tousled,
To the single great oak that, in leaf-season, hung like
A thunderhead black against whatever blue the sky had,

And here, at the widest circumference of shade, when shade was,
Ran the trench, six feet long,
And wide enough for a man to lie down in,
In comfort, if comfort was still any object. No sign there
Of any ruined cabin or well, so Pap must have died of camp fever,
And the others pushed on, God knows where.

II

The Dark and Bloody Ground, so the teacher romantically said,
But one look out the window at ruined cornfields and we saw what we saw:
A careless-flung corner of country, no hope and no history here.
No hope but the Pullman lights that swept
Night-fields—glass-glint from some farmhouse and flicker of ditches—
Or the night freight's moan on the rise where
You might catch a ride on the rods,
Just for hell, or if need had arisen.
No history either—no Harrod or Benton or Boone,
No tale how the Bluebellies broke at the Rebel yell and cold steel.

So we had to invent it all, our Bloody Ground, K and I,
And him the best shot in ten counties and could call any bird note back,
But school out, not big enough for the ballgame,
And in the full tide of summer, not ready
For the 12-gauge yet, or even a job, so what
Can you do but pick up your BBs and Benjamin,
Stick corn pone in pocket, and head out
"To Rally in the Cane-Brake and Shoot the Buffalo"—
As my grandfather's cracked old voice would sing it
From days of his own grandfather—and often enough
It was only a Plymouth Rock or maybe a fat Dominecker
That fell to the crack of the unerring Decherd.

III

Yes, imagination is strong. But not strong enough in the face of
The sticky feathers and BBs a mother's hand held out.
But no liberal concern was evinced for a Redskin,
As we trailed and out-tricked the sly Shawnees
In a thicket of ironweed, and I wrestled one naked
And slick with his bear grease, till my hunting knife
Bit home, and the tomahawk
Slipped from his hand. And what mother cared about Bluebellies
Who came charging our trench? But we held
To pour the last volley at face-gape before
The tangle and clangor of bayonet.

Yes, a day is merely forever
In memory's shiningness,
And a year but a gust or a gasp
In the summer's heat of Time, and in that last summer
I was almost ready to learn
What imagination is—it is only
The lie we must learn to live by, if ever
We mean at all to live. Times change.
Things change. And K up and gone, and the summer
Gone, and I longed to know the world's name.

IV

Well, what I remember most
In a world long Time-pale and powdered
Like a vision still clinging to plaster
Set by Piero della Francesca
Is how K, through lane-dust or meadow,
Seemed never to walk but to float,
With a singular joy and silence,
In his cloud of bird dogs, like angels,
With their eyes on his eyes like God,
And the sun on his uncut hair bright
As he passed through the ramshackle town and odd folks there
With pants on and vests and always soft gabble of money—
Polite in his smiling, but never much to say.

V

To pass through to what? No, not
To some wild white peak dreamed westward,
And each sunrise a promise to keep. No, only
The Big Leagues, not even a bird dog,
And girls that popped gum while they screwed.

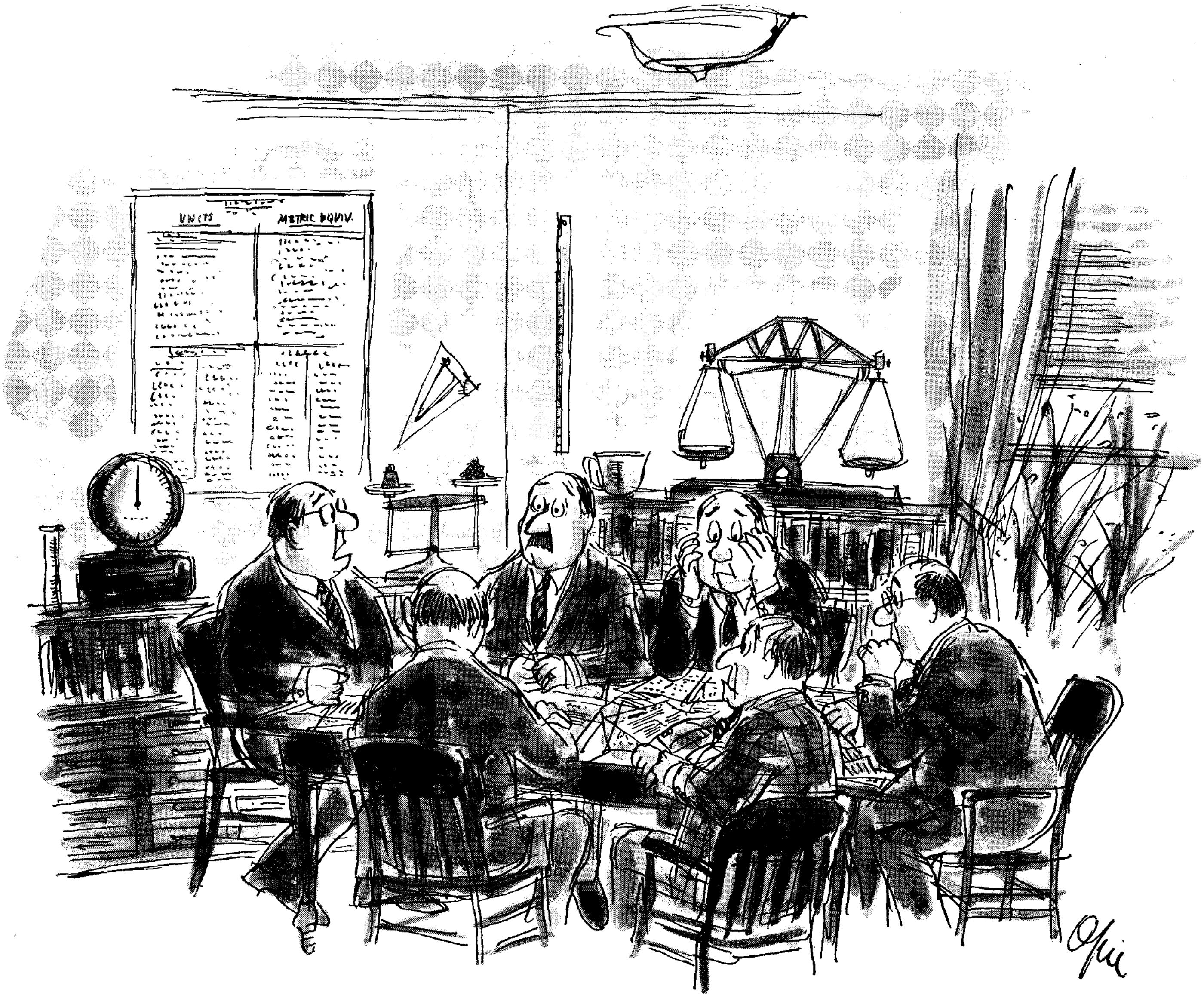
Yes, this was his path, and no batter
Could do what the booze finally did:
Just blow him off the mound—but anyway,
He had always called it a fool game, just something
For children who hadn't yet dreamed what
A man is, or barked a squirrel, or even
Raised a single dog from a pup.

VI

And I, too, went on my way, the winning and losing, or what
Is sometimes of all things the worst, the not knowing
One thing from the other, nor knowing
How the teeth in Time's jaw all snag backward
And whatever enters therein
Has less hope of remission than shark-meat,

And one Sunday afternoon, in the idleness of summer,
I found his farm, and him home there,
With the bird dogs crouched round in the grass
And their eyes on his eyes as he whispered
Whatever to bird dogs it was.
Then yelled: "Well, for Christ's sake—it's you!"

Yes, me, for Christ's sake, and some sixty
Years blown like a hurricane past! But what can you say—
Can you say—when *all-to-be-said* is the *done*?
So our talk ran to buffalo-hunting, and the look on his mother's face



"I'm afraid, gentlemen, we must learn to live with the hard truth. The Office of Weights and Measures is, by its very nature, colorless, noncontroversial, scandal-free, and likely to remain so forever."

• •

And the sun sank slow as he stood there,
All Indian-brown from waist up, who never liked tops to
his pants,
And standing nigh straight, but the arms and the pitcher's
Great shoulders, they were thinning toward old-man thin.
Sun low, all silence, then sudden:
"But Jesus," he cried, "what makes a man do what he
does—
Him living until he dies!"

Sure, all of us live till we die, but bingo!
Like young David at brookside, he swooped down,
Snatched a stone, wound up, and let fly,
And high on a pole over yonder the big brown insulator
Simply exploded. "See—I still got control!" he said.

VII

Late, late, toward sunset, I wandered
Where all the old dramas had once been Life's truth, and
where
I saw the trench of our valor, now nothing
But a stopped-up ditch full of late-season weed-growth,
Beyond the rim of shade.

There was nobody there, hence no shame to be saved from, so I
Just lie in the trench on my back and see high,
Beyond the tall ironweed stalks, or oak leaves
If I happen to look that way,
How the late summer's thinned-out sky moves,
Drifting on, drifting on, like forever,
From *where* on to *where*, and I wonder
What it would be like to die,
Like the nameless old skull in the swamp, lost,
And know yourself dead lying under
The infinite motion of sky.

VIII

But why should I lie here longer?
I am not dead yet, though in years,
And the world's way is yet long to go,
And I love the world even in my anger,
And love is a hard thing to outgrow.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

THE MOSLEM WIFE

IN the South of France, in the business room of a hotel quite near to the house where Katherine Mansfield (whom no one in this hotel had ever heard of) was writing "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," Netta Asher's father announced that there would never be a man-made catastrophe in Europe again. The dead of that recent war, the doomed nonsense of the Russian Bolsheviks had finally knocked sense into European heads. What people wanted now was to get on with life. When he said "life," he meant its commercial business.

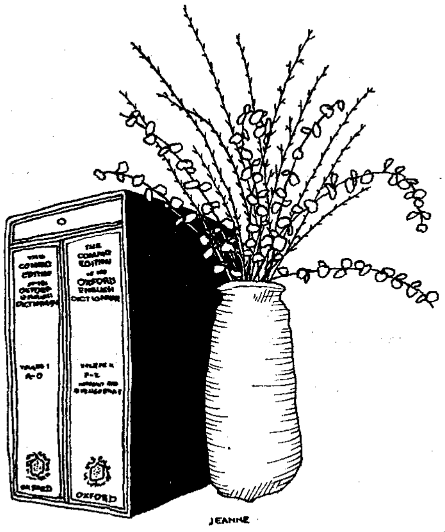
Who would have contradicted Mr. Asher? Certainly not Netta. She did not understand what he meant quite so well as his French solicitor seemed to, but she did listen with interest and respect, and then watched him signing papers that, she knew, concerned her for life. He was renewing the long lease her family held on the Hotel Prince Albert and Albion. Netta was then eleven. One hundred years should at least see her through the prime of life, said Mr. Asher, only half jokingly, for of course he thought his seed was immortal.

Netta supposed she might easily live to be more than a hundred—at any rate, for years and years. She knew that her father did not want her to marry until she was twenty-six and that she was then supposed to have a pair of children, the elder a boy. Netta and her father and the French lawyer shook hands on the lease, and she was given her first glass of champagne. The date on the bottle was 1909, for the year of her birth. Netta bravely pronounced the wine delicious, but her father said she would know much better vintages before she was through.

Netta remembered the handshake but perhaps not the terms. When the lease had eighty-eight years to run, she married her first cousin, Jack Ross, which was not at all what her father had had in mind. Nor would there be the useful pair of children—Jack couldn't abide them. Like Netta he came from a hotelkeeping family where the young were like blight. Netta had up to now never shown a scrap of maternal feeling over anything, but Mr. Asher thought Jack might have made an amiable parent—a kind one, at least. She consoled Mr. Asher on one count, by taking the hotel over in his lifetime. The hotel was, to Netta, a natural life; and so when Mr. Asher, dying, said, "She behaves as I wanted her to," he was right as far as the drift of Netta's behavior was concerned but wrong about its course.

The Ashers' hotel was not down on the seafront, though boats and sea could be had from the south-facing rooms.

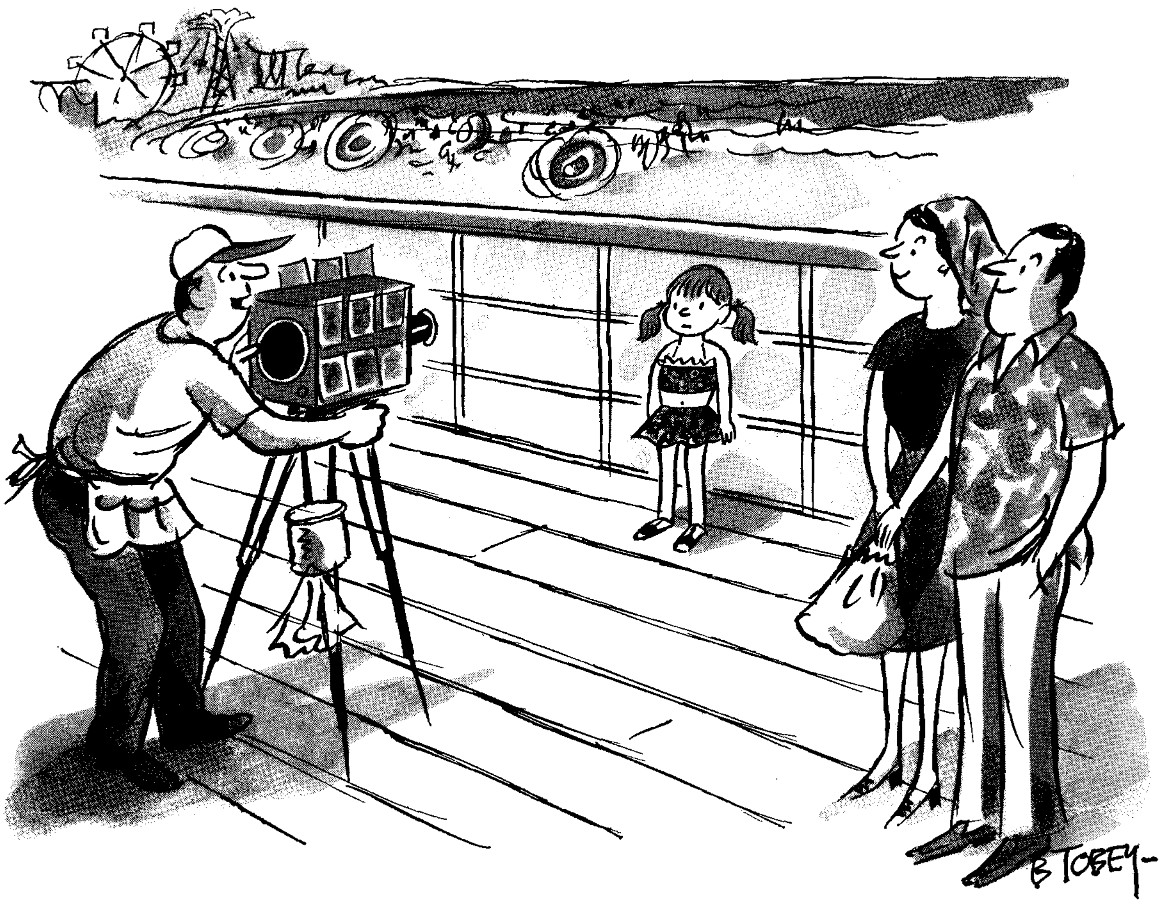
Across a road nearly empty of traffic were handsome villas, and behind and to either side stood healthy olive trees and a large lemon grove. The hotel was painted a deep ochre with white trim. It had white awnings and green shutters and black iron balconies as lacquered and shiny as Chinese boxes. It possessed two tennis courts, a lily pond, a sheltered winter garden, a formal rose garden, and trees full of nightingales. In the summer dark, *belles-de-nuit* glowed pink, lemon, white, and after their evening watering they gave off a perfume that varied from plant to plant and seemed to match the petals' coloration. In May the nights were dense with stars and fireflies. From the rose garden one might have seen the twin pulse of cigarettes on a balcony, where Jack and Netta sat drinking a last brandy-and-soda before turning in. Most of the rooms were shuttered by then, for no traveller would have dreamed of being south except in winter. Jack and Netta and a few servants had the whole place to themselves. Netta would hire workmen and have the rooms that needed it repainted—the blue cardroom, and the red-walled bar, and the white dining room, where Victorian mirrors gave back glossy walls and blown curtains and nineteenth-century views of the Ligurian coast, the work of an Asher great-uncle. Everything upstairs and down was soaked and wiped and polished, and even the pictures were relentlessly washed with soft cloths and ordinary laundry soap. Netta also had the boiler overhauled and the linen mended and new monograms embroidered and the looking glasses resilvered and the shutters taken off their hinges and scraped and made spruce green again for next year's sun to fade, while Jack talked about decorators and expert gardeners and even wrote to some, and banged tennis balls against the large new garage. He also read books and translated poetry for its own sake and practiced playing the clarinet. He had studied music once, and still thought that an important life, a musical life, was there in the middle distance. One summer, just to see if he could, he translated pages of St. John Perse, which were as blank as the garage wall to Netta, in any tongue.



Netta adored every minute of her life, and she thought Jack had a good life too, with nearly half the year for the pleasures that suited him. As soon as the grounds and rooms and cellar and roof had been put to rights, she and Jack packed and went travelling somewhere. Jack made the plans. He was never so cheerful as when buying Baedekers and dragging out their stickered trunks. But Netta was nothing of a traveller. She would have been glad to see the same sun rising out of the same sea from the window every day until she died. She loved Jack, and what she liked best after him was the hotel. It was a place where, once, people had come to die of tuberculosis, yet it held no trace or feeling of danger. When Netta walked with her workmen through sheeted summer rooms, hearing the cicadas and hearing Jack start, stop, start some deeply alien music (alien even when her memory automatically gave her a composer's name), she was reminded that here the dead had never been allowed to corrupt the living; the dead had been dressed for an outing and removed as soon as their first muscular stiffness relaxed. Some were wheeled out in chairs, sitting, and some reclined on portable cots, as if merely resting.

That is why there is no bad atmosphere here, she would say to herself. Death has been swept away, discarded. When the shutters are closed on a room, it is for sleep or for love. Netta could think this easily because neither she nor Jack was ever sick. They knew nothing about insomnia, and they made love every day of their lives—they had married in order to be able to.

Spring had been the season for dying in the old days. Invalids who had struggled through the dark comfort of winter took fright as the night receded. They felt without protection. Netta knew about this, and about the difference between darkness and brightness, but neither affected her. She was not afraid of death or of the dead—they



“She's *very* photogenic.”

were nothing but cold, heavy furniture. She could have tied jaws shut and weighted eyelids with native instinctiveness, as other women were born knowing the temperature for an infant's milk.

“There are no ghosts,” she could say, entering the room where her mother, then her father had died. “If there were, I would know.”

Netta took it for granted, now she was married, that Jack felt as she did about light, dark, death, and love. They were as alike in some ways (none of them physical) as a couple of twins, spoke much the same language in the same accents, had the same jokes—mostly about other people—and had been together as much as their families would let them for most of their lives. Other men seemed dull to Netta—slower, perhaps, lacking the spoken shorthand she had with Jack. She never mentioned this. For one thing, both of them had the idea that, being English, one must not say too much. Born abroad, they worked hard at an Englishness that was innocently inaccurate, rooted mostly in attitudes. Their families had been innkeepers along this coast for a century, even before Dr. John Sutherland Christie had discovered “the Genoese Rivieras.” In one of his guides to the region, a “Mr. Ross” is mentioned as a hotel owner who will accept English bank checks, and there is a “Mr. Asher,” reliable purveyor of English groceries. The most trustworthy shipping agents in 1860 are the Montale brothers, converts to the Anglican Church, possessors of a British *laissez-passer* to Malta and Egypt. These families, by now plaited like hair, were connections of Netta's and Jack's and still in business from beyond Marseilles to Genoa. No wonder that other men bored her, and that each thought the other both familiar and unique. But of course they were unalike too. When once someone asked them, “Are you related to Montale, the poet?” Netta answered, “What poet?” and Jack said, “I wish we were.”

There were no poets in the family. Apart from the great-uncle who had painted landscapes, the only person to try anything peculiar had been Jack, with his music. He had been allowed to study, up to a point; his father had been no good with hotels—had been a failure, in fact, bailed out four times by his cousins, and it had been thought, for a time, that Jack Ross might be a dunderhead too. Music might do him; he might not be fit for anything else.

Information of this kind about the meaning of failure had been gleaned by Netta years before, when she first became aware of her little cousin. Jack's father and mother—the commercial blunderers—had come to the Prince Albert and Albion to ride out a crisis. They were somewhere between undischarged bankruptcy and annihilation, but one was polite: Netta curtsied to her aunt and uncle. Her eyes were on Jack. She could not read yet, though she could sift and classify attitudes. She drew near him, sucking her lower lip, her hands behind her back. For the first time she was conscious of the beauty of another child. He was younger than Netta, imprisoned in a portable-fence arrangement in which he moved tirelessly, crabwise, hanging on a barrier he could easily have climbed. He was as fair as his Irish mother and sunburned a deep brown. His blue gaze was not a baby's—it was too challenging. He was naked except for shorts that were large and seemed about to fall down. The sunburn, the undress were because his mother was reckless and rather odd. Netta—whose mother was perfect—wore boots, stockings, a long-sleeved frock, and a white sun hat. She heard the adults laugh and say that Jack looked like a prizefighter. She walked around his prison, staring, and the blue-eyed fighter stared back.

The Rosses stayed for a long time, while the family sent telegrams and tried to raise money for them. No one looked after Jack much. He would lie on a marble step of the staircase watching the hotel guests going into the cardroom or the dining room. One night, for a reason that remorse was to wipe out in a minute, Netta gave him such a savage kick (though he was not really in her way) that one of his legs remained paralyzed for a long time.

“*Why* did you do it?” her father asked her—this in the room where she was shut up on bread and water. Netta didn't know. She loved Jack, but who would believe it now? Jack learned to walk, then to run, and in time to ski and play tennis; but her lifelong gift to him was a loss of balance, a sudden lopsided bend of a knee. Jack's parents

"Let's not part on such a sour note, Hendel. Have a tomato—I grew them myself."

• •

had meantime been given a small hotel to run at Bandol. Mr. Asher, responsible for a bank loan, kept an eye on the place. He went often, in a hotel car with a chauffeur, Netta perched beside him. When, years later, the families found out that the devoted young cousins had become lovers, they separated them without saying much. Netta was too independent to be dealt with. Besides, her father did not want a rift; his wife had died, and he needed Netta. Jack, whose claim on music had been the subject of teasing until now, was suddenly sent to study in England. Netta saw that he was secretly dismayed. He wanted to be almost anything as long as it was impossible, and then only as an act of grace. Netta's father did think it was his duty to tell her that marriage was, at its best, a parched arrangement, intolerable without a flow of golden guineas and fresh blood. As cousins, Jack and Netta could not bring each other anything except stale money. Nothing stopped them: they were married four months after Jack became twenty-one. Netta heard someone remark at her wedding, "She doesn't need a husband," meaning perhaps the practical, matter-of-fact person she now seemed to be. She did have the dry, burned-out look of someone turned inward. Her dark eyes glowed out of a thin face. She had the shape of a girl of fourteen. Jack, who was large, and fair, and who might be stout at forty if he wasn't careful, looked exactly his age, and seemed quite ready to be married.

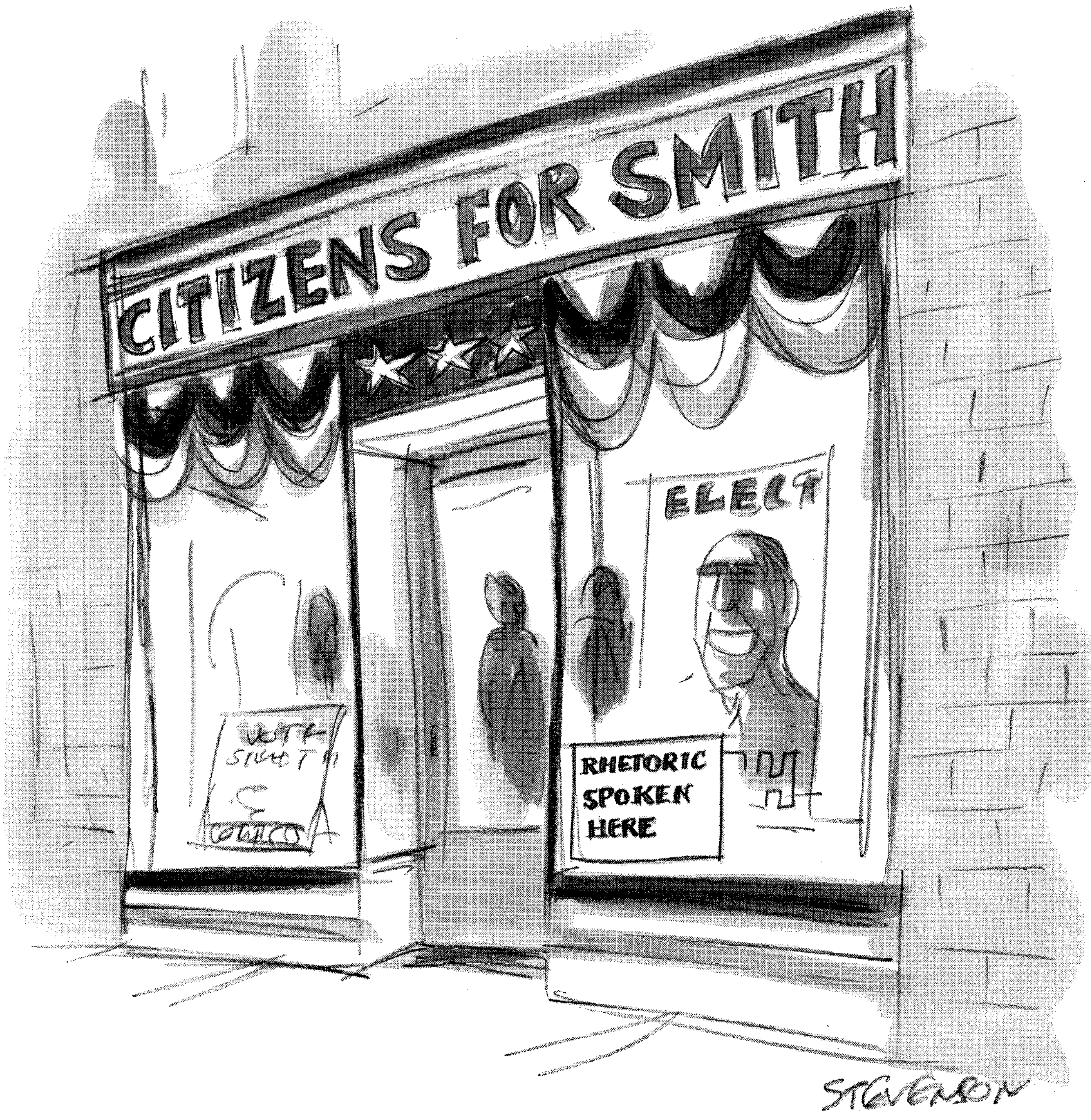
Netta could not understand why, loving Jack as she did, she did not look more like him. It had troubled her in the past when they did not think exactly the same thing at almost the same time. During the secret meetings of their long engagement she had noticed how even before a parting they were nearly apart—they had begun to "unmesh," as she called it. Drinking a last drink, usually in the buffet of a railway station, she would see that Jack was somewhere else, thinking about the next-best thing to Netta. The next-best thing might only be a book he wanted to finish reading, but it was enough to make her feel exiled. He often told Netta, "I'm not holding on to you. You're free," because he thought it needed saying, and of course he wanted freedom for himself. But to Netta "freedom" had a cold sound. Is that what I do want, she would wonder. Is that what I think he should offer? Their partings were often on the edge of parting forever, not just because Jack had said or done or thought the wrong thing but because between them they generated the high sexual tension that leads to quarrels. Barely ten minutes after agreeing that no one in the world could possibly know what they knew, one of them, either one, could curse the other out over something trivial. Yet they were, and remained, much in love, and when they were apart Netta sent him letters that were almost despairing with enchantment.

Jack answered, of course, but his letters were cautious. Her exploration of feeling was part of an unlimited capacity she seemed to have for passionate behavior, so at odds with her appearance, which had been dry and sardonic even in childhood. Save for an erotic sentence or two near the end (which Netta read first) Jack's messages might have been meant for any girl cousin he particularly liked. Love was memory, and he was no good at the memory game; he needed Netta there. The instant he saw her he knew all he had missed. But Netta, by then, felt forgotten, and she came to each new meeting aggressive and hurt, afflicted with the physical signs of her doubts and injuries—cold sores, rashes, erratic periods, mysterious temperatures. If she tried to discuss it he would say, "We aren't going over all that again, are we?" Where Netta was concerned he had settled for the established faith, but Netta, who had a wilder, more secret God, wanted a prayer a minute, not to speak of unending miracles and revelations.

When they finally married, both were relieved that the strain of partings and of tense disputes in railway stations would come to a stop. Each privately blamed the other for past violence, and both believed that once they could live openly, without interference, they would never have a disagreement again. Netta did not want Jack to regret the cold freedom he had vainly tried to offer her. He must have his liberty, and his music, and other people, and, oh, anything he wanted—whatever would stop him from saying he was ready to let her go free. The first thing Netta did was to make certain they had the best room in the hotel. She had never actually owned a room until now. The private apartments of her family had always been surrendered in a crisis: everyone had packed up and moved as beds were required. She and Jack were hopelessly untidy, because both had spent their early years moving down hotel corridors, trailing belts and raincoats, with tennis shoes hanging from knotted strings over their shoulders, their arms around books and sweaters and gray flannel bundles. Both had done lessons in the corners of lounges, with cups and glasses rattling, and other children running, and English voices louder than anything. Jack, who had been vaguely educated, remembered his boarding schools as places where one had a permanent bed. Netta chose for her marriage a south-facing room with a large balcony and an awning of dazzling white. It was furnished with lemonwood that had been brought to the Riviera by Russians for their own villas long before. To the lemonwood Netta's mother had added English chintzes; the result, in Netta's eyes, was not bizarre but charming. The room was deeply mirrored; when the shutters were closed on hot afternoons a play of light became as green as a forest on the walls, and as blue as seawater in the glass. A quality of suspension, of disbelief in gravity, now belonged to Netta. She became tidy, silent, less introspective, as watchful and as reflective as her bedroom mirrors. Jack stayed as he was, luckily; any alteration would have worried her, just as a change in an often-read story will trouble a small child. She was intensely, almost unnaturally happy.

One day she overheard an English doctor, whose wife played bridge every afternoon at the hotel, refer to her, to Netta, as "the little Moslem wife." It was said affectionately, for the doctor liked her. She wondered if he had seen through walls and had watched her picking up the clothing and the wet towels Jack left strewn like clues to his presence. The phrase was collected and passed from mouth to mouth in the idle English colony. Netta, the last person in the world deliberately to eavesdrop (she lacked that sort of interest in other people), was sharp of hearing where her marriage was concerned. She had a special antenna for Jack, for his shades of meaning, secret intentions, for his innocent contradictions. Perhaps "Moslem wife" meant several things, and possibly it was plain to anyone with eyes that Jack, without meaning a bit of harm by it, had a way with women. Those he attracted were a puzzling lot, to Netta. She had already catalogued them—elegant elderly parties with tongues like carving knives; gentle, clever girls who flourished on the unattainable; untouchable-daughter types, canny about their virginity, wondering if Jack would be father enough to justify the sacrifice. There was still another kind—tough, sunburned, clad in dark colors—who made Netta think in the vocabulary of horoscopes: Her gem—diamonds. Her color—black. Her language—worse than Netta's. She noticed that even when Jack had no real use for a woman he never made it apparent; he adopted anyone who took a liking to him. He assumed—Netta thought—a tribal, paternal air that was curious in so young a man. The plot of attraction interested him, no matter how it turned out. He was like someone reading several novels at once, or like someone playing simultaneous chess.

Netta did not want her marriage to become a world of stone. She said nothing except, "Listen, Jack, I've been at this hotel business longer than you have. It's wiser not to be too pally with the guests." At Christmas the older women gave him boxes of expensive soap. "They must think someone around here wants a good wash," Netta remarked. Outside their fenced area of private jokes and private love was a landscape too open, too light-drenched, for serious talk. And then, when? Jack woke up quickly and early in the morning and smiled as naturally as children do. He knew where he was and the day of the week and the hour. The best moment of the day was the first cigarette. When something bloody happened, it was never before six in the evening. At night he had a dark look that went with a dark mood, sometimes. Netta would tell him that she could see a cruise ship floating on the black horizon like a piece of the Milky Way, and she would get that look for an answer. But it never lasted. His memory was too short to let him sulk, no matter what fragment of night had



crossed his mind. She knew, having heard other couples all her life, that at least she and Jack never made the conjugal sounds that passed for conversation and that might as well have been bowwow and quack quack.

If, by chance, Jack found himself drawn to another woman, if the tide of attraction suddenly ran the other way, then he would discover in himself a great need to talk to his wife. They sat out on their balcony for much of one long night and he told her about his Irish mother. His mother's eccentricity—"Vera's dottiness," where the family was concerned—had kept Jack from taking anything seriously. He had been afraid of pulling her mad attention in his direction. Countless times she had faked tuberculosis and cancer and announced her own imminent death. A telephone call from a hospital had once declared her lost in a car crash. "It's a new life, a new life," her husband had babbled, coming away from the phone. Jack saw his father then as beautiful. Women are beautiful when they fall in love, said Jack; sometimes the glow will last a few hours, sometimes even a day or two.

"You know," said Jack, as if Netta knew, "the look of amazement on a girl's face . . ."

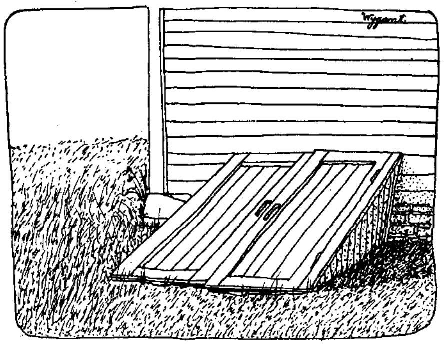
Well, that same incandescence had suffused Jack's father when he thought his wife had died, and it continued to shine until a taxi deposited dotty Vera with her cheerful announcement that she had certainly brought off a successful April Fool. After Jack's father died she became violent. "Getting away from her was a form of violence in me," Jack said. "But I did it." That was why he was secretive; that was why he was independent. He had never wanted any woman to get her hands on his life.

Netta heard this out calmly. Where his own feelings were concerned she thought he was making them up as he went along. The garden smelled coolly of jasmine and mimosa. She wondered who his new girl was, and if he was likely to blurt out a name. But all he had been working up to was that his mother—mad, spoiled, devilish, whatever she was—would need to live with Jack and Netta, unless Netta agreed to giving her an income. An income would let her remain where she was—at the moment, in a Rudolf Steiner community in Switzerland, devoted to medieval gardening and to getting the best out of Goethe. Netta's father's training prevented even the thought of spending the money in such a manner.

"You won't regret all you've told me, will you?" she asked. She saw that the new situation would be her burden, her chain, her mean little joke sometimes. Jack scarcely hesitated before saying that where Netta mattered he could never regret anything. But what really interested him now was his mother.

"Lifts give her claustrophobia," he said. "She mustn't be higher than the second floor." He sounded like a man bringing a legal concubine into his household, scrupulously anxious to give all his women equal rights. "And I hope she will make friends," he said. "It won't be easy, at her age. One can't live without them." He probably meant that he had none. Netta had been raised not to expect to have friends: you could not run a hotel and have scores of personal ties. She expected people to be polite and punctual and to mean what they said, and that was the end of it. Jack gave his friendship easily, but he expected considerable diversion in return.

Netta said dryly, "If she plays bridge, she can play with Mrs. Blackley." This was the wife of the doctor who had first said "Moslem wife." He had come down here to the Riviera for his wife's health; the two belonged to a subcolony of flat-dwelling expatriates. His medical practice was limited to hypochondriacs and rheumatic patients. He had time on his hands: Netta often saw him in the hotel reading room, standing, leafing—he took pleasure in handling books. Netta, no reader, did not like touching a book unless it was new. The doctor had a trick of speech Jack loved to imitate: he would break up his words with an extra syllable, some words only, and at that not every time. "It is all a matter of stu-hyle," he said, for "style," or, Jack's favorite, "Oh, well, in the end it all comes down to su-hex." "Uh-hebb and flo-ho of hormones" was the way he once described the behavior of saints—Netta had looked twice at him over that. He was a firm agnostic and the first person from whom Netta heard there existed a magical Dr. Freud. When Netta's father had died of pneumonia, the doctor's "I'm su-horry, Netta" had been so heartfelt she could not have wished it said another way.



His wife, Georgina, could lower her blood pressure or stop her heartbeat nearly at will. Netta sometimes wondered why Dr. Blackley had brought her to a soft climate rather than to the man at Vienna he so admired. Georgina was well enough to play fierce bridge, with Jack and anyone good enough. Her husband usually came to fetch her at the end of the afternoon when the players stopped for tea. Once, because he was obliged to return at once to a patient who needed him, she said, "Can't you be competent about anything?" Netta thought she understood, then, his resigned repetition of "It's all su-hex." "Oh, don't explain. You bore me," said his wife, turning her back.

Netta followed him out to his car. She wore an India shawl that had been her mother's. The wind blew her hair; she had to hold it back. She said, "Why don't you kill her?"

"I am not a desperate person," he said. He looked at Netta, she looking up at him because she had to look up to nearly everyone except children, and he said, "I've wondered why we haven't been to bed."

"Who?" said Netta. "You and your wife? Oh. You mean me." She was not offended, she just gave the shawl a brusque tug and said, "Not a hope. Never with a guest," though of course that was not the reason.

"You might have to, if the guest were a maharaja," he said, to make it all harmless. "I am told it is pu-hart of the courtesy they expect."

"We don't get their trade," said Netta. This had not stopped her liking the doctor. She pitied him, rather, because of his wife, and because he wasn't Jack and could not have Netta.

"I do love you," said the doctor, deciding finally to sit down in his car. "Ee-nee-ormously." She watched him drive away as if she loved him too, and might never see him again. It never crossed her mind to mention any of this conversation to Jack.

THAT very spring, perhaps because of the doctor's words, the hotel did get some maharaja trade—three little sisters with ebony curls, men's eyebrows, large heads, and delicate hands and feet. They had four rooms, one for their governess. A chauffeur on permanent call lodged elsewhere. The governess, who was Dutch, had a perfect triangle of a

"There is absolutely nothing to do down here, so we've learned to bring our fun with us."

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nose and said "whom" for "who," pronouncing it "whum." The girls were to learn French, tennis, and swimming. The chauffeur arrived with a hairdresser, who cut their long hair; it lay on the governess's carpet, enough to fill a large pillow. Their toe- and fingernails were filed to points and looked like a kitten's teeth. They came smiling down the marble staircase, carrying new tennis racquets, wearing blue linen skirts and navy blazers. Mrs. Blackley glanced up from the bridge game as they went by the cardroom. She had been one of those opposed to their having lessons at the English Lawn Tennis Club, for reasons that were, to her, perfectly evident.

She said, loudly, "They'll have to be in white."

"End whay, pray?" cried the governess, pointing her triangle nose.

"They can't go on the courts except in white. It is a private club. Entirely white."

"Whum do they all think they are?" the governess asked, prepared to stalk on. But the girls, with their newly cropped heads, and their vulnerable necks showing, caught the drift and refused to go.

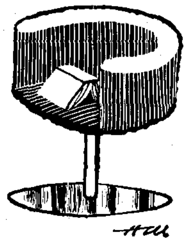
"Whom indeed," said Georgina Blackley, fiddling with her bridge hand and looking happy.

"My wife's seamstress could run up white frocks for them in a minute," said Jack. Perhaps he did not dislike children all that much.

"Whom could," muttered Georgina.

But it turned out that the governess was not allowed to choose their clothes, and so Jack gave the children lessons at the hotel. For six weeks they trotted around the courts looking angelic in blue, or hopelessly foreign, depending upon who saw them. Of course they fell in love with Jack, offering him a passionate loyalty they had nowhere else to place. Netta watched the transfer of this gentle, anxious gift. After they departed, Jack was bad-tempered for several evenings and then never spoke of them again; they, needless to say, had been dragged from him weeping.

When this happened the Rosses had been married nearly five years. Being childless but still very loving, they had trouble deciding which of the two would be the child. Netta overheard "He's a darling, but she's a sergeant major and no mistake. And so *mean.*" She also heard "He's a lazy bastard. He bullies her. She's a fool." She searched her heart again about children. Was it Jack or had it been Netta who had first said no? The only child she had ever admired was Jack, and not as a child but as a fighter, defying her. She and Jack were not the sort to have animal children, and Jack's dotty mother would probably soon be child enough for any couple to handle. Jack still seemed to adopt, in a tribal sense of his, half the women who fell in love with him. The only woman who resisted adoption was Netta—still burned-out, still ardent, in a manner of speaking still fourteen. His mother had turned up meanwhile, getting down from a train wearing a sly air of enjoying her own jokes, just as she must have looked on the day of the April Fool. At first she was no great trouble, though she did complain about an ulcerated leg. After years of pretending, she at last had something real. Netta's policy of silence made Jack's mother confident. She began to make a mockery of his music: "All that money gone for nothing!" Or else, "The amount we wasted on schools! The hours he's thrown away with his nose in a book. All that reading—if at least *it* had got *him* somewhere." Netta noticed that he spent more time playing bridge and chatting to cronies in the bar now. She thought hard, and decided not to make it her business. His mother had once been pretty; perhaps he still saw her that way. She came of a ramshackle family with a usable past; she spoke of the Ashers and the Rosses as if she had known them when they were tinkers. English residents who had a low but solid barrier with Jack and Netta were fences-down with his mad mother: they seemed to take her at her own word when it was about herself. She began then to behave like a superior sort of guest, inviting large parties to her table for meals, ordering special wines and dishes at inconvenient hours, standing endless rounds of drinks in the bar.



Netta told herself, Jack wants it this way. It is his home too. She began to live a life apart, leaving Jack to his mother. She sat wearing her own mother's shawl, hunched over a new, modern adding machine, punching out accounts. "Funny couple," she heard now. She frowned, smiling in her mind; none of these people knew what bound them, or how tied they were. She had the habit of dodging out of her mother-in-law's parties by saying, "I've got such an awful lot to do." It made them laugh, because they thought this was Netta's term for slave-driving the servants. They thought the staff did the work, and that Netta counted the profits and was too busy with bookkeeping to keep an eye on Jack—who now, at twenty-six, was as attractive as he ever would be.

A woman named Iris Cordier was one of Jack's mother's new friends. Tall, loud, in winter dully pale, she reminded Netta of a blond penguin. Her voice moved between a squeak and a moo, and was a mark of the distinguished literary family to which her father belonged. Her mother, a Frenchwoman, had been in and out of nursing homes for years. The Cordiers haunted the Riviera, with Iris looking after her parents and watching their diets. Now she lived in a flat somewhere in Roquebrune with the survivor of the pair—the mother, Netta believed. Iris paused and glanced in the business room where Mr. Asher had signed the hundred-year lease. She was on her way to lunch—Jack's mother's guest, of course.

"I say, aren't you Miss Asher?"

"I was." Iris, like Dr. Blackley, was probably younger than she looked. Out of her own childhood Netta recalled a desperate adolescent Iris with middle-aged parents clamped like handcuffs on her life. "How is your mother?" Netta had been about to say "How is Mrs. Cordier?" but it sounded servile.

"I didn't know you knew her."

"I remember her well. Your father too. He was a nice person."

"And still is," said Iris, sharply. "He lives with me, and he always will. French daughters don't abandon their parents." No one had ever sounded more English to Netta. "And your father and mother?"

"Both dead now. I'm married to Jack Ross."

"Nobody told me," said Iris, in a way that made Netta think, Good Lord, Iris too? Jack could not possibly seem like a patriarchal figure where she was concerned; perhaps this time the game was reversed and Iris played at being tribal and maternal. The idea of Jack, or of any man, flinging himself on that iron bosom made Netta smile. As if startled, Iris covered her mouth. She seemed to be frightened of smiling back.

Oh, well, and what of it, Iris too, said Netta to herself, suddenly turning back to her accounts. As it happened, Netta was mistaken (as she never would have been with a bill). That day Jack was meeting Iris for the first time.

The upshot of these errors and encounters was an invitation to Roquebrune to visit Iris's father. Jack's mother was ruthlessly excluded, even though Iris probably owed her a return engagement because of the lunch. Netta supposed that Iris had decided one had to get past Netta to reach Jack—an inexactness if ever there was one. Or perhaps it was Netta Iris wanted. In that case the error became a farce. Netta had almost no knowledge of private houses. She looked around at something that did not much interest her, for she hated to leave her own home, and saw Iris's father, apparently too old and shaky to get out of his armchair. He smiled and he nodded, meanwhile stroking an aged cat. He said to Netta, "You resemble your mother. A sweet woman. Obliging and quiet. I used to tell her that I longed to live in her hotel and be looked after."

Not by me, thought Netta.

Iris's amber bracelets rattled as she pushed and pulled everyone through introductions. Jack and Netta had been asked to meet a young American Netta had often seen in her own bar, and a couple named Sandy and Sandra Braunsweg, who turned out to be Anglo-Swiss and twins. Iris's long arms were around them as she cried to Netta, "Don't you know these babies?" They were, like the Rosses, somewhere in their twenties. Jack looked on, blue-eyed, interested, smiling at everything new. Netta supposed that she was now seeing some of the rather hard-up snobbish—snobbish what? "Intelli-gum-hen-sia," she imagined Dr. Blackley supplying. Having arrived at a word, Netta was ready to go home; but they had only just arrived. The American turned to Netta. He looked bored, and astonished by it. He needs the word for "bored," she decided. Then he can go home, too. The Riviera was no place for Americans. They could not sit all day waiting for mail and the daily papers and for the clock to show a respectable drinking time. They made the best of things when they were caught with a house they'd been rash enough to rent unseen. Netta often had them then *en pension* for meals: a hotel dining room was one way of meeting people. They paid a fee to use the tennis courts, and they liked the bar. Netta would notice then how Jack picked up any accent within hearing.

Jack was now being attentive to the old man, Iris's father. Though this was none of Mr. Cordier's business, Jack said, "My wife and I are first cousins, as well as second cousins twice over."

"You don't look it."

Everyone began to speak at once, and it was a minute or two before Netta heard Jack again. This time he said, "We are from a family of great . . ." It was lost. What now? Great innkeepers? Worriers? Skinflints? Whatever it was, old Mr. Cordier kept nodding to show he approved.

"We don't see nearly enough of young men like you," he said.

"True!" said Iris loudly. "We live in a dreary world of ill women down here." Netta thought this hard on the American, on Mr. Cordier, and on the male Braunsweg twin, but none of them looked offended. "I've got no time for women," said Iris. She slapped down a glass of whiskey so that it splashed, and rapped on a table with her knuckles. "Shall I tell you why? Because women don't tick over. They just simply don't tick over." No one disputed this. Iris went on: Women were underinformed. One could have virile conversations only with men. Women were attached to the past through fear, whereas men had a fearless sense of history. "Men tick," she said, glaring at Jack.

"I am not attached to a past," said Netta, slowly. "The past holds no attractions." She was not used to general conversation. She thought that every word called for consideration and for an answer. "Nothing could be worse than the way we children were dressed. And our mothers—the hard waves of their hair, the white lips. I think of those pale profiles and I wonder if those women were ever young."

Poor Netta, who saw herself as profoundly English, spread consternation by being suddenly foreign and gassy. She talked the English of expatriate children, as if reading aloud. The twins looked shocked. But she had appealed to the American. He sat beside her on a scuffed velvet sofa. He was so large that she slid an inch or so in his direction when he sat down. He was Sandra Braunsweg's special friend: they had been in London together. He was trying to write.

"What do you mean?" said Netta. "Write what?"

"Well—a novel, to start," he said. His father had staked him to one year, then another. He mentioned all that Sandra had borne with, how she had actually kicked and punched him to keep him from being too American. He had embarrassed her to death in London by asking a waitress, "Miss, where's the toilet?"

Netta said, "Didn't you mind being corrected?"

"Oh, no. It was just friendly."

Jack meanwhile was listening to Sandra telling about her English forebears and her English education. "I had many years of undeniably excellent schooling," she said. "Mitten Todd."

"What's that?" said Jack.

"It's near Bristol. I met excellent girls from Italy, Spain. I took *him* there to visit," she said, generously including the American. "I said, 'Get a yellow necktie.' He went straight out and bought one. I wore a little Schiaparelli. Bought in Geneva but still a real . . . A yellow jacket over a gray . . . Well, we arrived at my excellent old school, and even though the day was drizzly I said, 'Put the top of the car back.' He did so at once, and then he understood. The interior of the car harmonized perfectly with the yellow and gray." The twins were orphaned. Iris was like a mother.

"When Mummy died we didn't know where to put all the Chippendale," said Sandra. "Iris took a lot of it."

Netta thought, She is so silly. How can he respond? The girl's dimples and freckles and soft little hands were nothing Netta could have ever described: she had never in her life thought a word like "pretty." People were beautiful or they were not. Her happiness had always been great enough to allow for despair. She knew that some people thought Jack was happy and she was not.

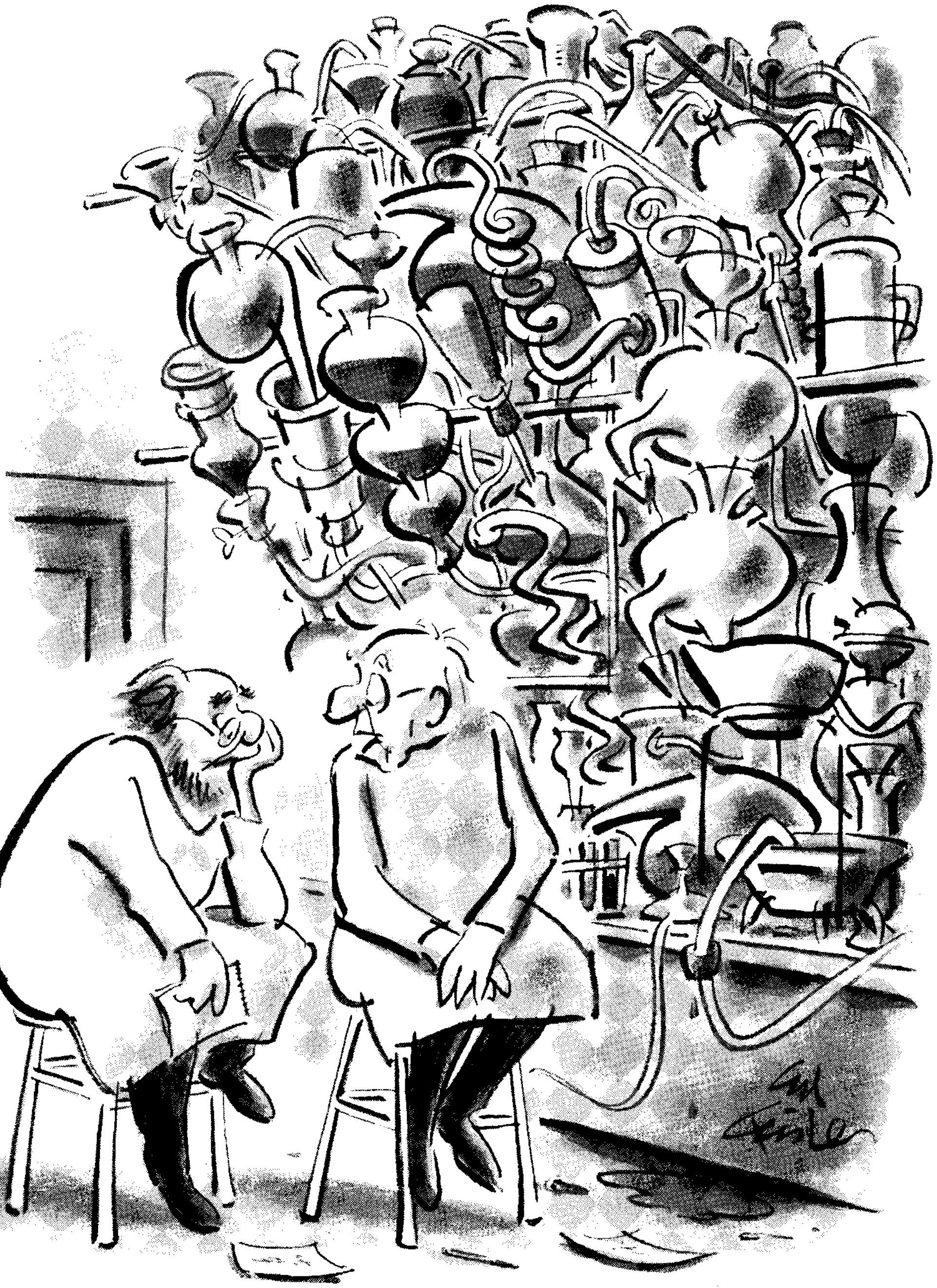
"And what made you marry your young cousin?" the old man boomed at Netta. Perhaps his background allowed him to ask impertinent questions; he must have been doing so nearly forever. He stroked his cat; he was confident. He was spokesman for a roomful of wondering people.

"Jack was a moody child and I promised his mother I would look after him," said Netta. In her hopelessly un-English way she believed she had said something funny.

At eleven o'clock the hotel car expected to fetch the Rosses was nowhere. They trudged home by moonlight. For the last hour of the evening Jack had been skewered on virile conversations, first with Iris, then with Sandra, to whom Netta had already given "Chippendale" as a private name. It proved that Iris was right about concentrating on men and their ticking—Jack even thought Sandra rather pretty.

"Prettier than me?" said Netta, without the faintest idea what she meant, but aware she had said something stupid.

"Not so attractive," said Jack. His slight limp returned straight out of



"If you ask me, it's time once again for a little explosion."

childhood. *She* had caused his accident.

"But she's not always clear," said Netta. "Mitten Todd, for example."

"Who're you talking about?"

"Who are *you*?"

"Iris, of course."

As if they had suddenly quarrelled they fell silent. In silence they entered their room and prepared for bed. Jack poured a whiskey, walked on the clothes he had dropped, carried his drink to the bathroom. Through the half-shut door he called suddenly, "Why did you say that asinine thing about promising to look after me?"

"It seemed so unlikely, I thought they'd laugh." She had a glimpse of herself in the mirrors picking up his shed clothes.

He said, "Well, is it true?"

She was quiet for such a long time that he came to see if she was still in the room. She said, "No, your mother never said that or anything like it."

"We shouldn't have gone to Roquebrune," said Jack. "I think those bloody people are going to be a nuisance. Iris wants her father to stay here, with the cat, while she goes to England for a month. How do we get out of that?"

"By saying no."

"I'm rotten at no."

"I told you not to be too pally with women," she said, as a joke again, but jokes were her way of having floods of tears.

Before this had a chance to heal, Iris's father moved in, bringing his cat in a basket. He looked at his room and said, "Medium large." He looked at his bed and said, "Reasonably long." He was, in short, daft about measurements. When he took books out of the reading room, he was apt to return them with "This volume contains about 70,000 words" written inside the back cover.

Netta had not wanted Iris's father, but Jack had said yes to it. She had not wanted the sick cat, but Jack had said yes to that too. The old man, who was lost without Iris, lived for his meals. He would appear at the shut doors of the dining room an hour too early, waiting for the menu to be typed and posted. In a voice that matched Iris's for carrying power, he read aloud, alone: "Consommé. Good Lord, again? Is there a choice between the fish and the cutlet? I can't possibly eat all of that. A bit of salad and a boiled egg. That's all I could possibly want." That was rubbish, because Mr. Cordier ate the menu and more, and if there were two puddings, or a pudding and ice cream, he ate both and asked for pastry, fruit, and cheese to follow. One day, after Dr. Blackley had attended him for faintness, Netta passed a message on to Iris, who had been back from England for a fortnight now but seemed in no hurry to take her father away.

"Keith Blackley thinks your father should go on a diet."

"He can't," said Iris. "Our other doctor says dieting causes cancer."

"You can't have heard that properly," Netta said.

"It is like those silly people who smoke to keep their figures," said Iris. "Dieting."

"Blackley hasn't said he should smoke, just that he should eat less of everything."

"My father has never smoked in his life," Iris cried. "As for his diet, I weighed his food out for years. He's not here forever. I'll take him back as soon as he's had enough of hotels."

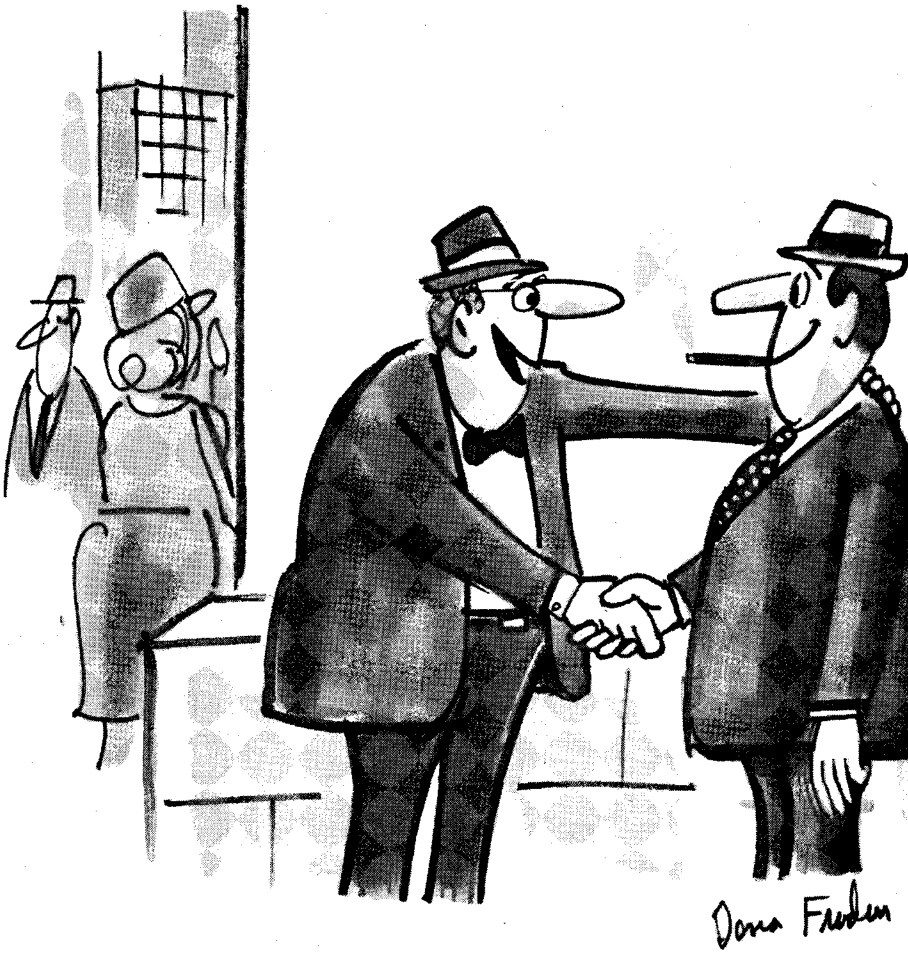
He stayed for a long time, and the cat did too, and a nuisance they both were to the servants. When the cat was too ailing to walk, the old man carried it to a path behind the tennis courts and put it down on the gravel to die. Netta came out with the old man's tea on a tray (not done for everyone, but having him out of the way was a relief) and she saw the cat lying on its side, eyes wide, as if profoundly thinking. She saw unlicked dirt on its coat and ants exploring its paws. The old man sat in a garden chair, wearing a panama hat, his hands clasped on a stick. He called, "Oh, Netta, take her away. I am too old to watch anything die. I know what she'll do," he said, indifferently, his voice falling as she came near. "Oh, I know that. Turn on her back and give a shriek. I've heard it often."

Netta disburdened her tray onto a garden table and pulled the tray cloth under the cat. She was angered at the haste and indecency of the ants. "It would be polite to leave her," she said. "She doesn't want to be watched."

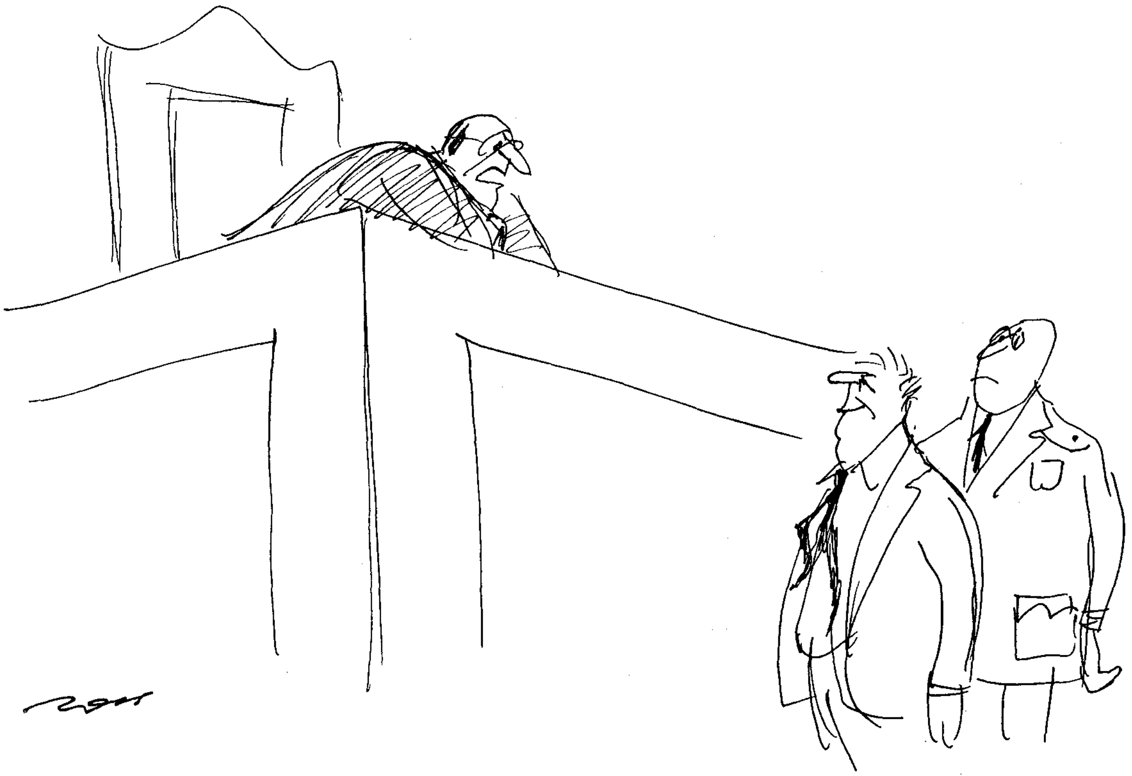
"I always sit here," said the old man.

Jack, making for the courts with Chippendale, looked as if the sight of the two conversing amused him. Then he understood and scooped up the cat and tray cloth and went away with the cat over his shoulder. He laid it in the shade of a Judas tree, and within an hour it was dead. Iris's father said, "I've got no one to talk to here. That's my trouble. That shroud was too small for my poor Polly. Ask my daughter to fetch me."

Jack's mother said that night, "I'm sure you wish that I had a devoted



"For heaven's sake! Joe Harrison! I didn't recognize you, because of your low-recognition factor."



"Damn it, quit saying 'Cheers!'"

daughter to take me away too." Because of the attention given the cat she seemed to feel she had not been nuisance enough. She had taken to saying, "My leg is dying before I am," and imploring Jack to preserve her leg, should it be amputated, and make certain it was buried with her. She wanted Jack to be close by at nearly any hour now, so that she could lean on him. After sitting for hours at bridge she had trouble climbing two flights of stairs; nothing would induce her to use the lift.

"Nothing ever came of your music," she would say, leaning on him. "Of course, you have a wife to distract you now. I needed a daughter. Every woman does." Netta managed to trap her alone, and forced her to sit while she stood over her. Netta said, "Look, Aunt Vera, I forbid you, I absolutely forbid you, do you hear, to make a nurse of Jack, and I shall strangle you with my own hands if you go on saying nothing came of his music. You are not to say it in my hearing or out of it. Is that plain?"

Jack's mother got up to her room without assistance. About an hour later the gardener found her on a soft bed of wallflowers. "An inch to the left and she'd have landed on a rake," he said to Netta. She was still alive when Netta knelt down. In her fall she had crushed the plants, the yellow minted *giroflées de Nice*. Netta thought that she was now, at last, for the first time, inhaling one of the smells of death. Her aunt's arms and legs were turned and twisted; her skirt was pulled so that her swollen leg showed. It seemed that she had jumped carrying her walking stick—it lay across the path. She often slept in an armchair, afternoons, with one eye slightly open. She opened that eye now and, seeing she had Netta, said, "My son." Netta was thinking, I have never known her. And if I knew her, then it was Jack or myself I could not understand. Netta was afraid of giving orders, and of telling people not to touch her aunt before Dr. Blackley could be summoned, because she knew that she had always been mistaken. Now Jack was there, propping his mother up, brushing leaves and earth out of her hair. Her head dropped on his shoulder. Netta thought from the sudden heaviness that her aunt had died, but she sighed and opened that one eye again, saying this time, "Doctor?" Netta left everyone doing the wrong things to her dying—no, her murdered—aunt. She said quite calmly into a telephone, "I am afraid that my aunt must have jumped or fallen from the second floor."

Jack found a letter on his mother's night table that began, "Why blame Netta? I forgive." At dawn he and Netta sat at a card table with yesterday's cigarettes still not cleaned out of the ashtray, and he did not ask what Netta had said or done that called for forgiveness. They kept pushing the letter back and forth. He would read it and then Netta would. It seemed natural for them to be silent. Jack had sat beside his mother for much of the night. Each of them then went to sleep for an hour, apart, in one of the empty rooms, just as they had done in the old days when their parents were juggling beds and guests and double and single quarters. By the time the doctor returned for his second visit Jack was neatly dressed and seemed wide awake. He sat in the bar drinking black coffee and reading a travel book of Evelyn Waugh's called "Labels." Netta, who looked far more untidy and underslept, wondered if Jack wished he might leave now, and sail from Monte Carlo on the Stella Polaris.

Dr. Blackley said, "Well, you are a dim pair. She is not in pu-hain, you know." Netta supposed this was the roundabout way doctors have of announcing death, very like "Her sufferings have ended." But Jack, looking hard at the doctor, had heard another meaning. "Jumped or fell," said Dr. Blackley. "She neither fell nor jumped. She is up there enjoying a damned good thu-hing."

Netta went out and through the lounge and up the marble steps. She sat down in the shaded room on the chair where Jack had spent most of the night. Her aunt did not look like anyone Netta knew, not even like Jack. She stared at the alien face and said, "Aunt Vera, Keith Blackley says there is nothing really the matter. You must have made a mistake. Perhaps you fainted on the path, overcome by the scent of wallflowers. What would you like me to tell Jack?"

Jack's mother turned on her side and slowly, tenderly, raised herself on an elbow. "Well, Netta," she said, "I daresay the fool is right. But as I've been given quite a lot of sleeping stuff, I'd as soon stay here for now."

Netta said, "Are you hungry?"

"I should very much like a ham sandwich on English bread, and about that much gin with a lump of ice."

SHE began coming down for meals a few days later. They knew she had crept down the stairs and flung her walking stick over the path and let herself fall hard on a bed of wallflowers—had even plucked her skirt up for a bit of accuracy; but she was also someone returned from beyond the limits, from the other side of the wall. Once she said, "It was like diving and suddenly realizing there was no water in the sea." Again, "It is not true that your life rushes before your eyes. You can see the flowers floating up to you. Even a short fall takes a long time."

Everyone was deeply changed by this incident. The effect on the victim herself was that she got religion hard.

"We are all hopeless nonbelievers!" shouted Iris, drinking in the bar one afternoon. "At least, I hope we are. But when I see you, Vera, I feel there might be something in religion. You look positively temperate."

"I am allowed to love God, I hope," said Jack's mother.

Jack never saw or heard his mother anymore. He leaned against the bar, reading. It was his favorite place. Even on the sunniest of afternoons he read by the red-shaded light. Netta was present only because she had supplies to check. Knowing she ought to keep out of this, she still said, "Religion is more than love. It is supposed to tell you why you exist and what you are expected to do about it."

"You have no religious feelings at all?" This was the only serious and almost the only friendly question Iris was ever to ask Netta.

"None," said Netta. "I'm running a business."

"I love God as Jack used to love music," said his mother. "At least he said he did when we were paying for lessons."

"Adam and Eve had God," said Netta. "They had nobody *but* God. A fat lot of good that did them." This was as far as their dialectic went. Jack had not moved once except to turn pages. He read steadily but cautiously now, as if every author had a design on him. That was one effect of his mother's incident. The other was that he gave up bridge and went back to playing the clarinet. Iris hammered out an accompaniment on the upright piano in the old music room, mostly used for listening to radio broadcasts. She was the only person Netta had ever heard who could make Mozart sound like an Irish jig. Presently Iris began to say that it was time Jack gave a concert. Before this could turn into a crisis Iris changed her mind and said what he wanted was a holiday. Netta thought he needed something: he seemed to be exhausted by love, friendship, by being a husband, someone's son, by trying to make a world out of reading and sense out of life. A visit to England to meet some stimulating people, said Iris. To help Iris with her tiresome father during the journey. To visit art galleries and bookshops and go to concerts. To meet people. To talk.

This was a hot, troubled season, and many persons were planning journeys—not to meet other people but for fear of a war. The hotel had emptied out by the end of March. Netta, whose father had known there would never be another catastrophe, had her workmen come in, as usual. She could hear the radiators being drained and got ready for painting as she packed Jack's clothes. They had never been separated before. They kept telling each other that it was only for a short holiday—for three or four weeks. She was surprised at how neat marriage was, at how many years and feelings could be folded and put under a lid. Once, she went to the window so that he would not see her tears and think she was trying to blackmail him. Looking out, she noticed the American, Chippendale's lover, idly knocking a tennis ball against the garage, as Jack had done in the early summers of their life; he had come round to the hotel looking for a partner, but that season there were none. She suddenly knew to a certainty that if Jack were to die she would search the crowd of mourners for a man she could live with. She would not return from the funeral alone.

Grief and memory, yes, she said to herself, but what about three o'clock in the morning?

BY June nearly everyone Netta knew had vanished, or, like the Blackleys, had started to pack. Netta had new tablecloths made, and ordered new white awnings, and two dozen rosebushes from the nursery at Cap Ferrat. The American came over every day and followed her from room to room, talking. He had nothing better to do. The Swiss twins were in England. His father, who had been backing his writing career until now, had suddenly changed his mind about it—now, when he needed money to get out of Europe. He had projects for living on his own, but they required a dose of funds. He wanted to open a restaurant on the Riviera where nothing but chicken pie would be served. Or else a vast and expensive café where people would pay to make their own sandwiches. He said that he was seeing the food of the future, but all that Netta could see was customers asking for their money back. He trapped her behind the bar and said he loved her; Netta made other women look like stuffed dolls. He could still remember the shock of meeting her, the attraction, the brilliant answer she had made to Iris about attachments to the past.

Netta let him rave until he asked for a loan. She laughed and wondered if it was for the chicken-pie restaurant. No—he wanted to get on a boat sailing from Cannes. She said, quite cheerfully, "I can't be Venus and Barclays Bank. You have to choose."

He said, "Can't Venus ever turn up with a letter of credit?"

She shook her head. "Not a hope."

But when it was July and Jack hadn't come back, he cornered her again. Money wasn't in it now: his father had not only relented but had virtually ordered him home. He was about twenty-two, she guessed. He could still plead successfully for parental help and for indulgence from women. She said, no more than affectionately, "I'm going to show you a very pretty room."

A few days later Dr. Blackley came alone to say goodbye.

"Are you really staying?" he asked.

"I am responsible for the last eighty-one years of this lease," said Netta. "I'm going to be thirty. It's a long tenure. Besides, I've got Jack's mother and she won't leave. Jack has a chance now to visit America. It doesn't sound sensible to me, but she writes encouraging him. She imagines him suddenly very rich and sending for her. I've discovered the limit of what you can feel about people. I've discovered something else," she said abruptly. "It is that sex and love have nothing in common. Only a coincidence, sometimes. You think the coincidence will go on and so you get married. I suppose that is what men are born knowing and women learn by accident."

"I'm su-horry."

"For God's sake, don't be. It's a relief."

She had no feeling of guilt, only of amazement. Jack, as a memory, was in a restricted area—the tennis courts, the cardroom, the bar. She saw him at bridge with Mrs. Blackley and pouring drinks for temporary friends. He crossed the lounge jauntily with a cluster of little dark-haired girls wearing blue. In the mirrored bedroom there was only Netta. Her dreams were cleansed of him. The looking glasses still held their blue-and-silver-water shadows, but they lost the habit of giving back the moods and gestures of a Moslem wife.

ABOUT five years after this, Netta wrote to Jack. The war had caught him in America, during the voyage his mother had so wanted him to have. His limp had kept him out of the Army. As his mother (now dead) might have put it, all that reading had finally got him somewhere: he had spent the last years putting out a two-pager on aspects of European culture—part of a scrupulous effort Britain was making for the West. That was nearly all Netta knew. A Belgian Red Cross official had arrived, apparently in Jack's name, to see if she was still alive. She sat in her father's business room, wearing a coat and a shawl because there was no way of heating any part of the hotel now, and she tried to get on with the letter she had been writing in her head, on and off, for many years.

"In June, 1940, we were evacuated," she started, for the tenth or eleventh time. "I was back by October. Italians had taken over the hotel. They used the mirror behind the bar for target practice. Oddly enough it was not smashed. It is covered with spiderwebs, and the bullet hole is the spider. I had great trouble over Aunt Vera, who disappeared and was found finally in one of the attic rooms.

"The Italians made a pet of her. Took her picture. She enjoyed that. Everyone who became thin had a desire to be photographed, as if knowing they would use this intimidating evidence against those loved ones who had missed being starved. Guilt for life. After an initial period of hardship, during which she often had her picture taken at her request, the Italians brought food and looked after her, more than anyone. She was their mama. We were annexed territory and in time we had the same food as the Italians. The thin pictures of your mother are here on my desk.

ANYTHING GOOD ON?
NO
TV

"She buried her British passport and would never say where. Perhaps under the Judas tree with Mr. Cordier's cat, Polly. She remained just as mad and just as spoiled, and that became dangerous when life stopped being ordinary. She complained about me to the Italians. At that time a complaint was a matter of prison and of death if it was made to the wrong person. Luckily for me, there was also the right person to take the message.

"A couple of years after that, the Germans and certain French took over and the Italians were shut up in another hotel without food or water, and some people risked their well-being to take water to them (for not everyone preferred the new situation, you can believe me). When she was dying I asked her if she had a message for one Italian officer who had made such a pet of her and she said, 'No, why?' She died without a word for anybody. She was buried as 'Rossini,' because the Italians had changed people's names. She had said she was French, a Frenchwoman named Ross, and so some peculiar civil status was created for us—the two Mrs. Rossinis.

"The records were topsy-turvy; it would have meant going to the Germans and explaining my dead aunt was British, and of course I thought I would not. The death certificate and permission to bury are for a Vera Rossini. I have them here on my desk for you with her pictures.

"You are probably wondering where I have found all this writing paper. The Germans left it behind. When we were being shelled I took what few books were left in the reading room down to what used to be the wine cellar and read by candlelight. You are probably wondering where the candles came from. A long story. I even have paint for the radiators, large buckets that have never been opened.

"I live in one room, my mother's old sitting room. The business room can be used but the files have gone. When the Italians were here your mother was their mother, but I was not their Moslem wife, although I still had respect for men. One yelled '*Luce, luce*,' because your mother was showing a light. She said, 'Bugger you, you little toad.' He said, 'Granny, I said "*luce*," not "*Duce*." '

"Not long ago we crept out of our shelled homes, looking like cave dwellers. When you see the hotel again, it will be functioning. I shall have painted the radiators. Long shoots of bramble come in through the cardroom windows. There are drifts of leaves in the old music room and I saw scorpions and heard their rustling like the rustle of death. Everything that could have been looted has gone. Sheets, bedding, mattresses. The neighbors did quite a lot of that. At the risk of their lives. When the Italians were here we had rice and oil. Your mother, who was crazy, used to put out grains to feed the mice.

"When the Germans came we had to live under Vichy law, which meant each region lived on what it could produce. As ours produces nothing, we got quite thin again. Aunt Vera died plump. Do you know what it means when I say she used to complain about me?

"Send me some books. As long as they are in English. I am quite sick of the three other languages in which I've heard so many threats, such boasting, such a lot of lying.

"For a time I thought people would like to know how the Italians left and the Germans came in. It was like this: They came in with the first car moving slowly, flying the French flag. The highest-ranking French official in the region. Not a German. No, just a chap getting his job back. The Belgian Red Cross people were completely uninterested and warned me that no one would ever want to hear.

"I suppose that you already have the fiction of all this. The fiction must be different, oh very different, from Italians sobbing with homesickness in the night. The Germans were not real, they were specially got up for the events of the time. Sat in the white dining room, eating with whatever plates and spoons were not broken or looted, ate soups that were mostly water, were forbidden to complain. Only in retreat did they develop faces and I noticed then that some were terrified and many were old. A radio broadcast from some untouched area advised the local population not to attack them as they retreated, it would make wild animals of them. But they were attacked by some young boys shooting out of a window and eight hostages were taken, including the son of the man who cut the maharaja's daughters' black hair, and they were shot and left along the wall of a café on the more or less Italian side of the border. And the man who owned the café was killed too, but later, by civilians—he had given names to the Gestapo once, or perhaps it was something else. He got on the wrong side of the right side at the wrong time, and he was thrown down the deep gorge between the two frontiers.

"Up in one of the hill villages Germans stayed till no one was alive. I was at that time in the former wine cellar, reading books by candlelight.

"The Belgian Red Cross team found the skeleton of a German deserter in a cave and took back the helmet and skull to Knokke-le-Zoute as souvenirs.

"My war has ended. Our family held together almost from the Napoleonic adventures. It is shattered now. Sentiment does not keep families whole—only mutual pride and mutual money."

THIS true story sounded so implausible that she decided never to send it. She wrote a sensible letter asking for sugar and rice and for new books; nothing must be older than 1940.

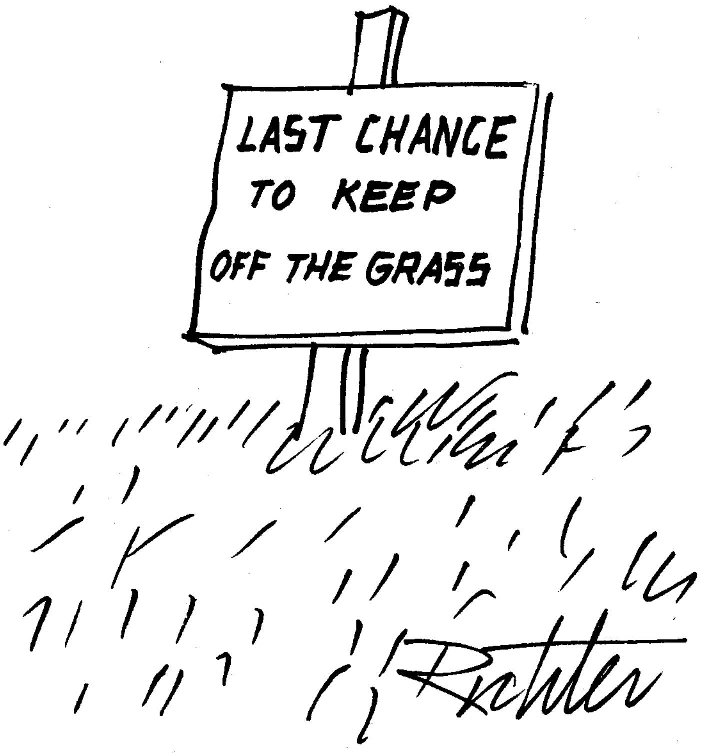
Jack answered at once: there were no new authors (he had been asking people). Sugar was unobtainable, and there were queues for rice. Shoes had been rationed. There were no women's stockings but lisle, and the famous American legs looked terrible. You could not find butter or meat or tinned pineapple. In restaurants, instead of butter you were given miniature golf balls of cream cheese. He supposed that all this must sound like small beer to Netta.

A notice arrived that a CARE package awaited her at the post office. It meant that Jack had added his name and his money to a mailing list. She refused to sign for it; then she changed her mind and discovered it was not from Jack but from the American she had once taken to such a pretty room. Jack did send rice and sugar and delicious coffee but he forgot about books. His letters followed; sometimes three arrived in a morning. She left them sealed for days. When she sat down to answer, all she could remember were implausible things.

Iris came back. She was the first. She had grown puffy in England—the result of drinking whatever alcohol she could get her hands on and grimly eating her sweets allowance: there would be that much less gin and chocolate for the Germans if ever they landed. She put her now wide bottom on a comfortable armchair—one of the few chairs the first wave of Italians had not burned with cigarettes or idly hacked at with daggers—and said Jack had been living with a woman in America and to spare the gossip had let her be known as his wife. Another Mrs. Ross? When Netta discovered it was dimpled Chippendale, she laughed aloud.

"I've seen them," said Iris. "I mean I saw them together. King Charles and a spaniel. Jack wiped his feet on her."

Netta's feelings were of lightness, relief. She would


LAST CHANCE TO KEEP OFF THE GRASS
Richter

not have to tell Jack about the partisans hanging by the neck in the arches of the Place Masséna at Nice. When Iris had finished talking, Netta said, "What about his music?"

"I don't know."

"How can you not know something so important?"

"Jack had a good chance at things, but he made a mess of everything," said Iris. "My father is still living. Life really is too incredible for some of us."

A dark girl of about twenty turned up soon after. Her costume, a gray dress buttoned to the neck, gave her the appearance of being in uniform. She unzipped a military-looking bag and cried, in an unplaceable accent, "*Ha*llo, *ha*llo, Mrs. Ross? A few small gifts for you," and unpacked a bottle of Haig, four tins of corned beef, a jar of honey, and six pairs of American nylon stockings, which Netta had never seen before, and were as good to have under a mattress as gold. Netta looked up at the tall girl.

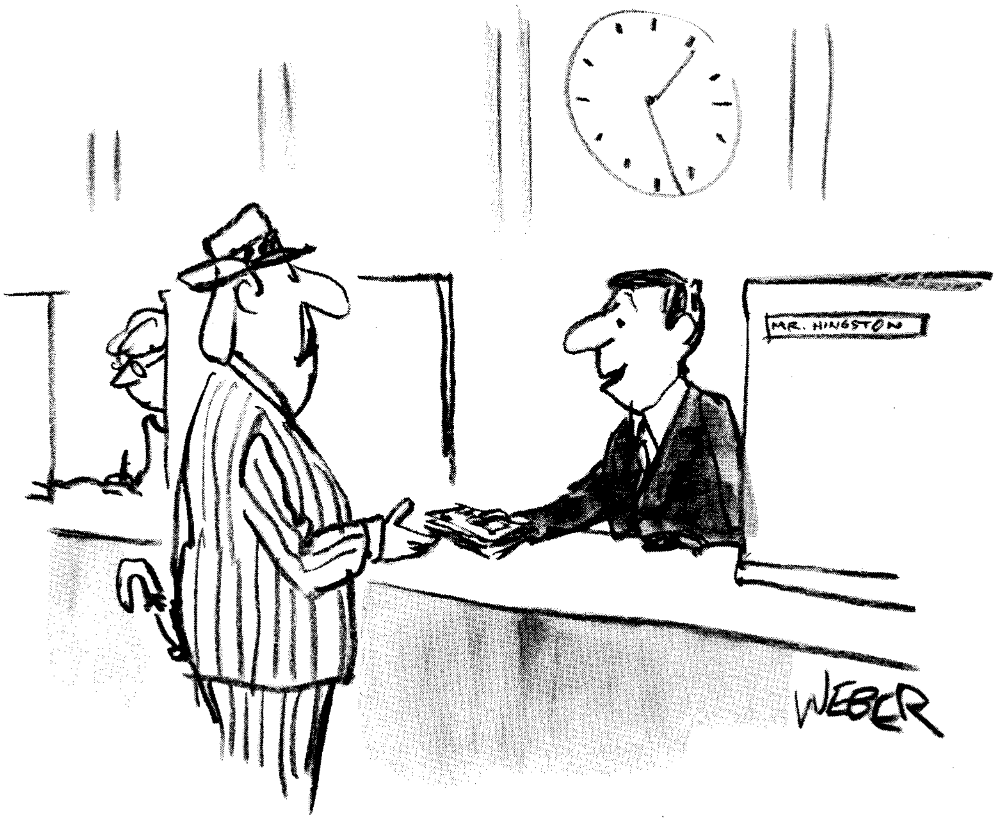
"Remember? I was the middle sister. With," she said gravely, "the typical middle-sister problems." She scarcely recalled Jack, her beloved. The memory of Netta had grown up with her. "I remember you laughing," she said, without loving that memory. She was a severe, tragic girl. "You were the first adult I ever heard laughing. At night in bed I could hear it from your balcony. You sat smoking with, I suppose, your handsome husband. I used to laugh just to hear you."

She had married an Iranian journalist. He had discovered that political prisoners in the United States were working under lamentable conditions in tin mines. President Truman had sent them there. People from all over the world planned to unite to get them out. The girl said she had been to Germany and to Austria, she had visited camps, they were all alike, and that was already the past, and the future was the prisoners in the tin mines.

Netta said, "In what part of the country are these mines?"

The middle sister looked at her sadly and said, "Is there more than one part?"

For the first time in years, Netta could see Jack clearly. They were silently sharing a joke; he had caught it too. She and the girl lunched in a corner of the battered dining room. The tables were scarred with initials. There were no tablecloths. One of the great-uncle's paintings still hung on a wall. It showed the Quai Laurenti, a country road alongside the sea. Netta, who had no use for the past, was discovering a past she could regret. Out of a dark, gentle silence—silence imposed by the impossibility of telling anything real—she counted the cracks in the walls. When silence failed she heard power saws ripping into olive trees and a lemon grove. With a sense of deliverance she understood that soon there would be nothing left to spoil. Her great-uncle's picture, which ought to have changed out of sympathetic magic, remained faithful. She regretted everything now, even the three anxious little girls in blue linen. Every calamitous season between then and now seemed to descend directly from Georgina Blackley's having said "white" just to keep three children in their place. Clad in buttoned-up gray, the middle sister now picked at corned beef and said she had hated her father, her mother, her sisters, and most of all the Dutch governess.



"There you are, sir. Some nice money."

• •

"Where is she now?" said Netta.

"Dead, I hope." This was from someone who had visited camps. Netta sat listening, her cheek on her hand. Death made death casual: she had always known. Neither the vanquished in their flight nor the victors returning to pick over rubble seemed half so vindictive as a tragic girl who had disliked her governess.

DR. BLACKLEY came back looking positively cheerful. In those days men still liked soldiering. It made them feel young, if they needed to feel it, and it got them away from home. War made the break few men could make on their own. The doctor looked years younger, too, and very fit. His wife was not with him. She had survived everything, and the hardships she had undergone had completely restored her to health—which had made it easy for her husband to leave her. Actually, he had never gone back, except to wind up the matter.

"There are things about Georgina I respect and admire," he said, as husbands will say from a distance. His war had been in Malta. He had come here, as soon as he could, to the shelled, gnawed, tarnished coast (as if he had not seen enough at Malta) to ask Netta to divorce Jack and to marry him, or live with him—anything she wanted, on any terms.

But she wanted nothing—at least, not from him.

"Well, one can't defeat a memory," he said. "I always thought it was mostly su-hex between the two of you."

"So it was," said Netta. "So far as I remember."

"Everyone noticed. You would vanish at odd hours. Dis-huppear."

"Yes, we did."

"You can't live on memories," he objected. "Though I respect you for being faithful, of course."

"What you are talking about is

something of which one has no specific memory," said Netta. "Only of seasons. Places. Rooms. It is as abstract to remember as to read about. That is why it is boring in talk except as a joke, and boring in books except for poetry."

"You never read poetry."

"I do now."

"I guessed that," he said.

"That lack of memory is why people are unfaithful, as it is so curiously called. When I see closed shutters I know there are lovers behind them. That is how the memory works. The rest is just convention and small talk."

"Why lovers? Why not someone sleeping off the wine he had for lunch?"

"No. Lovers."

"A middle-aged man cutting his toenails in the bathtub," he said with unexpected feeling. "Wearing bifocal lenses so that he can see his own feet."

"No, lovers. Always."

He said, "Have you missed him?"

"Missed who?"

"Who the bloody hell are we talking about?"

"The Italian commander billeted here. He was not a guest. He was here by force. I was not breaking a rule. Without him I'd have perished in every way. He may be home with his wife now. Or in that fortress near Turin where he sent other men. Or dead." She looked at the doctor and said, "Well, what would you like me to do? Sit here and cry?"

"I can't imagine you with a brute."

"I never said that."

"Do you miss him still?"

"The absence of Jack was like a cancer which I am sure has taken root, and of which I am bound to die," said Netta.

"You'll bu-hury us all," he said, as doctors tell the condemned.

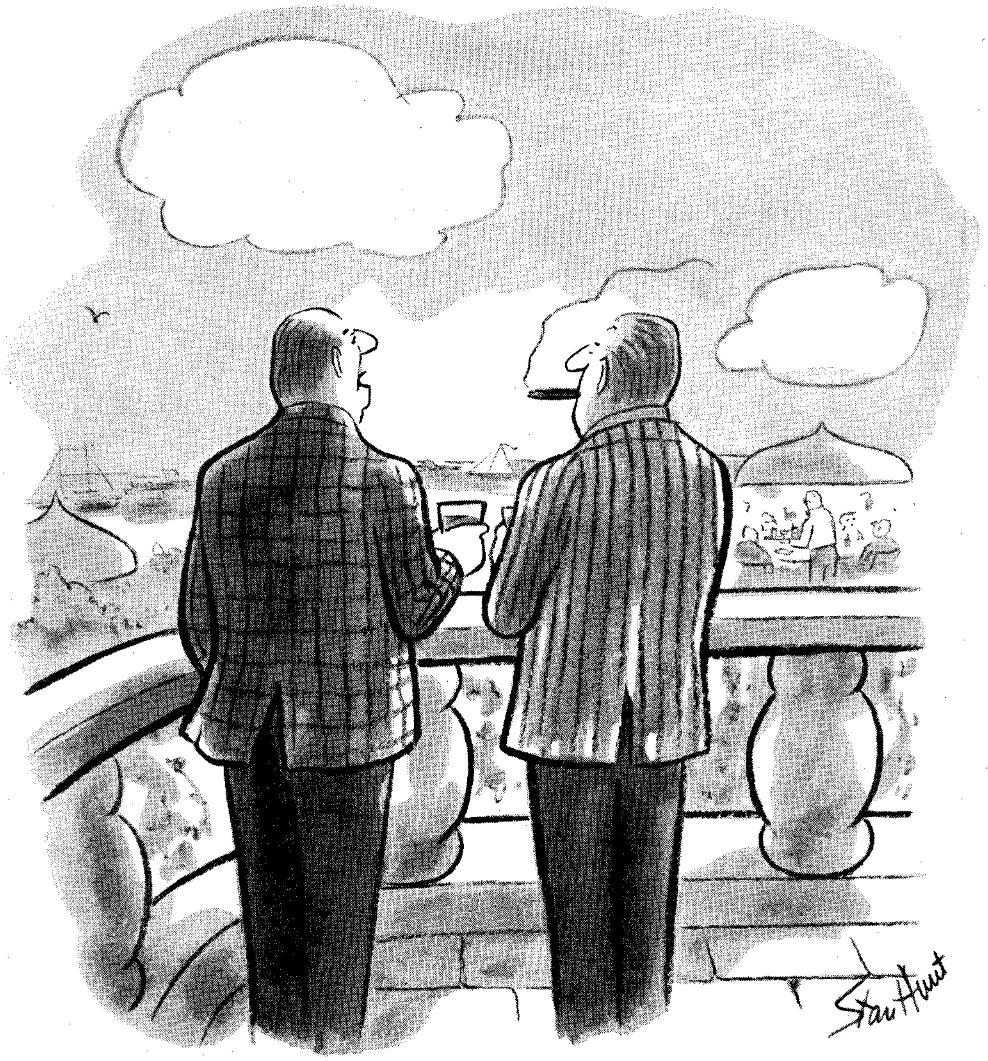
"I haven't said I won't." She rose suddenly and straightened her skirt, as she used to do when hotel guests became pally. "Conversation over," it meant.

"Don't be too hard on Jack," he said.

"I am hard on myself," she replied.

After he had gone he sent her a parcel of books, printed on grayish paper, in warped wartime covers. All of the titles were, to Netta, unknown. There was "Fireman Flower" and "The Horse's Mouth" and "Four Quartets" and "The Stuff to Give the Troops" and "Better Than a Kick in the Pants" and "Put Out More Flags." A note added that the next package would contain Henry Green and Dylan Thomas. She guessed he would not want to be thanked, but she did so anyway. At the end of her letter was "Please remember, if you mind too much, that I said no to you once before." Leaning on the bar, exactly as Jack used to, with a glass of the middle sister's drink at hand, she opened "Better Than a Kick in the Pants" and read, ". . . two Fascists came in, one of them tall and thin and tough looking; the other smaller, with only one arm and an empty sleeve pinned up to his shoulder. Both of them were quite young and wore black shirts."

Oh, thought Netta, I am the only one who knows all this. No one will ever realize how much I know of the truth, the truth, the truth, and she put her head on her hands, her elbows on the scarred bar, and let the first tears of her after-war run down her wrists.



"I try like hell to be honest, Arthur, but who can be honest these days and live?"

THE last to return was the one who should have been first. Jack wrote that he was coming down from the north as far as Nice by bus. It was a common way of travelling and much cheaper than by train. Netta guessed that he was mildly hard up and that he had saved nothing from his war job. The bus came in at six, at the foot of the Place Masséna. There was a deep-blue late-afternoon sky and pale sunlight. She could hear birds from the public gardens nearby. The Place was as she had always seen it, like an elegant drawing room with a blue ceiling. It was nearly empty. Jack looked out on this sunlighted, handsome space and said, "Well, I'll just leave my stuff at the bus office, for the moment"—perhaps noticing that Netta had not invited him anywhere. He placed his ticket on the counter, and she saw that he had not come from far away: he must have been moving south by stages. He carried an aura of London pub life; he had been in London for weeks.

A frowning man hurrying to wind things up so he could have his first drink of the evening said, "The office is closing and we don't keep baggage here."

"People used to be nice," Jack said.

"Bus people?"

"Just people."

She was hit by the sharp change in

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EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

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his accent. As for the way of speaking, which is something else again, he was like the heir to great estates back home after a Grand Tour. Perhaps the estates had run down in his absence. She slipped the frowning man a thousand francs, a new pastel-tinted bill, on which the face of a calm girl glowed like an opal. She said, "We shan't be long."

She set off over the Place, walking diagonally—Jack beside her, of course. He did not ask where they were headed, though he did make her smile by saying, "Did you bring a car?," expecting one of the hotel cars to be parked nearby, perhaps with a driver to open the door; perhaps with cold chicken and wine in a hamper, too. He said, "I'd forgotten about having to tip for every little thing." He did not question his destination, which was no farther than a café at the far end of the square. What she felt at that instant was intense revulsion. She thought, I don't want him, and pushed away some invisible flying thing—a bat or a blown paper. He looked at her with surprise. He must have been wondering if hardship had taught Netta to talk in her mind.

This is it, the freedom he was always offering me, she said to herself, smiling up at the beautiful sky.

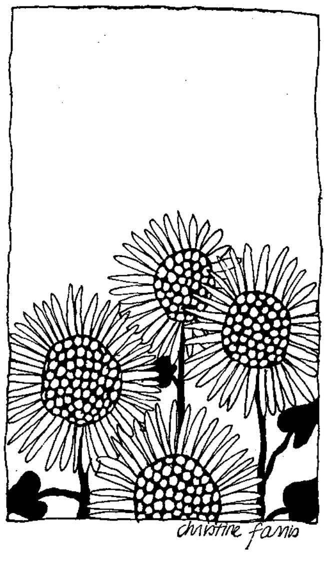
They moved slowly along the nearly empty square, pausing only when some worn-out Peugeot or an old bicycle, finding no other target, made a swing in their direction. Safely on the pavement, they walked under the arches where partisans had been hanged. It seemed to Netta the bodies had been taken down only a day or so before. Jack, who knew about this way of dying from hearsay, chose a café table nearly under a poor lad's bound, dangling feet.

"I had a woman next to me on the bus who kept a hedgehog all winter in a basketful of shavings," he said. "He can drink milk out of a wineglass." He hesitated. "I'm sorry about the books you asked for. I was sick of books by then. I was sick of rhetoric and culture and patriotic crap."

"I suppose it is all very different over there," said Netta.

"God, yes."

He seemed to expect her to ask questions, so she said, "What kind of clothes do they wear?"



"They wear quite a lot of plaids and tartans. They eat at peculiar hours. You'll see them eating strawberries and cream just when you're thinking of having a drink."

She said, "Did you visit the tin mines, where Truman sends his political prisoners?"

"*Tin* mines?" said Jack. "No."

"Remember the three little girls from the maharaja trade?"

Neither could quite hear what the other had to say. They were partially deaf to each other.

Netta continued softly, "Now, as I understand it, she first brought an American to London, and then she took an Englishman to America."

He had too much the habit of women, he was playing too close a game, to waste points saying, "Who? What?"

"It was over as fast as it started," he said. "But then the war came and we were stuck. She became a friend," he said. "I'm quite fond of her"—which Netta translated as, "It is a subterranean river that may yet come to light." "You wouldn't know her," he said. "She's very different now. I talked so much about the south, down here, she finally found some land going dirt cheap at Bandol. The mayor arranged for her to have an orchard next to her property, so she won't have neighbors. It hardly cost her anything. He said to her, 'You're very pretty.' "

"No one ever had a bargain in property because of a pretty face," said Netta.

"Wasn't it lucky," said Jack. He could no longer hear himself, let alone Netta. "The war was unsettling, being in America. She minded not being active. Actually she was using the Swiss passport, which made it worse. Her brother was killed over Bremen. She needs security now. In a way it was sorcerer and apprentice between us, and she suddenly grew up. She'll be better off with a roof over her head. She writes a little now. Her poetry isn't bad," he said, as if Netta had challenged its quality.

"Is she at Bandol now, writing poetry?"

"Well, no." He laughed suddenly. "There isn't a roof yet. And, you know, people don't sit writing that way. They just think they're going to."

"Who has replaced you?" said Netta. "Another sorcerer?"

"Oh, *he* . . . he looks like George II in a strong light. Or like Queen Anne. Queen Anne and Lady Mary, somebody called them." Iris, that must have been. Queen Anne and Lady Mary wasn't bad—better than King Charles and his spaniel. She was beginning to enjoy his story. He saw it, and said lightly, "I was too preoccupied with you to manage another life. I couldn't see myself going on and on away from you. I didn't want to grow middle-aged at odds with myself."

But he had lost her; she was enjoying a reverie about Jack now, wearing one of those purple sunburns people acquire at golf. She saw him driving an open car, with large soft freckles on his purple skull. She saw his mistress's dog on the front seat and the dog's ears flying like pennants. The revulsion she felt did not lend distance but brought a dreamy reality closer still. He must be thirty-four now, she said to herself. A terrible age for a man who has never imagined thirty-four.

"Well, perhaps you have made a mess of it," she said, quoting Iris.

"What mess? I'm here. *He*—"

"Queen Anne?"

"Yes, well, actually Gerald is his name; he wears nothing but brown. Brown suit, brown tie, brown shoes. I said, '*He* can't go to Mitten Todd. He won't match.' "

"Harmonize," she said.

"That's it. Harmonize with the—"

"What about Gerald's wife? I'm sure he has one."

"Lucretia."

"No, really?"

"On my honor. When I last saw them they were all together, talking."

Netta was remembering what the middle sister had said about laughter on the balcony. She couldn't look at him. The merest crossing of glances made her start laughing rather wildly into her hands. The hysterical quality of her own laughter caught her in mid-air. What were they talking about? He hitched his chair nearer and dared to take her wrist.

"Tell me, now," he said, as if they were to be two old confidence men getting their stories straight. "What about you? Was there ever . . ." The glaze of laughter had not left his face and voice. She saw that he would make her his business, if she let him. Pulling back, she felt another clasp, through a wall of fog. She groped for this other, invisible hand, but it dissolved. It was a lost, indifferent hand; it no longer recognized her warmth. She understood: He is dead . . . Jack, closed to ghosts, deaf to their voices, was spared this. He would be spared everything, she saw. She envied him his imperviousness, his true unhysterical laughter.

Perhaps that's why I kicked him, she said. I was always jealous. Not of women. Of his short memory, his comfortable imagination. And I am going to be thirty-seven and I have a dark, an accurate, a deadly memory.

He still held her wrist and turned it another way, saying, "Look, there's paint on it."

"Oh, God, where is the waiter?" she cried, as if that were the one important thing. Jack looked his age, exactly. She looked like a burned-out child who had been told a ghost story. Desperately seeking the waiter, she turned to the café behind them and saw the last light of the long afternoon strike the mirror above the bar—a flash in a tunnel; hands juggling with fire. That unexpected play, at a remove, borne indoors, displayed to anyone who could stare without blinking, was a complete story. It was the brightness on the looking glass, the only part of a life, or a love, or a promise, that could never be concealed, changed, or corrupted.

Not a hope, she was trying to tell him. He could read her face now. She reminded herself, If I say it, I am free. I can finish painting the radiators in peace. I can read every book in the world. If I had relied on my memory for guidance, I would never have crept out of the wine cellar. Memory is what ought to prevent you from buying a dog after the first dog dies, but it never does. It should at least keep you from saying yes twice to the same person.

"I've always loved you," he chose to announce—it really was an announcement, in a new voice that stated nothing except facts.

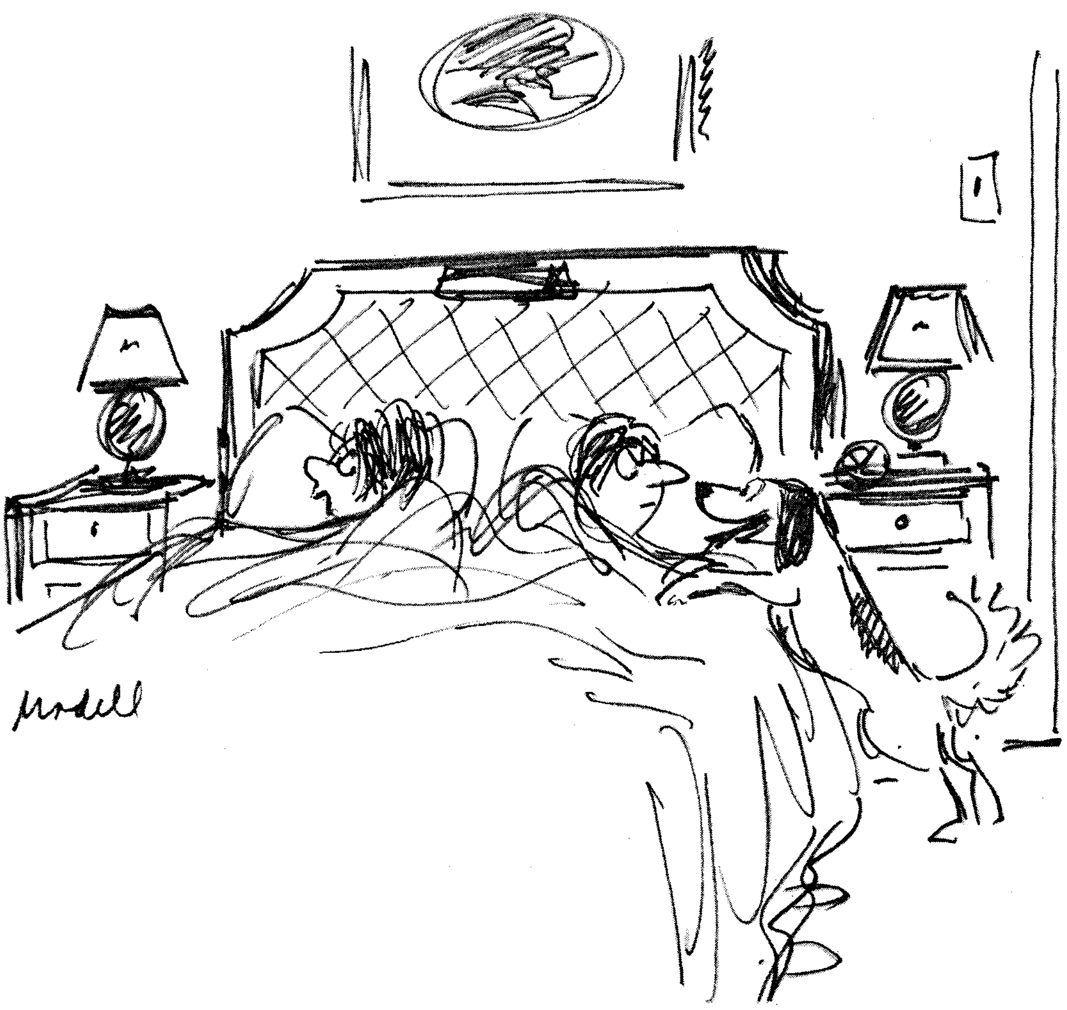
The dark, the ghosts, the candlelight, her tears on the scarred bar—*they* were real. And still, whether she wanted to see it or not, the light of imagination danced all over the square. She did not dare to turn again to the mirror, lest she confuse the two and forget which light was real. A pure white awning on a cross street seemed to her to be of indestructible beauty. The window it sheltered was hollowed with sadness and shadow. She said with the same deep sadness, "I believe you." The wave of revulsion receded, sucked back under another wave, a powerful adolescent craving for something simple, such as true love.

Her face did not show this. It was set in adolescent stubbornness, and this was one of their old, secret meetings when, sullen and hurt, she had to be coaxed into life as Jack wanted it lived. It was the same voyage, at the same rate of speed. The Place seemed to her to be full of invisible traffic—first a whisper of tires, then a faint, high screeching, then a steady roar. If Jack heard anything, it could be only the blood in the veins and his loud, happy thoughts. To a practical romantic like Jack, dying to get Netta to bed right away, what she was hearing was only the uh-hebb and flo-ho of hormones, as Dr. Blackley said. She caught a look of amazement on his face: *Now* he knew what he had been deprived of. *Now* he remembered. It had been Netta, all along.

Their evening shadows accompanied them over the long square. "I still have a car," she remarked. "But no petrol. There's a train." She did keep on hearing a noise, as of heavy traffic rushing near and tearing away. Her own quiet voice carried across it, saying, "Not a hope." He must have heard that. Why, it was as loud as a shout. He held her arm lightly. He was as buoyant as morning. This *was* his morning—the first light on the mirror, the first cigarette. He pulled her into an archway where no one could see. What could I do, she asked her ghosts, but let my arm be held, my steps be guided?

Later, Jack said that the walk with Netta back across the Place Masséna was the happiest event of his life. Having no reliable counter-event to put in its place, she let the memory stand.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"If he wanted me to let him out, he'd ask me."

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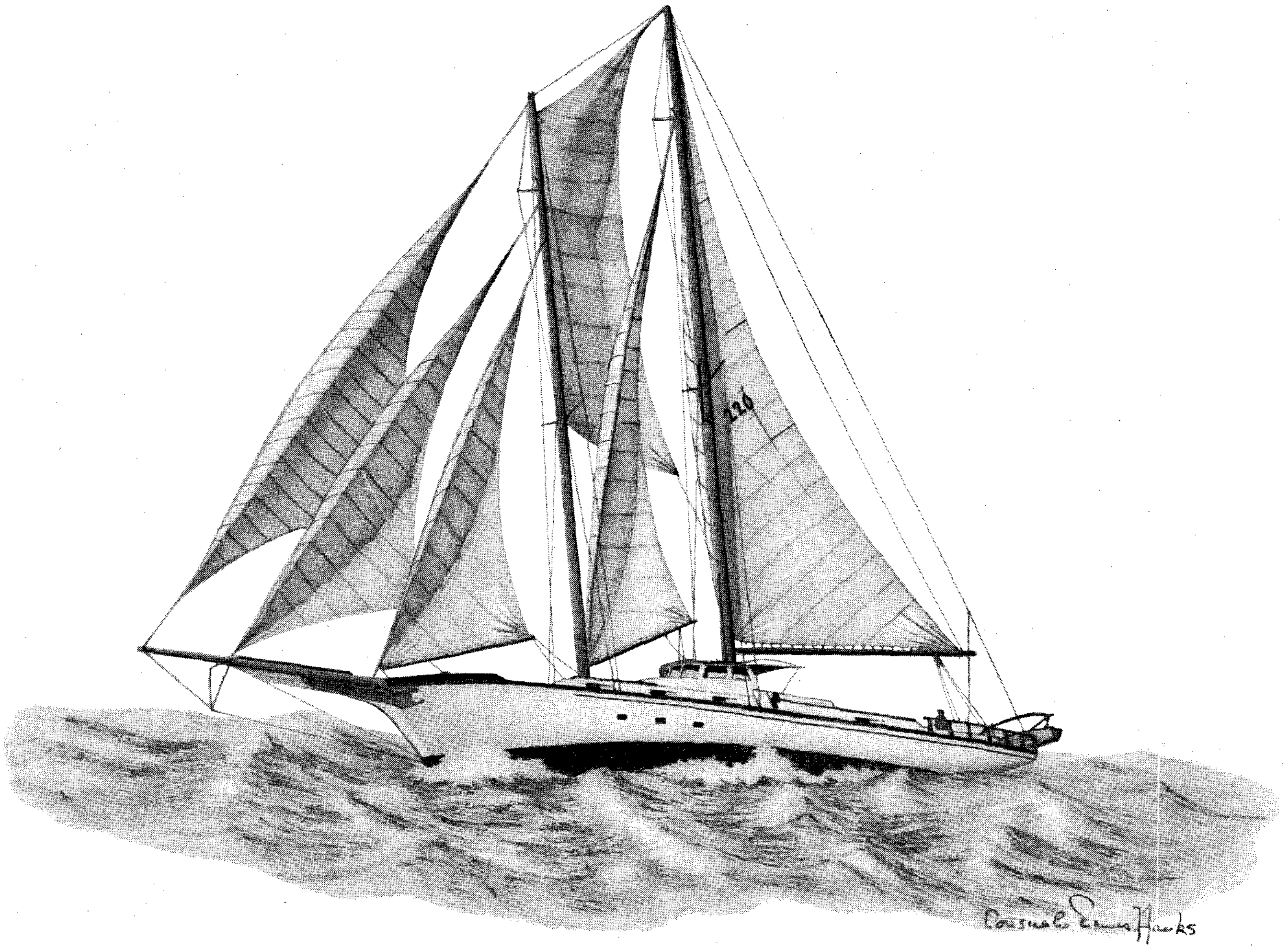
It is not an unusual trait for a man whose roots are in the rolling, rural reaches of South Georgia and the cyclical rhythms of life on a farm—the repetition, the rote and the regimen of caring for livestock, pumping water, milking cows, shearing sheep every morning, every night, every spring, every summer year after year.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

You can imagine how relieved those sheep were when he abandoned farming for politics.

THE SPORTING SCENE

SAILING



I HAVE had the curious career of sailing since I was thirteen but having sailed only four times other than as captain of the vessel I was on. Except for reading about it, I am somewhat ignorant of how other captains and their crews behave. The first of the four exceptions was aboard my own boat, in my very first ocean race, the Vineyard Race, from Stamford to the lightship off Martha's Vineyard and back—two hundred and sixty miles, over a three-day weekend in 1955. My experience had been only on lakes and, after buying The Panic—a forty-four-foot steel cutter, and my first ocean boat—a couple of weeks of poking about on Long Island Sound before signing on for the race. I asked a friend of vast experience to serve as skipper, and he agreed. He had raced at sea all his life, and during that weekend I learned much about starting tactics, racing strategy, flag protocol, current and drift anticipation, and weight distribution; and about the importance to me of the skipper's having a relentless, if tough-minded, good humor.

The next spring, having resolved to make the glamorous Bermuda Race, I looked again for a skipper. I was still too inexperienced to be my own captain, and had not yet taught myself celestial navigation. A young banker was recommended, but he withdrew late in the spring after detecting an insuperable incompatibility between us. My friend of the Vineyard Race (he was himself committed to another vessel) suggested an old sailing partner from St. Louis, who turned out to be agreeable and competent, and I also brought on the phlegmatic, genial, super-competent Mike Mitchell, who was then my insurance agent and is now running the motel and yacht marina at Christmas Cove, Maine. And all went well, if that can be said about any ocean passage.

It was five years before I sailed under another skipper. This was at the invitation of Mike Mitchell, who was acting as first mate on a gorgeous thoroughbred in an afternoon race on Long Island Sound. The owner-skipper, altogether civil on shore, became the legendary tyrant on board, and yelled orders as though he were Ahab espying the whale at last. These orders came out in a complex, largely incoherent tangle, omnidirectionally beamed to his eight subjects—including one sixteen-year-old, whom he addressed only as "Boy!" All this commotion seemed especially incongruous in an afternoon of winds so lazy they nearly fell asleep in the sun. At one point, I walked over to the windward side to slacken a snagged genoa sheet, and the skipper exploded with imprecations to the effect that I had fatally unbalanced the boat. I looked sidewise at Mike Mitchell, who returned me a Yankee smile, part pain, part amusement, part cunning—Mike sold insurance to the old tyrant. It was worse that every time he spoke he proved he knew less about sailing than any of the eight of us. Less, even, than Boy! One leaves such people alone. Permanently.

Ten years after that, I was invited to sail in an overnight race with my hero. My hero was William Snaith, whose book "Across the Western Ocean" I had read with near-idolatrous pleasure. We knew each other only slightly, and when, expansively, he asked me at a friend's house one night if I would like to navigate for him the following weekend, I accepted, with trepidation. It was as if Toscanini had invited me to take the concertmaster's chair at his concert the following weekend. I would be sailing, for the first time, on a boat every member of whose crew could be expected to be a finished ocean racer. I recognized, when I was introduced to them, two of Snaith's sons and a regular sailing companion, described in Snaith's book. The mood struck at the outset was a kind of short, competent civility irradiating from the volatile, brilliant skipper. Before it was over, the rhetoric had developed into a surrealistic, sustained hostility, mostly between the skipper and his older son, spokesman for the crew, which I understood to be metaphorical in nature, but which once or twice flirted toward a stridency that froze my blood. Such rhetoric, I take it, is accepted as entirely routine aboard many happy vessels, but I was already too old to adapt to that kind of thing. Besides, even if I could succeed in breaking a lifetime habit and substituting billingsgate for my normal hearty command, laced only with a little genial sarcasm when its absence would clearly disappoint, perhaps even confuse, I would so surprise my companions that they would either walk off or send in their resignations on reaching home.

Your companions on board are a crucial consideration. For me, there is one no-further-questions-asked disqualifier: personal rudeness of any sort—and rudeness includes any sign of impatience. (The exception: the captain, or the helmsman, shouting out impatiently the need for a snatch block, a flashlight, a Scotch-and-soda.) I know of a yacht that raced across the Atlantic, everyone aboard a perfect gentleman but inexperienced in the absoluteness of the law of proper shipboard behavior. And so it happened that a few days out, A watch made a rather provocative entry in the log respecting the inferior achievements of B watch during the antecedent tour of duty. B watch fired back in its own entry four hours later. After twenty-two days, arriving at Santander, Spain, the four members of A watch and the four members of B watch got off the boat with their gear, and from that moment on no member of either watch ever addressed a single word to a member of the other, even when they were all cozily back in New York, or whatever.

Aboard a yacht, the resonance of bad humor shatters everything that the entire experience is designed to bring you—like an alarm clock going off in Carnegie Hall. I remember years ago resolving never again to invite to race with me one friend for the simple sin, on his day as breakfast cook, of responding to a request from the cockpit to pass the honey with "Can't you just wait a minute!" On board, the protocol is that anyone will do anything for anyone—the perfect crucible for the Golden Rule. "While you're below, would you bring me up some foul-weather gear [my sunglasses] [my book] [an aspirin]?" is the operative social convention aboard a sailing boat. It was pushed to its limit one day by a famous yacht designer when his eighteen-year-old son slipped down the companionway to visit the head, leaving the father and six companions at the wheel: "John? While you're below, would you cook dinner?"

•

I ENGAGED once in a polemic with Norris Hoyt, a veteran seaman who taught English to fortunate students at St. George's School, in Newport, and is now retired. He took public issue with me over a complaint I had published against the creeping professionalization of sailing. In pointing out the mysterious inexactitude of specialized knowledge about a boat and its accessories, I gave as only one of many examples the demonstrated inadequacy of foul-weather gear advertised as competent to keep a man dry at sea. With great huff, Mr. Hoyt (whom I subsequently discovered to be a most engaging and undogmatic man) replied in a published article that he had made numerous transatlantic crossings in his life, and that he had not once—not *once*—been either cold or wet. Now, you must understand the gravity of this kind of boast in the amateur community I write of. It is—simply—*unbelievable.*

In his article, Mr. Hoyt gave a step-by-step account of just how he handles the problem of dressing for the cold and the wet. His methods remind me of my trip to the Antarctic, before which I submitted to a technician's lecture on how to keep warm. I walked away from the lecture with a trunkload of clothes supplied by the United States Navy which, when I donned them, left me entirely comfortable in temperatures that brushed up against fifty below zero. But I must add that it could not have taken the Queen of England as long to dress for her Coronation as it took me to put on my costume in the mornings I was in the Antarctic; and it is a wonder that Mr. Hoyt has any time to devote to watch duty after preparing himself for it. But let us leave the point moot and agree to say modestly: You *can* keep warm on a boat, but the preparations necessary for doing so vitiate, substantially, the pleasure of the day's sail.

On the matter of keeping dry, I remain, perforce, a skeptic. My brother-in-law Austin Taylor, who is called Firpo, believes in attacking problems head on, and he designed his own foul-weather gear for our first race to Bermuda. It was the grandest and most elaborate piece of gear

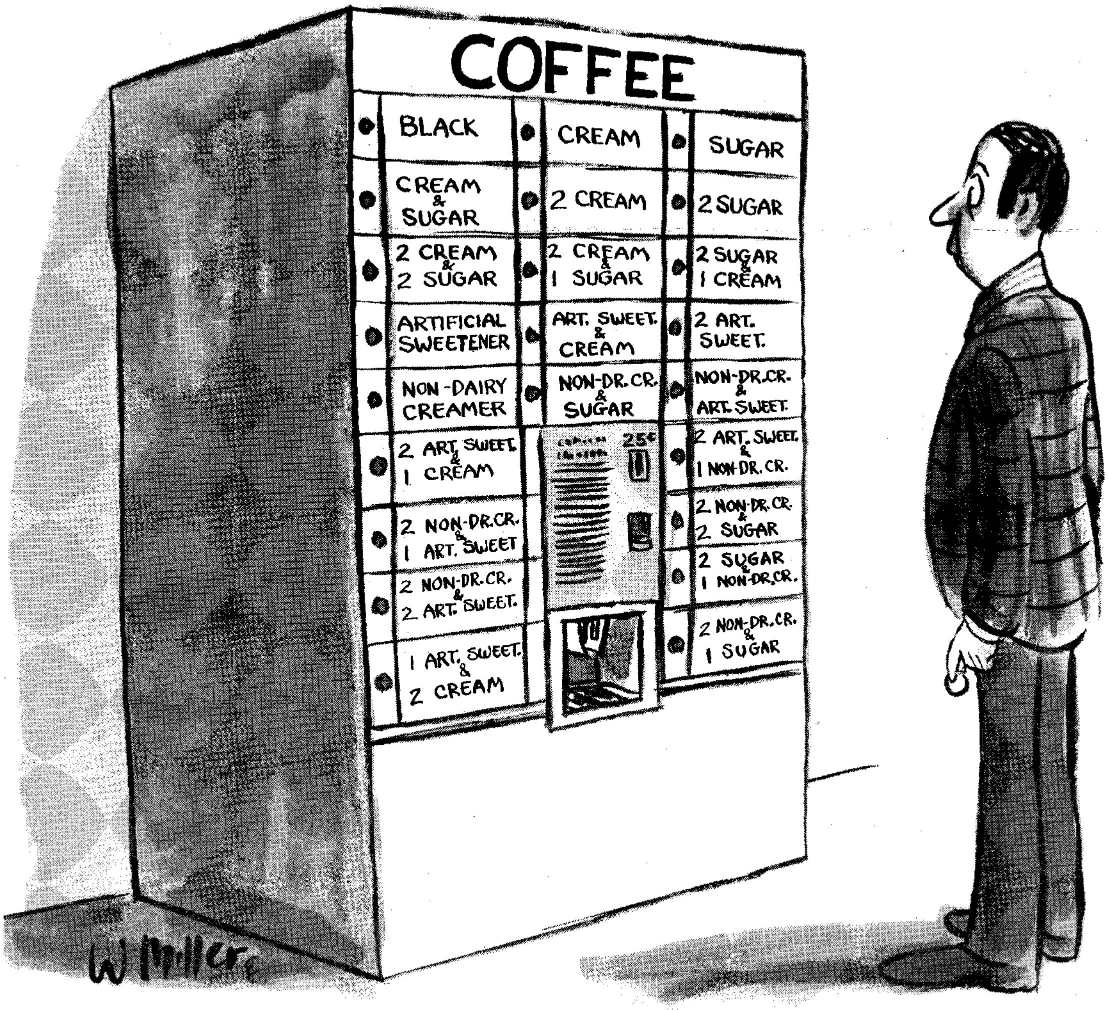
I have ever seen, not less imposing for its responsibility of keeping dry two hundred and fifty pounds of human flesh. It had rubber gloves with shock-cord belts, all-directional zippers, seamless balaclavas—everything except, perhaps, a catheter tube. The first hard wave that tore into The Panic's cockpit left Firpo totally drenched and, on top of that, facing twenty minutes of disassembly before he could dry his bare skin. A sailing companion who had observed with awe the design and engineering of the ultimate foul-weather suit comforted Firpo with a practical suggestion for the next trip: "You must go to a garage, strip, and have yourself vulcanized."

•

I HAVE done a lot of racing—on a lake as a boy, and at sea on The Panic and its successor, Suzy Wong, a forty-foot yawl. Since 1972, my sailing has all been cruising, mostly aboard Cyrano, a sixty-foot schooner I bought in 1968, but I am not absolutely sure that if Suzy and I had developed into a highly successful racing combination I wouldn't be out there racing still. Though the estrangement from racing came gradually, I think I can trace the seeds of it to 1965. I disappeared surreptitiously from the campaign for mayor of New York in order to participate in the race from Marblehead, Massachusetts, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, which I had roughly the same chance of winning. Though it was a rough ride, my crew—Peter Starr, my (young) old friend, who began sailing with me twenty-one years ago, when he was thirteen; Reginald Stoops, my plastics-engineer buddy; Evan Galbraith, my classmate, lawyer, banker, and splendid companion; and two friends with whom I now raced more or less regularly—managed Suzy well. We made no significant errors in seamanship or navigation or strategy, but when we finally slipped across the finish line there was only a single boat that hadn't yet come in. (It was F. Lee Bailey's. He told me later that on learning I had beaten him he deserted ocean racing and bought a jet airplane. I comforted him by telling him that at least he had effected an economy.) By contrast, in the very first race to Bermuda on The Panic, we had done quite creditably, halfway in our class.

Suzy, although she was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, which is like saying about a violin that it was made by Stradivarius, could never live up to her theoretical rating—that is, her rating under something called the Rule. The first comprehensive Rule was formulated by the Cruising Club of America in the mid-nineteen-thirties; there are now other Rules, formulated by other sailing organizations, but yachtsmen speak simply of "the Rule." The Rule is designed to make all vessels that compete in an ocean race theoretically equal in speed by imposing graduated handicaps. These are calculated by such compounded anfractuosities that nowadays only a half-dozen men even affect to understand the Rule, and no one can give you your rating without feeding all the relevant factors into a computer—not just any computer but a monster type bunkered somewhere on Long Island for the purpose of guiding missiles to Mars and giving yachtsmen their ratings. The original idea of the Rule was to keep ocean racing from being only a rich man's sport. It is still such a sport, substantially, but certainly not so much so as it would have been in the absence of the Rule. The first handicaps imposed under the Rule were designed to discourage the idea that every yachtsman had to own two boats—one to race in, the other to be comfortable in. Fifty years ago, it was assumed that a very narrow-hulled boat would easily beat a boat with a beamy hull. Since narrow hulls make for uncomfortable living quarters, the very rich had begun the practice of racing in their sleek, thin boats, after which ordeal their second boats, tubby and comfortable, would rescue them from asceticism.

Other factors crept in as the Rule grew in complexity: for instance, the desirable balance between safety and speed. In order to support a mast on which you have run up a huge stretch of canvas whose purpose is to trap the wind and convert its force into forward motion, you must relieve it of unbearable strain. The cables that reach from the head of the mast fore and aft (they are called, respectively, the headstay and the backstay) present no problem. The angle going up from the bow and the stern will be sufficiently acute to give the mast fore and aft stability. But the two cables that



go to the beam ends of a boat (they are called shrouds) are something else. Exaggerate the problem. Suppose your responsibility is to secure a thousand-foot-high radio tower. If you ran wires from the top of the tower to points not more than six feet away from the base, you would have shrouds that ran very nearly perpendicular to the tower itself, providing practically no additional support. Accordingly, the closer to the base of the tower the shrouds are fastened, the heavier they have to be. At the other extreme, if you were permitted to go out, say, five hundred feet from the base to rivet down the shrouds, you would end with an equilateral triangle of sorts, and the shrouds would head up from the ground to the top at a comfortable angle of sixty degrees, permitting relatively light cable. So it is on a boat. The wider the beam, the easier it is to provide stability for the mast, with a light cable. The slimmer the beam, conversely, the more difficult the matter of stability, and the greater the need for heavy cable; and, ultimately—since something has to give if you keep narrowing the beam—you will have to shorten the mast. The Rule penalizes masts according to their length.

Every two years or so, the Rule is changed, mostly to frustrate the loopholer, the Rule-beater. One inventive yachtsman discovered that *his* handicap was decreased much more than his speed by his simply eliminating his mainsail. By a single modification in the Rule, a hundred million dollars of racing boat can be anachronized. Nowadays, a successful racing boat is a tangle of expensive mechanisms designed to beat the Rule. Suzy, with her noble teak, is probably too heavy to have profited even from radical surgery. We raced her in 1971, in the annual race from Stamford to Martha's Vineyard and back. Once again, boat and crew were in nearly perfect sync, and once again we trailed the fleet. So in due course I retired her from regular campaigning, though I would still race her, if I got around to it, for the fun of it, which was mostly why I raced her and The Panic all those years—my point being that an ocean race is really a test of yourself and your crew, that there are too many variables to permit one to conclude that this vessel or crew is superior to that other vessel or crew.

There are, of course, considerable differences between racing and cruising. Normally, a cruise is conceived as a daytime sail from one harbor to another. You arrive late in the afternoon, drop anchor, swim, hike, have a drink, cook and eat dinner, and then perhaps play cards, simply talk, or address yourself to an especially recalcitrant part of the boat's equipment which you neglected during the day. Everyone eventually turns in, sleeps soundly, wakes up rested. The whole of the ship's complement is up, and down, together.

So is it in the daytime race as well. It is when you sail over distances requiring shifts in crew that the nature of the experience radically changes. When you race, you need more men on watch: at least three (in a boat up to fifty feet long), and if you need to perform intricate work, such as jibing the spinnaker or reefing the mainsail, you generally wake up a fourth. When you cruise, you don't, in serene circumstances, need more than two men on watch. This means that in overnight cruising you are on duty less than half the time. To go on duty for four hours, then off duty for eight hours, is manifestly more relaxing than to go back on duty after only four hours off. Moreover, since under such arrangements you have roughly sixteen hours of leisure to deploy, there is more time to be gregarious, to read, to attend to miscellaneous projects.

That is one difference between cruising and racing—important, but not really the principal difference. During a race, when the wind is very light—two or three knots—you itch with frustration, and tread carefully as you go back and forth on deck lest you upset the delicately weighted list of the boat, calculated to expose the sails most seductively to the anemic wind. In gale force, you struggle to keep hoisted the maximum serviceable canvas, driving the boat through discomfort as fast as you can make it go without blowing out the sails or generating counterproductive nose dives into the sea or heeling over so far as to neutralize the top area of your sail. If you are working on the wind—that is, if you are zigzagging toward your objective, because it lies ahead of you in the same direction whence blows the wind—you strap in the sails ("close-hauled"), and the boat heels over, making its way over and under breaking waves, which periodically roar down the deck and inundate you, your sandwich, and, occasionally, your spirits. There is the single objective: to get there as fast as possible.

When you cruise and the wind roars, you reef, or even lower, a sail that is inimical to your special purposes. It does not matter to you that during that night you will travel seventy miles instead of seventy-five. And anyway, over the long haul—over stretches of sea in which all sorts of conditions are met—you will get where you are going as soon as the racer, because you will use engine power during the slack stretches. Although there is no reason to emasculate a sailing boat when cruising, and no way to assure comfort—in very heavy weather a boat racing and a boat cruising will behave almost identically—there are times when little concessions, made at the sacrifice of speed, give you a margin of comfort you are denied in a race: dousing your genoa jib (the largest) and putting up the No. 2 at midnight if it is getting rough; leaving off the fisherman in a schooner or the mizzen staysail in a yawl; leaving the reef tucked in for an extra hour when the wind lightens, instead of shaking it out the moment you think the boat is capable of taking the extra strain.

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MIKE MITCHELL used to sail with an old friend, the owner of a racing boat, and the friend's freshly taken wife. The wife was unshakable in her belief that there was no reason at all for a sailboat to right itself after being knocked on its side, with the result that whenever the boat heeled over sharply she would don her life preserver, recite her prayers, and prepare to abandon ship—a comprehensively distracting performance in a Sunday afternoon's race. Mike's friend finally took his wife to a psychiatrist for help. The psychiatrist, himself a sailor, prescribed for her one of those roly-poly dolls that little children amuse themselves with. They knock it down, only to see it bounce up again. It is Wimpy-like in shape, with, instead of feet, a sealed bowl full of bird shot. Even if you tilt the head right down to the floor, the weight of the bird shot easily overcomes the light weight of the head, rolling the doll back on its feet. Thus, the doctor explained, a sailboat. If you have ten thousand pounds of lead (exactly what we had on The Panic) at the bottom of six feet of keel (the depth of ours), and the boat is pushed over on its (rounded) side, then you have sixty thousand pounds of pressure agitating to right that boat. Meanwhile, since the boat's mast, in the hypothesis, is now parallel to the water, or almost parallel, the sails have obviously lost the air power that knocked the boat over. Accordingly, with sixty thousand pounds

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insisting on rectitude vs. zero pounds insisting on distortion, the boat will right.

When the woman heard this explanation, she asked, "Why do some boats sink, then?"

"Other factors," her husband snapped.

This woman's opinion of sailboats was shared by my wife, Pat, but I was able to persuade Pat early in our cruising career (she resolutely refused to race), even without the roly-poly doll, that a sailboat *will* right itself. Nevertheless, the second day out on The Panic I noticed a two-inch section of that omnipresent plastic tape from which you punch out labels and the like. It was pegged to the circumference of the boat's inclinometer, a four-dollar piece of hardware you tack on the cockpit bulkhead. The inclinometer has a pendulum that indicates, on an arc, the angle of the boat's heel at any given moment. Opposite the twenty-five-degree point on the scale was the tape, reading "PATSY GETS OFF."

For *years*, I whispered in Pat's ear the safety features of oceangoing sailboats. I even told her that, in a sense, the *smaller* the boat, the *greater* the safety—as a cork bobbing on the water is indestructible, whereas a destroyer clearly isn't. That was a mistake; thereafter, she rejoiced at any opportunity to lavish on her friends my implied preference for riding out a storm on a cork instead of on the Queen Elizabeth. In my flying days, before we were married, and before I learned to say "I'm going to do it anyway," I tried telling her that gliders, which I had recently cultivated, were actually safer than airplanes with engines, because something could go wrong with an engine but the glider depended only on gravity and updrafts. That became another of her favorites, and she has several times suggested, with radiant scorn, and in disgustingly appreciative company, that I should communicate my insight to Pan American, which by doing away with its engines would increase its safety record and save a lot of money.

And, it is true, I have had a few unpleasant experiences at sea—one or two of them with her aboard.

My first misadventure happened in the spring of my second year at the Millbrook School. I was sixteen. Four years earlier, in 1938, my father had transported two of my sisters and me, much against our will, to boarding school in England for a year. I had detected a bargaining position, and asked my father if, on my return from England, he would give me a sailboat. He was better than his word, giving me not only a sailboat but a sailing instructor, who spent the summer with me. The boat was a seventeen-foot Barracuda-class sloop, and I kept it at Lake Wononskopomuc, about seven miles from our home in Sharon, Connecticut. The lake, which is also known as Lakeville Lake, is very beautiful, about one square mile, spring fed, surrounded by high, wooded hills. It then had two landmarks. At one end was the Hotchkiss School. At the other, Wanda Landowska.

All summer for three summers, we raced three days a week, twice each day, a ragtag fleet of six boats, each of different design. The dictator of the fleet was a retired martinet who had served in some nautical capacity during the First World War and never got over it. He rejoiced at any infraction of the rules, because it permitted him to schedule, at his lakeside cottage, a court-martial of sorts, which he conducted with great gravity, managing nearly full attendance by the primitively effective expedient of giving all the boat-owners a great deal of whiskey to drink, to help them endure the discipline of his ruling, which, after much exegesis, he would eventually divulge. The five other boat-owners ranged in age from twenty-five to fifty; I was thirteen that first summer, and I had never before (nor have I since) devoted myself so completely to any single enterprise. Seventy-five races per summer for three summers may strike some as a few races too many. It struck me as too few races by far, and I would go to bed Tuesday and Friday and Saturday nights in delirious anticipation of the next day's drama on the water, waking early to see how the wind was blowing. My boat, Sweet Isolation (I named it in honor of my father's political preferences in 1939), did very well in all but the lightest and the heaviest airs. Two of the three summers that I raced, I won the trophy for scoring the most points. The trophy had been donated by the Lakeville Community Chest—cost, retail, $12.50—and I still have it.

It was well before the racing season, a cold spring day early in May. I took out for an afternoon's sail my sister Patricia, her English tutor, Cecilia Reilly, and a classmate from Millbrook, David Cates. A sudden puff swept down from the surrounding hills, and we capsized. It was not unusual to capsize in the lake; it was more a nuisance than an event. A motorboat would tow you to shore, and you would bail out the boat and relaunch her. Though the water was cold, it wasn't paralyzingly cold. But after we had been clinging to the boat for a few minutes it dawned on us that (a) there were no other boats in sight; (b) we were exactly in mid-lake, and therefore were unlikely to be spotted; (c) we had only two life preservers on board; and (d) Miss Reilly did not know how to swim, and David Cates not at all well.

I decided to leave Patricia (Trish) in charge of the boat. She and David could stay afloat by hanging on to it. Miss Reilly must don one life preserver. I would set out with the other and swim the half mile to the Hotchkiss School and get help. A hundred yards along the way, I abandoned the life preserver, which was slowing me down. A hundred yards farther, I abandoned my shoes, socks, and pants. When I finally reached shore, I was bitterly cold, and frightened about the condition of the crew. I rushed up the huge lawn that slopes up from the Hotchkiss boathouse, spotted a door in the nearest building, and opened it, interrupting a full faculty meeting of the Hotchkiss School, presided over by a legendary and terrifying headmaster—learned, austere, caustic, and widely known for his impatience with schoolboyism. Shivering in my dripping shorts and T-shirt, I had trouble making sense, but the Duke, as they called the headmaster, calmly emitted a cluster of instructions, which resulted simultaneously in a motorboat's being dispatched to the middle of the lake, my being led off to the infirmary, and a telephone call's being placed to my parents. That night, it was all the subject of great excitement. As is almost always the case, the shock came a little later. David Cates, Trish told me—and he eventually admitted it—could not have held out much longer.

Five eventful years after that, I took Sweet Isolation on a trailer, with Trish, my sister Jane, and Richard O'Neill, who would be my roommate at Yale when we matriculated the following month, for a weekend of sailing off Edgartown. During those five years, I had graduated from prep school, done a half year at the National University of Mexico, undergone basic training in the infantry, attended officers'-training school, and served as platoon leader in infantry basic-training centers, while Richie, a resident of Lakeville, a graduate of the Hotchkiss School, and a boyhood friend, had fought in the war in Europe. We all felt terribly grownup until, the first evening, the waitress refused to serve the grizzled veterans a beer. Our driver's licenses betrayed us as being just short of twenty-one; only Jane, freshly graduated from Smith at twenty-two, could order from the bar. After dinner, we took a ride around the harbor in the Edgartown Yacht Club launch, which we boarded as though we were on our way to our own yacht. The New York Yacht Club fleet was in, and I had never before seen a fleet of oceangoing boats. I looked about me with admiration and envy: the trim, exquisitely maintained boats, ranging in size from thirty-five to seventy-two feet, with owners and crew comfortably aboard, chatting, drinking, washing the dinner dishes; the little anchor lights almost perfectly integrated with the stars above; the moon highlighting the crosscurrents of the harbor. I was still unhooked by the lure of blue-water sailing, but I sensed that night that sometime, years away—exactly nine years, it proved—I would be back in the harbor, boarding my own boat.

It was blowing hard the next day, and the Yacht Club had its own race going, out in the Sound. We boarded our lunch, launched my little open boat, and set out downwind, along Chappaquiddick. A mile out, the mainmast suddenly lurched crookedly aft. The headstay had parted at the turnbuckle, and the foot of the mast, unsecured, slipped proportionately forward along the boat's bottom. The mainsail had to come down, and as I loosed the halyard, Trish reached for it, slipped, and fell into the sea. She was quickly separated from us as we went ineluctably downwind. I reached for a heavy prewar outboard motor and seated it with difficulty on the transom mount, and quickly threaded the starting cord. I pulled it once, twice, ten times. By now, Trish was barely visible astern. We could not tack our way back to her without rerigging the headstay, and that required straightening the mast. Richie tried starting the motor. My heart beat in an agony of frustration. Then, with great poise, a launch suddenly materialized, and a moment later we could see Trish being hauled out of the water. The launch then came to us, threw out a line, and towed us back into the harbor. Everyone was talking when we were reunited at the dock, and I was cursing the defective turnbuckle and the outboard motor. Exhausted, we trudged back to our hotel. Late in the afternoon, I returned alone to attend to the boat, which was sitting now in a boat-

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yard; and, concealed behind its hull, I wept, hysterical at the thought of what had nearly happened. I had very nearly drowned my sister. It was, to use the word formally, a trauma. It haunted me into my twenties. I rehearsed a thousand times what I should have done. It was as simple as instantly—by reflex action—tossing out a life preserver. *The moment someone goes overboard.* It sounds axiomatic. But at sea in an emergency very little is axiomatic that you have not silently drilled yourself to do—like steering in the direction of a skid when you're driving in the snow. Man overboard is the greatest single menace of the sea.

IT cannot exactly be classified as a misadventure of the perils-of-the-sea variety when your ship sinks and nobody is in it, but it is the kind of thing that creates apprehension in people like Pat, and even in people unlike Pat. Two months before my first Bermuda Race, in 1956, the switchboard operator at my office told me my boatyard, in Stamford, was calling. (I have, by the way, long since discovered how you get through on the telephone to yachtsmen who are otherwise unapproachable people. You simply tell the operator you are calling from the boatyard. No yachtsman in the history of the world has ever been too busy to talk to his boatyard.) It was Eva Swann, a secretary at the boatyard.

"Mr. Buckley, I'm afraid I have some bad news." She was clearly on edge.

"What is it, Miss Swann?"

"The Panic sank."

"Sank?"

It transpired that, going down to the dock that morning, the yardmen had seen in the space previously occupied by a forty-four-foot steel cutter only fifty feet of mast, rising straight—indeed, proudly, one supposes—out of the water. Everything stopped, and the whole force of the yard was mobilized to pump out the boat and bring her, slowly, to the surface. The damage was unspeakable. When the seawater reached the level of the batteries, the acid was drawn out. Since the hull was made of steel, the entire boat was converted into a huge galvanic field, so to speak, which corrosively began to gnaw away at the wiring, reducing it in a few hours to copper filigree.

Miss Swann having prepared me, she put me on to William Muzzio, the volatile, peppery, omnicompetent owner of the yard. We would need, he said, new wiring throughout, a rebuilt engine, a new generator, all new upholstery, a new radio direction finder, a new radiotelephone. He was sure the sails had survived—they had been quickly washed in fresh water. The gas and water tanks would survive, he thought. He did not know whether all that work could be completed in time for the Bermuda Race, but he would make every effort.

"What happened?" I managed to ask.

"I don't know," he said. "We checked all the sea cocks. They're O.K."

If Mr. Muzzio didn't know what happened, it was unlikely that anyone would know; but, even as the work began, I found it endlessly disconcerting that the boat, sitting jauntily at dock one night, three days after it had last been sailed, should simply . . . sink. There is something less than an unquenchable intellectual curiosity among professional boat people. The insurance company had to pay out ten thousand dollars to put The Panic right, but the company's inspector would not engage in anything like an exhaustive discussion of what might have been the cause of it all, though Stamford does not lie within the perimeter of the Bermuda Triangle, where One Isn't Supposed to Ask What Happened. The reason there are so many mysteries at sea is that nobody bothers to try to solve them. This particular mystery was solved, quite accidentally, under circumstances more hectic than the sedentary, regal sinking in the womb of Muzzio Brothers Yacht Yard.

It happened more than a year after my family had rechristened my boat The Ti-panic, and we were racing from Annapolis to Newport. All night long, we had tacked against a relentless southerly, fighting our way down the Chesapeake. At ten in the morning, I was off duty and sound asleep, with Mike Mitchell at the wheel, when Reggie woke me. In his calm way, he told me to look down at the floorboards. They were underwater. I jumped up, tore up the floorboards, and saw a mass of water overflowing the bilges and rushing up into the lockers with every leeward roll of the ship. Reggie and I could feel no water coming into the boat from the engine water-cooling system or from the stuffing box. A quick investigation of the sea cocks showed them to be in good order. Two crew members were mobilized to work the big hand pump. Working steadily, they only just managed to keep pace with the leak. I raced back to the cockpit, and Reggie, Mike, and I con-

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ferred. The water is shallow in the Chesapeake, and in the southern section there are stretches of mud and sand at depths of two feet. We decided that the only thing to do was to head for a sand shoal and beach The Panic before she sank from under us. Moving to the wheel, I took a bearing, bore off the wind, and headed for shallow water about a mile away while Mike jumped into the bilges to have his own look. Seven or eight minutes later, he ambled up, a smile on his face and a beer in his hand. "Let's get back on course," he said. "I found the trouble."

The electric bilge pump, which Reggie had switched on before waking me, was, of course, the first mechanism I had checked, and it had been humming away industriously, though its capacity was insufficient to keep up with the flow of water coming into the boat. But Mike, unsatisfied, had unscrewed the hose from the pump, thinking that perhaps the rubber impeller had burned and that if he replaced it we might get some relief. He found that the pump was working fine, except that instead of drawing water from the boat into the sea it was drawing water from the sea into the boat. Astonished, he turned the switch off, then on again—and suddenly the flow of water was in the right direction. In a minute or two, he could see the water level receding.

Here was the mystery solved. An electric pump sucks water from the bilges and forces it up a hose, which becomes a copper pipe that rises above the water level outside the boat. The pipe elbows around, and the water falls by gravity down the pipe and out to sea through an open sea cock. We could now easily reconstruct what had happened. A piece of mud or sponge or whatever had been sucked up from the bilge and was rising under pressure up the pipe just at the moment, sometime during the night, when a crew member checked the bilges and, finding them dry, turned off the pump. There the foreign matter lodged, beneath sea level, like a cork, sustaining the weight of the water above it. In due course, the cork began to dissolve, and the dammed waterfall poured into the bilges—creating suction sufficient to bring a continuous flow of water up from the sea to the elbow. And now, by the law that specifies that water will seek its own level, Chesapeake Bay was happily filling up the cavity in the hull of The Panic. And, of course, the more water we took in, the lower the boat sank, guaranteeing a disparity in water level until our boat's decks were level with the sea. At that point, water would cease flowing into our bilges—a point of

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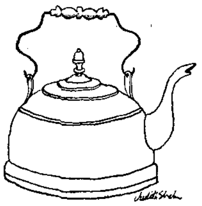
only academic comfort, since the boat would now sink like a full bathtub. When Reggie turned the electric pump on, the impeller was set in motion, but the pressure of the water flowing down redirected the innocent pump's energies, which now added mechanical pressure to the gravitational pressure bringing seawater into the boat. It was instantly clear what had caused The Panic to sink the year before. But on that occasion it had taken two and a half days for the clot in the pipe to disintegrate. It was simplicity itself to guard against a recurrence of the problem. We merely ripped out a tiny section from the pipe that moved down to the sea cock, so that if a reverse flow were started it would abort at that air hole.

End of problem. But there is always the scar left, causing you to wonder: How many other causes are there, potentially, for boats suddenly to drown?

THREE months after every Bermuda Race and every Annapolis-Newport Race, which are run in alternate years, comes the last of the season's major offshore races, the annual Vineyard Race, in which I made my début in 1955. The next year, I was the skipper. We had rounded the lightship and were headed for the finish line at Stamford, one hundred and thirty miles almost due west. Mike was at the tiller when I went below to sleep. The spinnaker was flying, under a stiff northeasterly, the fog was pearly thick, and we posted a member of the crew forward to listen hard, away from the distractions of cockpit talk and grinding winches, while every few minutes we sounded our own foghorn, and occasionally looked up at the radar reflector, designed to attract maximum attention on the radar screens of the big boats. I slept fitfully until I was summoned to relieve Mike, near midnight. Mike, always the competitor, was very excited. "*See over there!*" he said, pointing ahead. I could make out a few lights through the fog—a stern light, a masthead light, and perhaps a flashlight. "We're overhauling that poor bastard!" Mike exulted, handing me the tiller. He stepped up from the cockpit to experience from the deck the special pleasure of sliding by a competitor. Mike was right. We were getting closer and closer. I checked the compass—dead on the course I had stipulated. I eased the bow the slightest bit up, to make certain we would be comfortably to windward of the boat. Then came the screech, the ricocheting crunch of steel bouncing over rocks, and, in a moment, motionlessness. There is nothing to match the motionlessness of running solidly aground. It is as if concrete had suddenly hardened around you. Now that we were no longer moving downwind at eight knots, the wind on our backs was eight knots stronger. A hundred yards away was the boat we were pursuing, now plainly visible: two forlorn street lights, one mile north of Point Judith, Rhode Island. We were two miles off course.

I looked down at the compass in dismay. Even now, it pointed us in the direction I had charted. But there was urgent work to be done. Already, Reggie had the tide tables out. He told us that we were one hour and a half past low tide, and that the water would be high just before five in the morning. We called Peter Starr, who was fourteen years old and was asleep in the forecastle, but there was no rousing him. We pulled up a hundred yards of chain past his ear, and two hundred yards of line, and he heard nothing. The boat's steel hull ground away on the rocks, and he heard nothing. We eased our heaviest anchor into the dinghy, and rowed out a hundred yards astern. After attaching our nylon mooring line to the anchor, we dropped it into the water, rowed back, and attached the end of the line to a bridle that we rigged from one to the other of our heavy genoa winches, which were situated across from each other above the cockpit. Now we had a harness of sorts, allowing us to apply simultaneous pressure on both winches. Thus prepared, we began working the boat aft, using also the reverse power of the engine at full r.p.m. We succeeded in moving about five yards, but then we came on something like an underwater stone wall, over which, under the careering force of eight knots, The Panic had leaped. She was not about to leap back over, even at the urging of a couple of No. 4 winches. We finally stopped, and I cut the motor.



It was the moment to call the Coast Guard. To my astonishment, the Coast Guard Station at Point Judith, which was almost within hailing distance, acknowledged our distress call immediately. After a considerable conference at the other end, we were informed that we lay in waters so pockmarked with rocky shoals that no Coast Guard vessel could approach us to bring help without endangering itself. The officer recommended that we wait until the next day and get a barge from Newport to float us out. We were not in any personal danger, the Coast Guard reminded us—all we had to do to start life afresh would be to abandon ship and walk to the beach. And, of course, wake up Peter.

There was nothing to do except to make a massive effort at exactly high tide. To lighten the boat, we emptied our water tanks. (We had a hundred and twenty gallons, which at about eight pounds per gallon is a lot of weight.) Then I noticed that the spotlight was weakening, and decided to put a fresh battery in it, to be ready for the big effort at four-thirty, but I couldn't find one in with the flashlight batteries. Mike poked around. "Here it is," he said, opening the binnacle box. I removed the battery. "Do that again," Reggie said, "and look at the compass." The battery removed, the compass changed its heading eleven degrees.

We made it, but it was close. If the wind had been from the southeast, we would not have had the protection of the peninsula opposite, and the waves during the night would have battered the boat to pieces. A wooden boat would probably not have survived. As it was, the damage to the keel and rudder was extensive.

I thought we could conceal this episode from our families without any problem at all, and it was agreed all the way around. There was theoretically no need to conceal it from Peter, who was entirely unaware of it, waking relaxed at about seven. I would simply say that we had withdrawn from the race because our spinnaker had blown out and there was no substitute. In the early afternoon, we stumbled into a marina in New London and docked. I went to the telephone and reached Pat, who was visiting her parents in Vancouver, three thousand miles away. Her first words were peremptory: "What time did you get off the rocks?" At least she said it before listening to a vivid narrative about the decomposition of the spinnaker.

I could not tease out of her the source of her intelligence until, home from her visit, she finally broke down, with great relish. She had been at a cocktail party while her father, at home, listened to the evening news on the radio. It must have been a very slow night, because the last item was to the effect that the Coast Guard in Boston had reported that the cutter Panic, owned by the writer William F. Buckley, Jr., was on the rocks off Point Judith, Rhode Island. My father-in-law was a heavy man, of decisive mien

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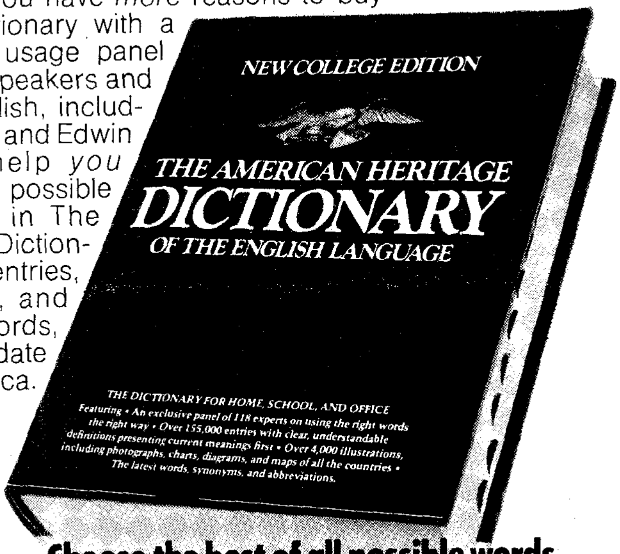
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and habit. He dispatched the chauffeur for his daughter, authorizing him only to instruct her that she was to return instantly to the house. There, with much solemnity, he gave her the news, and soon the Royal Canadian Navy in Ottawa was on the telephone to the Coast Guard in Boston, which relayed back a conversation with the Coast Guard in Point Judith to the effect that nothing more had been heard from The Panic but there was no reason to fear for the safety of the crew. Mike's father had heard the same broadcast, and welcomed his son home with a new drink, "Point Judith Scotch" (on the rocks).

A misadventure. It taught me not only to inspect the compass area from time to time for magnetic distractions but never to rely on a compass alone, if there was an alternative to doing so, in a fog anywhere near land. The radio direction finder, trained on Point Judith, would have alerted us to a deteriorating situation. There were, of course, months and years ahead of us to improvise on Mike's calling enthusiastic attention to boats we were about to overtake.

THE most illuminating experience I have had at sea was in October of 1958. Pat's brother Firpo and I (we were co-owners) resolved to cruise The Panic to Bermuda, leave it there during the winter, and charter it by the day in the spring to tourists who desired a cruise in Bermudian waters. We yanked Peter out of school and assembled a crew—fine fellows all, but undistinguished as seamen, through no fault of theirs. I picked the fifteenth of October to set out, because, on the one hand, we wanted weather as warm as possible, and, on the other hand, we wanted to be on the safe side of the hurricane period. The Defense Mapping Agency Hydrographic Center puts out a chart for every month of every year on which are tracked the major storms and the paths they travelled the same month during the preceding ten (or more) years. Our chart showed only one storm of hurricane strength in the general area after the fifteenth of October, and it had done its mischief comfortably to the east of Bermuda.

After three or four of the most beautiful days of sailing I can remember—crisp, cool days, with the wind steady from the southeast, the Kenyon (speedometer) never reading below eight knots, the moon at night framed by clouds, providing us with a kind of private, silvery superhighway, New York-Bermuda, Non-Stop, Reserved for The Panic—we hit a most awful storm. It came on us suddenly. It had been building doggedly but moving slowly, and now it began to run. We had an anemometer on board, and at midnight it clocked winds of seventy knots; anything over sixty-five is hurricane speed. Late in the afternoon, when it was blowing about fifty knots, I decided to heave to. I had never done it before, but this clearly was the time to see what the maneuver would do for us, so I gave Firpo the tiller and, with Peter, went forward, took down the No. 3 jib, and replaced it with the storm jib, which we led back through a snatch block to the windward genoa winch. We had already prepared the storm trysail on the track to the side of the mast, like a spare train, ready, when we pulled the switch, to run up the mainmast. Now we pulled down the reefed mainsail and ran up the storm trysail. The storm trysail is what they call "loose footed," which is to say that the foot (i.e., the bottom side of the triangle), like the forward sails, is not fastened to any boom, and air can spill out between the sail and the main boom, to which only its clew (i.e., the corner farthest aft) is fastened. We pulled the mainsheet as tight as possible, flattening the sail. Then I took the tiller and shoved it over as far as I could to leeward. The boat edged up into the wind, without the strength to come about but with enough to cause the jib, even though it was led aback, to luff: there was too much pressure aft. I could move the rudder back a little from its extreme hard-left position or I could slightly ease the mainsheet. I tried the tiller, and now the effect was eerie. The boat came to virtually a dead stop, both sails hard. I looked about me in triumph. We could have played a game of checkers in the cockpit, except that the checkers would have blown away. I took a piece of line and made a becket, securing the tiller in place—about as complicated as tying a shoelace.

Here is what happens when you heave to. To begin with, you hoist enough canvas (made out of the toughest material) to dominate the boat's movement but not enough to challenge the storm's machismo. Less sail than the two storm sails there isn't. If the wind is too strong to allow you to keep even them up, then you do something most appropriately named. You "run." Downwind. Always in a bad storm your objective is to reduce your speed in the water. *Pace* Pat, the bobbing-cork idea. Bear in mind that the wind does not distinguish between an obstacle made of canvas and one made of steel or wood, so even if you run, without so much as a handkerchief hoisted, you are still—as far as the wind is concerned—an obstacle, which is the square measurement of everything that lies above the water and is exposed to the wind. Enough of an obstacle, in very strong wind, to generate dangerous forward speeds. High speeds are dangerous because there is no practical means of synchronizing your movements and those of the waves, which are always irregular and sometimes very erratic; if you are running at, say, eight knots, you will soon find the bow of the boat submarining into the bosom of a huge wave, which causes great havoc. In such situations, some boats can even pitchpole—that is, do a vertical somersault, the mainmast, for a moment or two, pointing down like a surrealistic fin centerboard, and the keel pointing up, like the dorsal fin of a whale. People have survived pitchpoling, but no mast has done so. One must assume that there are people who have *not* survived pitchpoling—survival, by the way, is likelier in a centerboard boat than in a keelboat. (The Panic is a keelboat.) Short of pitchpoling, there is the dangerous yaw, the bow digging into the water, the stern bouncing off, leaving your beam for the wind and waves to work on.

How, then, if you are running, do you keep down the speed of the boat? By trailing lines (the easiest way); each line is an anchor of sorts, and you can keep tying them together so as to form a huge bight. By trailing a sea anchor, which is like a large canvas parachute designed to brake the boat's motion by dragging underwater (and is sheer hell to retrieve). By using reverse engine power. Moreover, you can let the boat travel backward, if your boat is the kind that does that more comfortably—that is, trail your lines forward and haul up into the wind. But beware the rudder. Sudden backward movements with the rudder off center can wrench and disable it. It is better, of course, for the great breakers to attack you from the bow of the boat than from the stern, because they will be partly dissipated by the cabin trunk before reaching you. You can, when things have come to such a pass, put a can of oil in a bag filled with rags, punch a couple of holes in the can with an ice pick, and trail it from a point on the boat as far forward as possible—in the case of a boat like Cyrano, off the twelve-foot-long bowsprit. The instant slick of the oil is said to prevent most waves from breaking under its umbrella, at the center of

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When maneuvering to heave to, you are fine-tuning right-left oscillations in the heading of a boat to the point of rendering them nugatory. The wind catches the little trysail aft, and, because the tiller is held over to leeward, or away from the wind, the boat's bow swings up into the wind. But no sooner has it done that than it exposes the forward sail, the jib, to the wind. Because the jib has been led aback—that is, fastened not to leeward, where it belongs, but to windward—you reach out for the wind, catching it before you are headed directly into it. The wind's force is now trapped by the jib, propelling the bow back to leeward. But the moment it has moved a mere matter of inches, the aftersail has again caught the wind, reversing the swing. A well-balanced boat, perfectly tuned, will heave to in such a way as to make the oscillations imperceptible. The wind is quite simply stymied, and you have become like the cork. There *is* forward motion (otherwise your rudder would be inoperative); but we are talking about two knots or so.

It was eerie primarily because of the contrast. The noise of the wind tearing through the shrouds and the lifelines was a continual howl. The waves rose and fell a dozen feet above our heads, and we rose and fell, but the waves did not break over us. The canvas dodger over the companionway protected totally the faces of the two men who nestled at that end of the cockpit, and it occurred to me that there was no reason for three men to stay on watch. There was nothing to do except sit there and wait it out, so we ate something and went through the night. I rested with some apprehension, always alert to the sibilant wind and roaring seas, and wondered what could possibly go wrong, and what I would do in the chaos if something did.

Nothing did go wrong. But the next morning, at about eleven, I made a mistake. The wind had abated slightly. It was back to fifty knots, and I was growing restless. We were pointed southwest, and Bermuda lay southeast. I thought that we should try to resume course and get the boat moving again by sailing with the wind abeam under storm jib alone, making at least a little progress toward our destination. So I loosed the becket and took the tiller in hand, and ordered the storm trysail brought down. The windward jib sheet was eased inch by inch and the strain taken on the leeward sheet. It was in tight when I said, "Here we go," and brought the tiller up, to take the bow downwind. We suffered an instant knockdown. (A knockdown is when the boat suddenly goes from vertical to horizontal, or nearly horizontal.) Generally, they hit you when your boat is practically at a standstill. If you are moving along, a sudden gust of wind will cause you to heel over, but the forward movement of your boat absorbs the suddenness of the blast, distributing it among keel, sails, and rudder.

I did not believe that The Panic could be made to suffer a knockdown when it was flying only a storm jib. But it did—one so severe that we were on our side, and a huge wave from abeam bulldozed into us, wrenching the entire binnacle from its mount on the cockpit floor and heaving it over toward the sea. Peter lurched out and grabbed it a second before it fell into the ocean, his torso stretched over the lifeline. Firpo grabbed him by the belt of his slicker, and kept him, and the binnacle, from going over. I yelled to loose the jib sheet, but it was almost immediately unnecessary. We were righting on our own steam, the sixty thousand pounds of pressure on the keel asserting themselves, roly-poly-doll-wise. The cockpit was half underwater when we loosed the jib sheet well out, and within minutes we were making five knots toward Bermuda.

What I especially remember about the next six hours is the size of the waves. The wind kept abating, but the waves, as if sullen at the wind's default, grew proportionately hilly, then mountainous. They rose thirty feet high. But The Panic was untroubled, and in due course we had up our reefed mainsail, and then our No. 3 jib. At noon, the sun was briefly out, and I snatched a latitude and established our position as on a line that ran seventy miles north of Bermuda. The trouble was, I did not have any close idea of our longitude, and the sun wasn't out in the afternoon to permit me a running fix. Our radio direction finder began picking up a commercial station in Bermuda, and the crew was lighthearted in anticipation of arriving perhaps a little bit after midnight. The off watch declined its privileges, preferring to stay up now to the end. At about 6 P.M., a Bermuda patrol boat cruised up to us in the ebbing light. I shouted out, "Give me a course to Gibb's Hill!" A sailor shouted back, "A hundred and twenty degrees!" I was putting the information on the chart (Bermuda has to be approached with extreme care; it is like a starfish of coral reefs) when Firpo told me to come up and look at the extraordinary horizon. It certainly was extraordinary. We were completely surrounded by low, low clouds, not much higher than a steamer, black as pitch. The wind was suddenly gone. The skies grew grayer as the light faded, and the black noose began to tighten, and I felt a sudden touch of air in my face, cold, undecided. I gave orders to bring down *all* sails. Something was going to hit us immediately from somewhere. In five minutes, the storm was back; and, laboriously, once again we hove to. The wind was not as heavy as before, but it rained now from time to time—hard, passionate rain—and the direction of the boat kept changing as the storm danced around us. No one slept.

The next day was gray and lumpy, and now the serious question was *Where were we?* Miraculously, the sun appeared at about noon for exactly as long as it takes to get a single sight, and I put us at forty miles north of Bermuda—but, once again, longitude uncertain. Around 7 P.M., I noticed that the crew was demoralized. No one would eat. The dishes were piled up from the last three meals. There was no conversation, no unnecessary motion. I had encountered such a scene once before, in the infantry, when a company of soldiers completing their basic training was ordered to storm a hill to seize imaginary enemy installations. It was noon, the temperature a hundred and ten degrees. At midnight the night before, the trainees had been made to crawl on their bellies under barbed wire and tracer ammunition, only to be awakened at 2 A.M. for a forced march. They started up the hill, and then, as if rehearsed, they all stopped and sat down. Nothing mutinous. They simply could not move on. Discipline was out of the question. Our shrewd battalion commander was called in by walkie-talkie. He looked at the men only briefly, then dispatched four trucks from the base, loaded the men into them, and took them to a lake, where they swam.

A crew member slightly more alert than the others came back from the emergency storeroom with two large tins of hardtack. I reached into the tangle beside the icebox and got out a bottle of port. Hardtack looks like dog biscuits, but tastes slightly better, I think. Port goes well with hardtack. Soon everyone had a glass of port and

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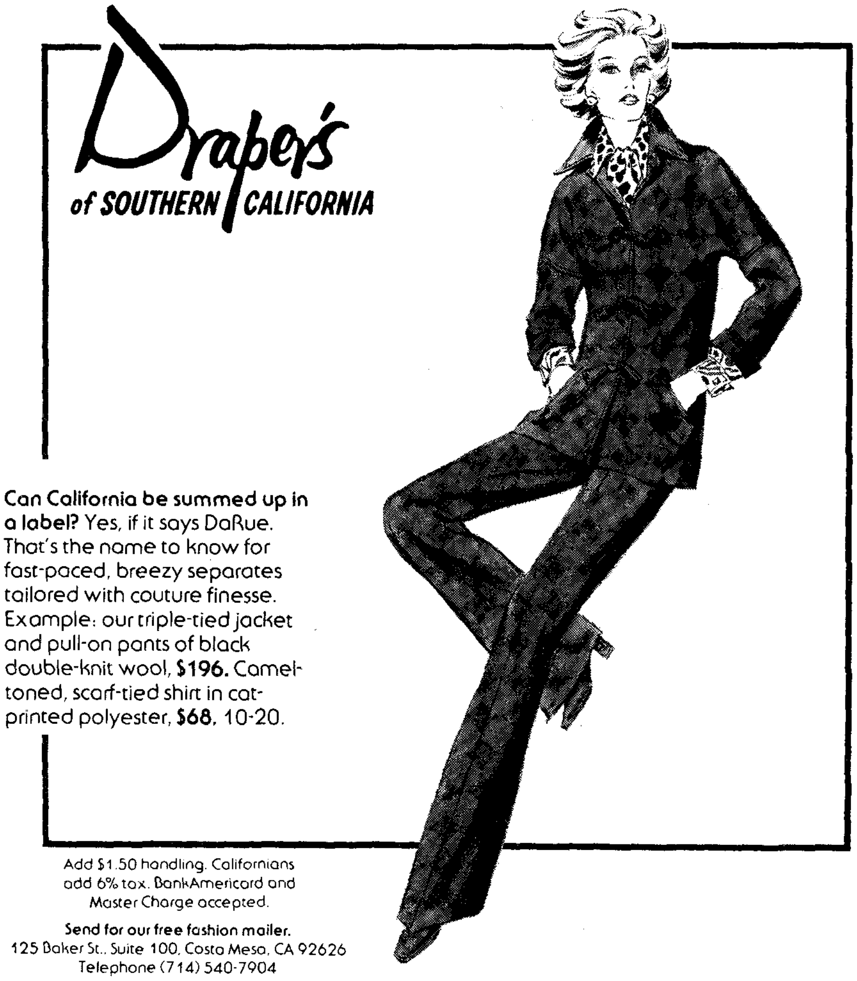

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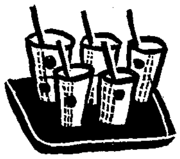
was munching a biscuit. And beginning to talk. I said there was no point in trying to make progress under sail that night. We could not approach Bermuda without a more specific idea of where Bermuda was, because of the shoals. Under the circumstances, we would set only a No. 3 jib for stability, and more or less hold our own on an easterly course. Two men would stay up, but only for two-hour watches. The others would sleep.

The next morning, the recovery was complete. It was a brilliant blue day, and we spotted a cruise ship, obviously headed toward Bermuda. In a few hours, I had a running fix, showing that the storms had taken us forty miles west of Bermuda. We began to slog against the easterly, tacking, tacking. At 4 P.M., a Coast Guard plane buzzed down and recorded our sail number. At seven, we saw Gibb's Hill Light. (The radio direction finder was forty degrees off calibration.) Still there was five hours of tacking left to do before, a few minutes past midnight, we rounded the shoal area, easing, exhausted, into St. George's Harbour—seven days out of New York.



The radiotelephone had not worked. My wife's anxiety had mounted, and telephone calls between her and her mother in Vancouver had grown in frequency. That very morning, her mother had acted. She had telephoned Pat and announced calmly, imperiously, "Tell the Coast Guard to go out and find them. And to send *me* the bill." The airplane, that afternoon, had done its duty.

ONE night on Suzy, with Pat aboard, I proposed to cross the St. John River's Reversing Falls, at St. John, New Brunswick. I resist as somehow extraneous the temptation to describe the river, which is surely the most beautiful in the world. The subject of this story is the Reversing Falls. What you have on the one hand is the Bay of Fundy, with its famous gargantuan tide fall—forty feet is typical in the upper reaches of the bay. Enough power rushing in and out twice a day that if it could be harnessed it would generate electricity to light the world, or so they say. And what you have on the other hand is a four-hundred-mile-long river, flowing through Maine and New Brunswick, with a tide fall of a few inches, which debouches into the bay. When the tide is out, the St. John River is falling into the bay, and the transitional mile between the river and the bay looks something like the runway to Niagara Falls. No boat could survive in those rapids for a moment; indeed, they are so spectacularly scary that tourists come from all over just to sit and stare. When the tide is in, the bay is pouring into the river, and the transitional mile between the river and the bay looks exactly the same as usual—except that the rapids are running in the opposite direction. Do not ask why, but it happens that three hours and fifty minutes after low tide, and two hours and twenty-five minutes after high tide, the Bay of Fundy and the St. John River fight each other to an irenic standstill, and then the water is as smooth as a skating rink. For ten minutes. That is when you power across.

Pat begged us to wait until the morning to make the crossing, but we cooed her into a resigned silence, marked time with a lengthy gourmet dinner, and took off at two minutes after eleven. We were two minutes early. I do not know whether our watches were off or whether through some inexplicable miscalculation we had taken the time from the wrong table. Reggie, as had been arranged, was below, leaning over the navigation table atop the icebox, to feed me quick-fire navigational instructions. But the current scooped us up, and while Reggie was intoning calmly, "Keep at two hundred and ninety-five degrees for exactly four minutes, toward the fixed white light," I was headed at twenty degrees toward an Esso gas station, which I would smash into in about two minutes. When the current is taking you faster than your engine drives you, the rudder has little effect. Reggie, crouched over his magnifying glass, and intent on his assignment, was saying things like "On your right, you should be seeing a flashing green approximately abeam." Meanwhile, a mass of yellow-gray foam surged toward us, like sea lava about to overtake us. It proved to be the discharge of pulp deposits from a mill that lets it all go just as the tide begins to turn. We were within a hundred yards of the gas station when, gradually, like the feeling that creeps back into your hands after a frostbite, the rudder began to respond. The equilibrium was finally upon us, and the amphibious operation against Esso Petroleum was aborted. The lessons are too obvious to expatiate upon. I have, in fact, wondered why the city of St. John does not indulge itself in a navigational light that turns green from red when the precious ten minutes begin. Perhaps it has to provide an occasional wreck to maintain tourist interest.

THESE are highlights from experiences of my own and of boats I have sailed. I have read a lot, and listened a lot, and doubt whether many seasoned ocean sailors would disagree with the following propositions:

(1) The chances of a well-rigged, well-sailed, well-constructed boat's going down in the open sea (you are safer there than near land) by reason of ocean conditions are so small in the safer latitudes in the safer months that you should not become obsessed with the question of physical survival. On the other hand, you must make emergency arrangements.

(2) The gravest danger is man overboard.

(3) There is one other very grave danger, and that is fire.

Astonishingly, the race from Newport to Bermuda, which has been conducted every second year for more than fifty years, has brought death by drowning to only a single human being. Several boats have been destroyed on the rocks around Bermuda, but the crews have always been saved. The exception was a member of the hired crew of a large yacht in which a fire got out of control. The distress signal was caught by another craft, which powered in to render assistance. One by one, the refugees jumped aboard. One man—the cook—slipped and fell into the sea in between the boats and, not knowing how to swim, drowned immediately. On Cyrano, we maintain two large and two small fire extinguishers, handily placed. A diesel engine is indispensable to one's peace of mind, since gasoline is so combustible. We also have automatic circuit breakers, which isolate short circuits. Needless to say, the gas cylinders for the stove are stowed on deck.

On our last long ocean cruise, Reggie agreed to serve as chairman, of sorts, of a safety committee. We pooled our knowledge, and decided to gear up for two kinds of emergencies. There is a third kind, but you needn't bother about it: a whale eats you, or a steamer runs you down in a storm. We defined as Emergency A any development that would result in Cyrano's sinking within two minutes—the whale barges into you, let us say, or you hit an iceberg. Hanging on the davits was our unsinkable Boston whaler. It was packed with emergency food and water for ten people for ten days. It could be lowered into the water in about fifteen seconds. Sheathed knives, to be used to cut any lines that might foul, were

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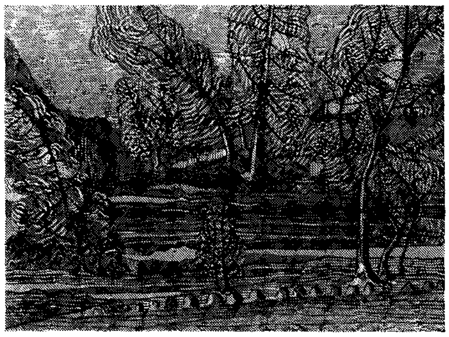

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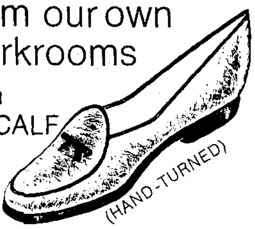

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strapped alongside. Forward of the cockpit-cabin area we kept a twelve-man life raft, neatly tucked into a small barrel, and packed with food, medicine, flares, and a radio that had the strength to emit for seventeen hours emergency signals to overpassing aircraft. Also, it was equipped with a kind of Arabian tent, to protect us against the sun's rays. The raft would be inflated immediately on hitting the water, and one hundred feet of light line would keep it attached to Cyrano. (I know personally of two shipwrecks in which a life raft was thrown overboard with no thought given to what would happen to it. What happened in both cases was that the raft drifted out to sea and was of no use to anyone. A raft should always be tied to the boat.) The right-hand locker next to Cyrano's steering wheel was filled exclusively with life preservers. To each were attached a waterproof flashlight, a whistle, and a package of dye marker (a substance that, once you puncture its plastic container with your teeth, dissolves and colors the sea red).

We would work in pre-stipulated pairs, one senior partner, one junior. In Emergency A, only the whaler, the life preservers (tied loosely to one another, and jointly to the boat), and the twelve-man raft would be unloaded. Each crew member was then to jump overboard, swim to the life preservers and don one, and swim either to the whaler or to the life raft.

In Emergency B, we would know that the boat was going down but that we had five or more minutes. The life preservers would be donned first in this case. The captain would work until the last minute giving our position and a distress signal on the radio's emergency band. Two additional, eight-man rafts, tucked into cavities just beyond the pillows of the berths in the cockpit section, would be hauled out, inflated, and trailed alongside. We would fill them with as many supplies as we had time to gather together. In a raging sea, schematic arrangements of this sort are sheer fantasy, and you simply do what you can. But in a moderate sea, losing ground against, say, fire or an uncontrollable leak, you have time even to remember the corkscrew.

•

"PETER," I said late on a white summer afternoon about fifteen years ago to Peter Starr, "let's face it. Someday we'll have to sail across the Atlantic." We were walking about the mossy rocks that surround York Harbor, Maine, getting some exercise after a long day's sail from Gloucester, before returning to The Panic in the Hansel-and-Gretel harbor for dinner. Peter agreed. It wasn't until June of last year that I finally undertook the cruise across the Atlantic, on Cyrano, and Peter wasn't with me; he had to withdraw at the last moment, because of a business emergency. On board, in addition to a professional crew of three, were my son, Christopher; Christopher's friend Daniel Merritt; Evan Galbraith; Reggie; and my sister-in-law Kathleen Finucane, who is called Bill. We sailed from Miami to Bermuda to the Azores to Marbella, Spain.

You *never* set out on time for a cruise, even with fifteen months' notice, but Danny, with his invincible optimism, told me that the boat would be ready to sail forty-eight hours early. At the appointed hour, however, the loran (long-range navigation) was suddenly not working; the radar was not working; and the new automatic pilot was not finally installed.

One wonders just how much expertise an ocean sailor can genuinely rely on—"expertise" being a word that is precisely used by a total of about twenty people. I pause to define it as meaning a body of operative knowledge. It isn't synonymous with *expertness*. One cannot be an expert except in a field in which there is something to be expert in—i.e., in which there is expertise. A radar technician can be expert only insofar as there is room for expertness. Beyond that, he is extemporizing. It is, of course, one thing if a particular product is defective, or is defectively installed, and another if that product presumes to standards that it is not scientifically justified in presuming to. The gentleman who (eventually) installed our automatic pilot effected an installation that came apart during that day's midnight watch; Danny put it back together, using bolts rather than screws, and *his* installation held. But not the pilot, which suddenly stopped working when the professional crew started the return voyage. Six thousand miles without the automatic pilot. There are grounds for believing the installer sloppy, or inexpert, in installation, but the machine's breaking down after one month suggests defective design; or else there is a mystery. Mysteries abound at sea. I had an autopilot on Suzy that worked with exquisite precision for three years. One day, it stopped working, and I assumed the necessity of getting spare parts, or even of replacing whole units. In the course of four years, six technicians, three boatyards, and, finally, the personal mechanic for the president of the manufacturing company tried to make it work again. (At this point, every component unit had been replaced.) It never did; never has. Come see.

The gentleman who looked at the radar in Miami succeeded in decocting from it only the faintest signal, eclipsed in less than a day at sea. A gentleman in Bermuda tried to fix it and couldn't. A gentleman in Marbella fixed it for six hundred dollars—twenty-five per cent of the original cost of the instrument—and it lasted about a week. Now, this is a Japanese machine about which it is boasted that there are six completely discrete and replaceable components, so that the problem is supposed to be as simple as identifying the delinquent part, throwing it away, and inserting the new part. That turns out to be hogwash. One doesn't know whether it is intentional or inadvertent hogwash. Perhaps there is a man in Japan who, with his little tool kit, could have set the radar right in minutes. The question seriously arises whether that man's skills are thaumaturgic rather than mechanical. Or is he an artist? Artistic jury rigs are feats of individual achievement but one cannot deduce from them an expertise that sustains them.

Before we left Miami, a gentleman exhorted me there and then to buy a brand-new loran, with the latest gee-whizz digital scanners, which seek out the two relevant transmitting loran stations and their slave stations and track them automatically and continuously, giving you second-by-second fixes, which you then plot on your chart. I was persuaded, and bought. The new loran set stopped working about thirty minutes after we left Miami; was not revived even after a half hour's telephone conversation at sea between Reggie and an expert who gave minute instructions; and did not work even after a replacement unit was installed in Bermuda.

So it went; so it almost always goes. There are problems that beset what one might call middle-sized boats. The big boats have on board their engineer and electrician, who can fix or replace almost anything that goes wrong. The very small boats don't have radar or loran or automatic pilots. Cyrano is in the class between, and perhaps it is for that reason that there is an insufficient expertise to provide reliable electrical or electronic systems for her, though it must be observed that the little commercial fishing boats use the same kind of radar and loran that is offered to the sailboats—with, however, the significant difference that such boats are

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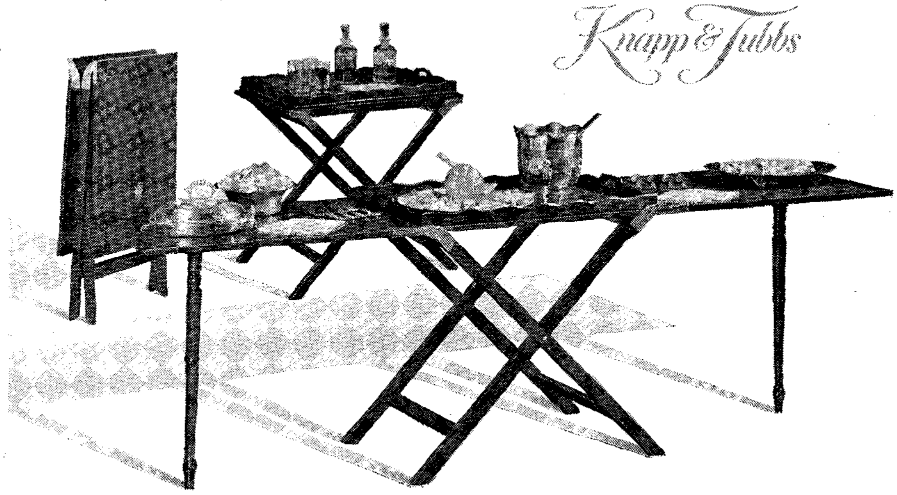

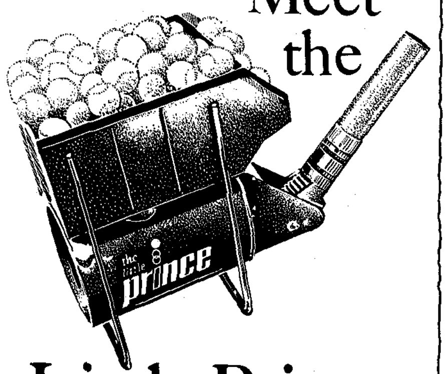

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always operating under power, and their instruments no doubt adjust to, or are designed to adjust to, regular operation, rather than the episodic operation of the sailor anxious to conserve his electrical power.

ATLANTIC CRUISE JOURNAL, MAY 30TH: Peter's withdrawal left us short one qualified watch captain, so my idea of four hours on, eight hours off will have to yield a little on the side of rigor. Every other cycle the watch captains will get only four hours off between watches. I have made up watch rosters for years, and sometimes they're like the inside of a Swiss clock. Racing, a crew member is on duty half the day. I use the Scandinavian system, 4-4-4-6-6. The six-hour periods fall between eight and two and between two and eight, during the daylight hours. That gives everybody one longish sleep per day. Breaking up the day into five parts means that you repeat a watch only every forty-eight hours. Nothing is drearier than to come on board and learn that you are on duty every single night from midnight to four. I have tried on this cruise to devise a system that will keep mixing us up, so that every watch captain (Danny, Reggie, myself, and the professional captain, Philip Campagna) will alternate with the watch assistants, Christopher, Van, Aunty Bill. Campagna and Van are out there now, having relieved Bill and me.

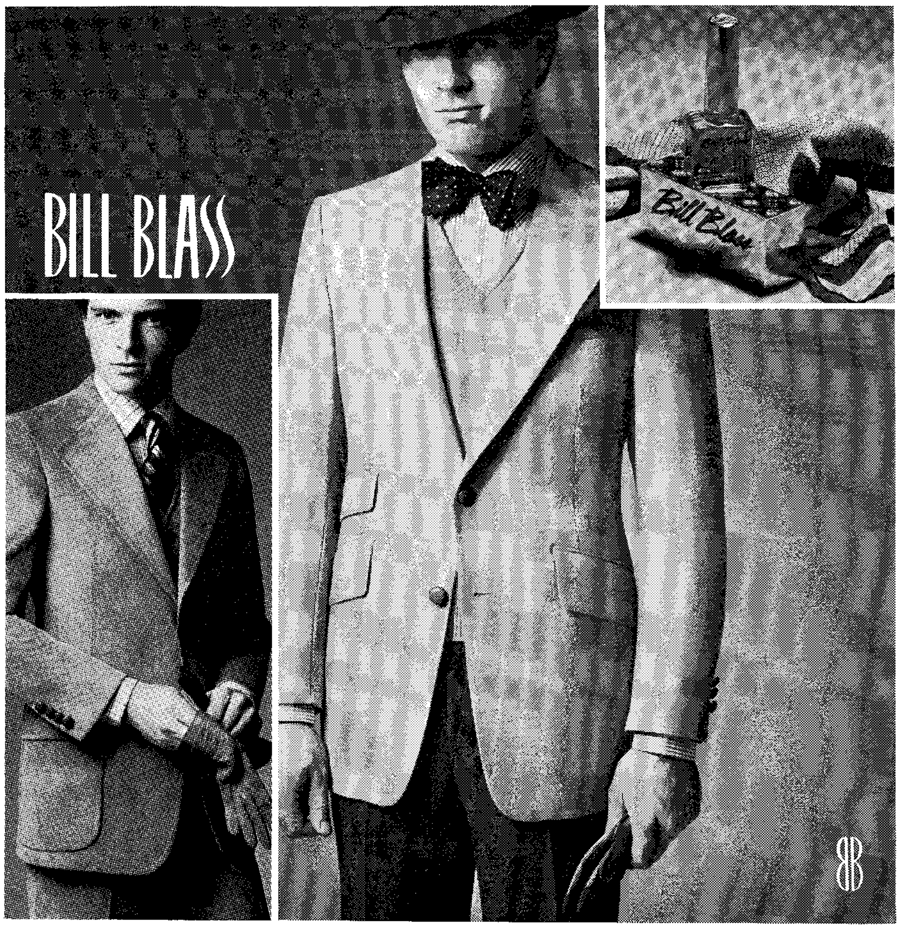
The wind is steady from the southeast, getting lighter. We ended by powering a little and clutching in the automatic pilot. Lighter, ocean-racing sailboats now use, almost as a matter of course, autopilots that are governed by the wind. They are designed to maintain a boat's heading at a constant angle off the wind. The disadvantage is that they necessarily redirect the boat when the wind changes, and this may happen when you are asleep. If you instruct a wind-vaned autopilot to keep you headed ninety degrees off the wind (let us say), you could conceivably wake in the morning to find yourself going back home, if the wind changed direction by a hundred and eighty degrees. The wind-powered autopilots were developed primarily for the single-handed ocean racer, and a gentleman who won the transatlantic race several years ago records that his own model was so marvellously successful that his hands were on the tiller for a total of only twenty minutes from Southampton to Newport—twenty-eight days.

Other boats, such as Cyrano, use autopilots operated by power. These have the obvious disadvantage of consuming power, offset by the advantage of maintaining a steady compass course irrespective of (a) whether there is any wind at all and (b) where the wind is coming from. They operate through a compass of their own, which, once set, sends out electrical impulses that keep the wheel turning in the proper direction to maintain the stipulated course. They require a little mothering, but are splendid mechanical achievements.

JUNE 2ND: The sun was bright, but we were without wind and had to power the whole day long. At noon, we stopped and swam. Christopher, the .222-magnum cocked, sat on the cabin deck, prepared to fire at any shark attracted to our flailings. Aunty Bill decorously stayed below, so that we could do without swimming trunks. If the Atlantic is polluted, it is polluted elsewhere than at Latitude 31, Longitude 79, where the water is a cobalt blue and accepts as confidently as trained dolphins accept their dollops of fish the traditional beer can you throw over the side, to marvel at its endless visibility as it sinks into ocean water unmurked by the detritus of civilization. There is a great fuss this season about the danger of sharks, thanks substantially to the best-selling scare story on the subject. There are, of course, sharks everywhere in the oceans, even as there are rats everywhere on land. Ten years ago, I took lessons off the Virgin Islands in the use of scuba gear, and during one underwater session my instructor, using a graphite pencil on a slate, wrote "Hammerhead shark" and pointed to an object floating about thirty feet away, apparently as contented as a cow, and more or less looking at us, but without any trace of greed that an amateur could detect. I followed my instructor along as he went on scribbling on his underwater palimpsest, describing the underwater population, which for the most part was harmless, but not entirely. There were several barracuda and one moray eel. On surfacing, he told me that the experience was altogether normal, though spotting a moray eel was "a bit lucky," and that the key to a serene relationship with sharks was simply this: Bear it in mind that they are so dumb you can neither anticipate nor outwit them. Accordingly, you play the statistics, which are vastly reassuring. Avoid swimming in tandem with outflowing garbage—which one would tend to avoid doing for reasons entirely independent of the fear of sharks. Don't swim if any part of your body is bleeding. If you swim at night, enter the water gradually rather than splashily. And look forward to a ripe old age, limbs intact. I respond joyfully to almost any permissive franchise, and have never since given a thought to the danger of sharks—a serenity I have not communicated to Christopher, who in guarding the ramparts visualizes the enemy and loses his appetite for disporting in enemy territory. The swim was very refreshing, and the lunch tasted better, and we were less depressed by the absence of wind.

JUNE 5TH: More properly, June 6th. Because we tied up at 2:50 A.M. at St. George's Harbour. Early this morning, the wind almost directly behind us, the gollywobbler up, we conducted a pool: At what time would we spot the light from Gibb's Hill? It is a powerful beacon, with a twenty-six-mile radius. Before the construction of the lighthouse, during the high days of Bermuda's role as a way station to Virginia and points south, hundreds of ships foundered on the treacherous rocks here, it is said. Even now, Reggie's schoolmate Teddy Tucker devotes himself full time to locating wrecks and salvaging three-hundred-year-old cargo. He has found gold and silver and jewels, including a famous emerald crucifix, but mostly such stuff as lead and copper.

I picked 8:15 P.M. for the landfall, and bets were taken ranging from 6:30 P.M. to midnight. At noon, after the sun sight, I decreed that our watches should move forward by one hour. When the light at Gibb's Hill was spotted, at 8:10 P.M., just off the port bow, where it should have been, we were catapulted into a great legal controversy. Danny et absolutely al. v. W.F.B. Danny had "bought" 7:15 P.M., and insisted that since the bets were made this morning, before our watches were moved forward, he had clearly won the pool. I took the position that we were betting that morning on what would be the time on our wristwatches at the moment of the landfall. Van, as a graduate of the Harvard Law School, was consulted by Danny, and I suspect that this appeal to his vanity suborned him to find, after appropriate deliberation, for the plaintiffs. The matter was economically moot at this point, since Christopher, Aunty Bill, Reggie, and Van had already paid over their dollar bills to Danny. I reluctantly gave my dollar to Danny, sniffing something about the dangers of ochlocracy. "What's that?" he asked. I told him it was the only



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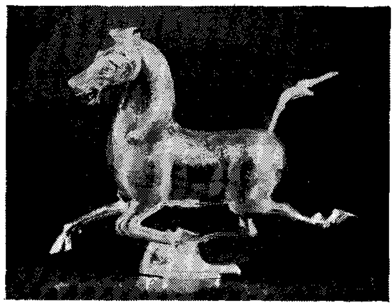

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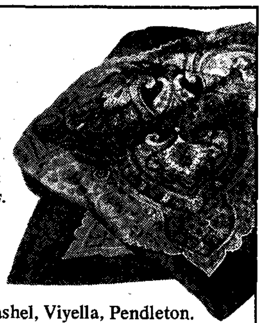

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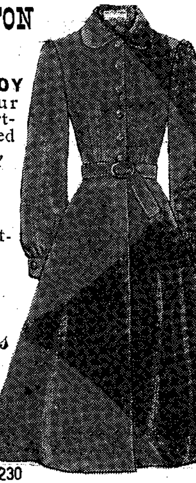

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kind of government that would find for *him* in a dispute with *me*. Reggie then proposed a loser's toast, to my navigation—a toast I acknowledged with a graceful speech minimizing the complexity of my achievement. We were all in high spirits.

There is an underappreciated phenomenon at sea in a small boat. This is the exasperating length of time it takes after spotting a major beacon to pull in to the wharf. The tendency on seeing the light is to think the trip over. It took us almost seven hours, even at eight knots, to get in (against a tide of about one and a half knots). These long hours are anticlimactic, and it is sensible to dampen the spirit of celebration. On making a landfall, the crew usually (except in a race) breaks out the bottle. If there is still six hours' sailing to do, that can make for a very wet landfall. Van, experienced in these matters, retired to his cabin to read a book. The boys eventually peeled off and went to sleep. Having given everyone advice, I failed to heed it myself—I cannot be wrenched from the wheel between a landfall and arrival. Coming into St. George's is a spooky experience: one flows in through a deep but very narrow cut that becomes visible only as you become convinced that you are headed right into a hill. The placid lights of seventeenth-century St. George's were suddenly before us, and for the first time in six days the ocean swells were suspended, and we crossed the harbor to the slip as if skating over ice.

JUNE 14TH: We've been gone fifteen days from Miami, and we have eleven hundred miles to go before reaching Horta, the westernmost port in the Azores. It isn't hot, just warm. When we have a long stretch under straight power, I wonder about motors. I received from Pat osmotically a most preposterous superstition, which I have never quite been able to shake; namely, that motors should "rest." I have talked the matter over with Reggie, who knows everything, and he once reminded me that the Perkins 150 we have on board is identical to the motor widely used by the little shrimp boats that go out for two or three weeks at a time without any sail whatever, except, perhaps, a little steadying sail to put up when the winds are very bad. Theoretically, you can use a motor forever if only you will keep it perfectly lubricated. That means (in our case) stopping and checking the oil every twenty-four hours, and changing it every hundred hours. The filters need to be changed more often. They collect the glop that would otherwise assault the cylinders. You are supposed to get almost perpetual use from a good, sturdy diesel, but you don't, of course—although, I am assured, if you don't get seven thousand hours out of the Perkins, you are neglecting your motor. That's fifty-six thousand miles.

Early in the afternoon, a cargo vessel passed a mile or so behind us, heading northeast. Captain Campagna "spoke" her. To "speak" a ship means to establish communication with at sea. The captain routinely asked her where she was headed (Amsterdam) and what her position was (she gave it). This intelligence was relayed to me, and I advised the plebes that the ship was in fact five or six miles south of the position she took herself to be at. This aroused great gales of parricidal laughter, in which Danny joined and, finally, Van, leaving me only Bill, who thought it an inescapable deduction that if someone was mistaken in calculating our joint position, it was the ship's navigator, and not her brother-in-law. I volunteered to rub the nose of any skeptic in the evidence of my sun sight and the dead reckoning of the mere hour and a half that had elapsed, but, I told them, since this would require that they exert themselves intellectually, I knew I was safe in making the challenge. Christopher and Danny *love* that sort of thing, and I happen to know that they are, with whoops of surreptitious laughter, planning revenge.

JUNE 15TH: We had our first big storm today, and hove to. I had never hove Cyrano to before. Captain Campagna favored running, but I elected not to, and as we struggled in the screech and wet to lead the two staysails aback, as tight as drums, I remembered prayerfully the representations of the sailmakers that these sails would stand up against the greatest stress. We would soon find out, because the wind was fifty knots, gusting well over that, and apparently building, like the seas. The spray came in off the starboard bow, and then one monstrous wave—though not of the size of one that hit us later, after we had resumed sailing—which caught me while I was forward with the sails. It is unsettling to meditate that one wave of that kind weighs many more tons than the thirty the boat weighs. After the storm trysail was up, I took the wheel from Danny to make the adjustments. Cyrano, not being a racing boat, responds less

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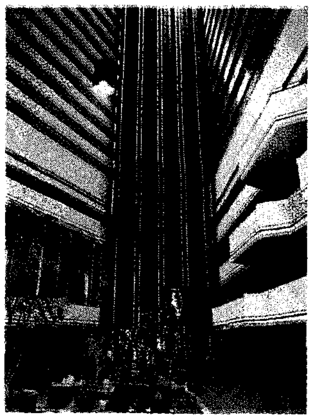

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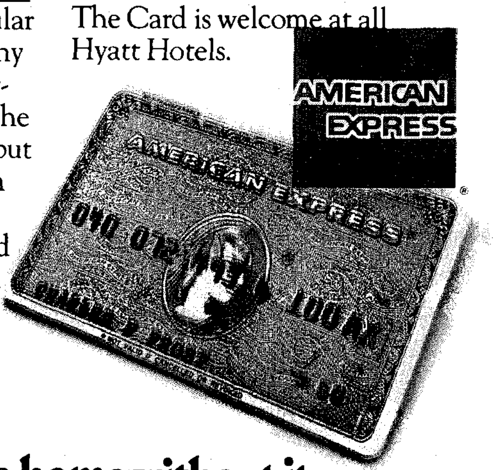

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quickly than The Panic did, so I felt the necessity for a little rudder control. Otherwise, the oscillations that enable a boat to heave to successfully would probably have been a little too widely separated, making for distinct lurches first to leeward, then to windward. I gave the engine eight hundred r.p.m., which in a smooth surface would mean about four knots of speed. Then I began turning the wheel to starboard. (It requires nine turns to move the rudder hard over to the opposite position.) At about six turns, with that much engine, the vessel walked into the magical equilibrium that is the ecstasy of the boat successfully hove to. It was fine to look about at the drenched, wind-blasted, anxious faces of Christopher and Danny, Captain Campagna and Van, and, in the cockpit, Aunty Bill as, suddenly, Cyrano acted as if we had crossed the Reversing Falls into a lake. The wind and the noise, the howling and the waves seemed to mount in resentment of our insulation.

Three hours later, the worst was over—the wind, clearly abating, down now to about forty knots. So we eased off on the windward sheets; picked up the slack to leeward, first of the mainstaysail and then of the forestaysail; and—remembering the knockdown of fifteen years ago—let them luff as we turned decisively downwind until the air engaged them, and only then made an upwind adjustment toward the heading on which we had been sailing before the storm hit.

We ate dinner buffet-style—silent, mostly, but strangely exhilarated, and close to each other after an annealing experience. I halved the watches—two hours of duty seemed enough under the circumstances—and at 2 A.M. rose to take my own, with Van. By then, the genoa could come into service again. Christopher and Danny had experimented with it at my suggestion, then checked with me for the O.K. to douse it. No telling where we were, so I decided to put the boat on autopilot and, with Van prepared to take notes and clutching the chronometer, try to get a Polaris sight—for the stars had grumpily come out, giving us a horizon of abnormal clarity. I mounted to the top of the cockpit cabin with two safety belts, to make a sort of gimbal for me: one belt to keep me from lurching sidewise into the sea, the other to keep me from lurching off the roof. I positioned myself and, for a fleeting moment, got both Polaris and the horizon tentatively in the sextant mirror, when the mainstaysail boom banged against my head, and a spout of ocean water from a rogue wave balling the jack on my leeward topside drowned the sextant in salt. My job then became to clean the sextant quickly—salt water will corrode the mirrors in a few hours. Never mind the navigation: I'll figure out tomorrow where in hell the storm took us. After cleaning the sextant, and with the boat still under autopilot and making nine knots under sail, I sat for the balance of the hour forward with Van. From the area in front of the cabin you saw on the stampeding seas a kinetic fleck of red from the port running light, green to starboard, and a touch of white ahead, reflecting the forward light. The sails were snugged in and powerful, working in overdrive, leaving the boat almost erect as it tore through the ocean. The stars began to assert themselves, while a bottle of wine, secured by the boom vang between us, emptied slowly as we paid mute tribute to Cyrano, her builder, her designer, and the architect of the whole grand situation.

ON the twenty-ninth, I decided, on impulse, to change course by twenty-five degrees, so that, at an expense of a mere ten to fifteen miles' extra voyaging, we could lay eyes on the tip of Portugal that day, rather than head directly for Gibraltar. The crew approved, and at 1702 on the twenty-ninth we heard Christopher's excited voice from the crow's nest. "Land ho!"—Cape St. Vincent. Odd, but any other formulation than the traditional one would have seemed, somehow, affected, irreverent.

That night, sailing at hull speed in the Bay of Cádiz, anticipating Gibraltar late the following afternoon and Marbella before midnight, both Bill and Reggie approached me, separately, to inform me in whispers that the boys had, *sponte sua*, organized a Captain's Dinner. Bill, musing, added that she could not remember ever before, in all her life, "thirty days without tension." It was our last night, seated about the dining table: music; dumpy little low-gravity candles scattered about the chart table, shining through red, blue, green, and yellow glass; the gas lamp in mid-table; and the gourmet meal, beginning with a can of caviar, and champagne bought in Miami by Danny and Christopher. The meal was extensive and imaginative. "I decided to brighten up the dessert," Danny wrote in his journal, "with two huge sparklers I bought in Miami for just this occasion." The sparklers were explosively effective, and startling, and probably there had not been such elation in these waters since the Battle of Trafalgar. —WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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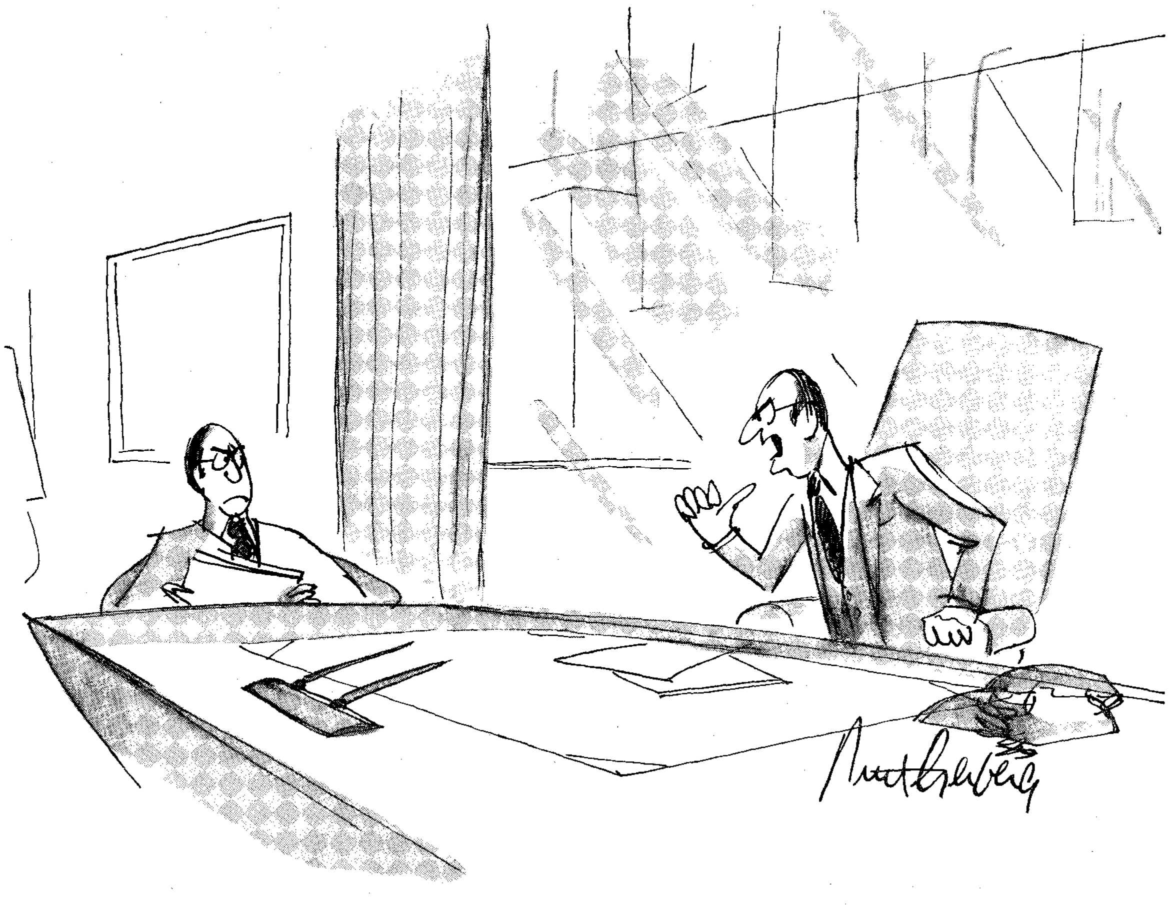
STRUGGLING for greater social gentleness, at least two movements have unwittingly plundered fine words from our language. Women's liberation has grown severe about the use of "girl." A bereavement. ("The Gibson Woman." "The Women in Their Summer Dresses.") And homosexual reform has collared "gay": we have lost "gay Lothario" with a vengeance, and Wordsworth might have found it hard to write, "A poet could not but be gay,/In such a jocund company." Milton would have had a fit at what has happened to his "Your dear wit, and gay rhetoric." Debonair words should have ancient rights. It would take a blockhead to misunderstand a Scotsman who asked someone to dance the Gay Gordons. We should be able to say that a party was gay if we mean that it was festive. Such attritions of English are woeful examples of social chicken-hearts at work.

TERRENCE MCNALLY'S "The Ritz," directed by Richard Lester, is about a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. The hallway of the place looks like an early Cunard liner, or a run-down Busby Berkeley set on a studio lot. A central lobby has rather forlorn dribbling fountains. Gilt banisters curl upward. They are not impressive. Any Czar worth his salt would have had them redesigned. They are somehow redolent of antimacassars and doilies. A pleasantly square businessman, named Gaetano Proclo (Jack Weston), is in the Ritz to escape from his brother-in-law. We are in a rococo Mafia atmosphere. His wife's maiden name was Vespucci, and Mamma Vespucci keeled over in church when the couple were exchanging vows. Proclo's brother-in-law is named Carmine Vespucci (Jerry Stiller), and he is not only after all the family money he can get but also after Proclo: Carmine's father's dying words were "Get Proclo." The overmarried Proclo, much frightened, has come to the Ritz because it strikes him as a sanctuary. He explains to the receptionist with sweet simplicity that he asked his ratty cabdriver for somewhere safe to hide for the night, and the driver's idea of the safest place turned out to be this gaudy male bordello. No one, Proclo thinks, would look for him here. He is very respectable. He banks at Ohio State National. He has on him his Rotary Club card and his business card: "Proclo Sanitation Services, Gaetano Proclo, President."

The homosexuals who are constantly going up and down the gilded stairways, wearing bath towels round their waists, are enthralled by his naïveté. Being truly naïve, he puts their incredulity down to his disguise: dark glasses, a false mustache, a black wig that looks like a mistaken buy in a fake-fur-hat sale. Barbarous dissonances abound. Homosexuals quarrel viciously. There is a particularly good performance by F. Murray Abraham as a skinny, sharp-tongued queen called Chris. An exhausted-looking attendant in exhausted-looking livery receives the clientele. Ten bucks a room, twelve hours.

The movie features, among other things, a swimming pool in which the homosexual guests flap around happily and an amateur show done in drag for a presumed visiting producer. The show is as touching in its nervous bombast as amateur nights always are. But there is a crucial difference of tone between the film and the play it is based on: both are funny, and the film is as well acted as the play was, but some binding poignancy is missing from the film. That may be owing to the fact that Richard Lester is making a picture about homosexuality from the outside, as a heterosexual is bound to, and represents homosexual life as the discordant in society. More probably it is owing to the fact that Lester's films—apart from "Petulia"—have always leaned toward the episodic. With every set piece, his films have tended to have to start again from scratch, without credit from what came before.



"This chair means business! This desk means business! These pens mean business! In short, Baxter, I mean business!"

What is the public for this film? Homosexuals, who may find it an alien's view through the cage bars of a menagerie? Heterosexuals, who can watch without pain the braggadocio and jealousy that often have homosexuals in their grip? People hostile to homosexuals, who can have thoughtless suspicions confirmed? Middle Americans trained by politicians and newspapers to resent the decadent Eastern Seaboard?

The signal fact about the film—not the play—is that it could just as funnily and truthfully be set in many other places. The Ritz bathhouse is interchangeable with any other device of farce: a whorehouse, a Feydeau hotel, a liner, a suburban party housebound by bad weather. Being farcical, the film is at its best when it relies on its scenes of slapstick. A lot of them are splendiferously funny. There is much hiding under beds, and much hubbub. Everything most skillful about this beautifully cast exercise in absurdity is in the great classical tradition. A character dressed only in underclothes and a heavily strapped-on revolver seems not so much a perception of the nature of homosexuality as a genius stroke from "Charley's Aunt." The film is not, in the current jargon, a consciousness-raiser. Its farcical sex-switch devices are as old as the ones in Shakespeare. McNally's subtle and very American funniness has been brilliantly equalled by this film; it is his covert sobriety and his instinct for the homosexual life's alternation of tenderness and frightened spite that are lost.

But, though Lester's movie, like his splendidly deft "The Three Musketeers" and "The Four Musketeers," is deliberately bitty, it is made tonic by a convivial quality common to all his films. There is something mysteriously companionable about it which makes one remember the blithe good humor of his "A Hard Day's Night," in which the Beatles seem to be immortally fortunate siblings, and the comradeliness of the Tommies which ran so pitifully against the staccato satire of his "How I Won the War," in a bitter juxtaposition worthy of Swift.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic will perform Gershwin's Rhapsody in Glue and other works July 4th 8:30 P.M., Sheep Meadow, Central Park, free.—*The Westsider.*

Those damn piano keys sticking again?

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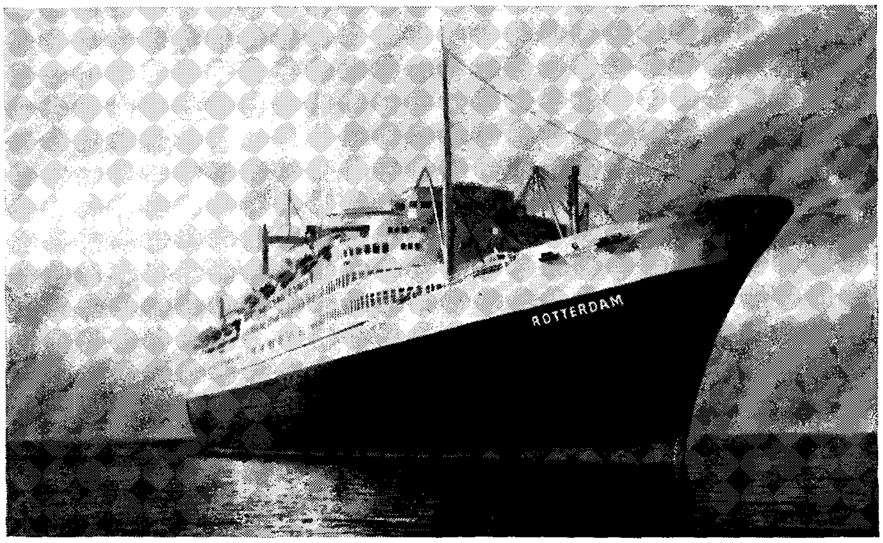

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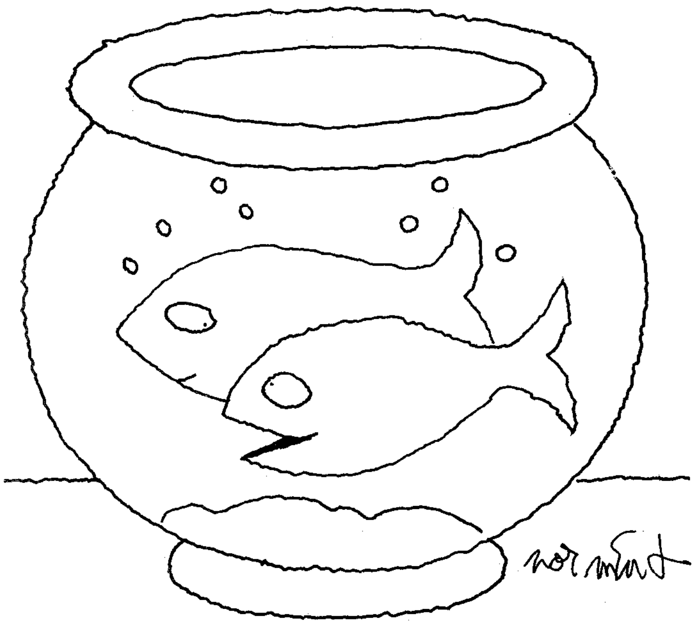
TO out-of-town audiences, the New York political scene—with its bizarre plots and subplots, noisy public jousting, and somewhat raffish cast of characters—often suggests something closer to vaudeville than to duly constituted government. Since local officeholders are mostly Democrats, out-of-town Republican politicians, who are generally staider types, tend to be especially disapproving of the local spectacle, and during last year's bitter debate over whether Washington should help rescue the city from bankruptcy many of them argued that New Yorkers were in just the pickle they deserved to be in, considering the kind of people they kept electing to public office. There was thus a special irony in the fact that some of the midsummer goings on among Republicans on the national scene, as the two Republican Presidential contenders engaged in their last-ditch fight for Convention delegates, also bore a strong resemblance to the old two-a-day at the Orpheum—and, on occasion, even involved some of the same players who have helped to give New York politics its reputation for low comedy. In a memorable episode in Albany a few years back, when Nelson Rockefeller, then governor of the state, was trying to line up votes for a favorite project, one of the legislators he cornered in the Statehouse corridors was Vito Battista, a stout Republican assemblyman from Brooklyn. Before Battista would even discuss his vote, he demanded that the Governor feel his thigh muscles to certify how firm they were. After a stunned few moments, Rockefeller felt Battista's thigh muscles. Last month, Battista, who had committed himself to Ronald Reagan, was one of the hundred and thirty or so of the state's hundred and fifty-four Republican delegates who visited the White House to be plied with cocktails, canapés, and Ford charm, including that of Betty Ford, the aim being to get more of them in line behind the President. Battista did not insist that Ford feel his thigh muscles, but he did accuse him of "picking on" Brooklyn by planning to close Fort Hamilton and a Navy supply office in that borough, and, on his way out, complained to the company in general, "The trouble with New York Republican politics is that everybody thinks they have everybody in their pocket, just like old Baldy there." Most listeners thought he was referring to the Republican state chairman, Richard Rosenbaum, who is in fact bald, but a few thought he might mean the President.

Rosenbaum, a longtime Rockefeller ally, was then listing a hundred and thirty-two of the New York delegates as supporting Ford, with eighteen supporting Reagan and four uncommitted, but four of those counted as Ford backers had reverted to uncommitted status. Presumably, they had noted the attention being lavished by both Ford and Reagan forces on delegates who were officially still open to persuasion—including Ralph De Blasio, a local insurance man and uncommitted delegate from Greenwich Village, who had received a call from Reagan, a note from Senator Barry Goldwater, tickets from the White House to watch Operation Sail on the deck of the U.S.S. Forrestal, and, as he described it, "a letter from Jerry Ford in which Betty sends her love." De Blasio did not attend the White House reception, because, he said, it was "only a social affair" and he was holding out for a "one-on-one" conference with the President. No one knows what he intended to discuss, but on the same day as the reception for the New York delegates Clarke Reed, the Republican state chairman of Mississippi (who the following week endorsed Ford), complained of the tactics that Ford men were using in their attempt to win over Mississippi's Reagan delegates. "They were calling delegates and alternates and telling them, 'If you don't sign on by nine o'clock, you won't be a federal judge,' " he reported. Among the New York delegates who did attend the White House affair was Frank Biondolillo, a city councilman-at-large from Staten Island and a dentist by profession, whom Rosenbaum had listed as being in Ford's corner but who now said he was uncommitted. In 1972, Biondolillo was a significant figure in a locally celebrated battle over the passing of the city's expense budget—a dispute in which Mayor John Lindsay and City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite were challenged by a band of insurgent councilmen, who persuaded nearly half the Council members to reject the budget. Biondolillo's was the swing vote, and he changed sides several times, according to which caucus had approached him more recently. During the fierce all-night maneuvering, as Lindsay tried one ploy after another to win Biondolillo and other wavering councilmen over to his side (in the end he was unsuccessful, and the Council did not vote any budget at all that year, leaving the city to make do with a different budget, which had passed the Board of Estimate), Staten Island Borough President Robert Connor commented that it was "probably the only time in history that a licensed dentist was offered a Criminal Court judgeship." After the White House reception last month, Biondolillo announced that he might not vote for either Ford or Reagan. Another uncommitted delegate, Brooklyn State Senator William Conklin, pointedly mentioned the need for federal help in his district, but James White, an uncommitted delegate from Rochester, rejected any talk of quid pro quos. "I don't want to be a federal judge," he said.

BESIDES offering a healthy reminder to believers in the imperial Presidency that in showdown moments there may be little difference between what goes on in the Oval Office and the wheeling and dealing in City Council back rooms, the Republican Presidential contenders' squabble over New York delegates raised local spirits, since it was a small indication that New York might not be entirely shut out of the political action this year. This was the way things had been looking before news broke of the diversionary scheme by some conservatives to put the name of New York's Republican-Conservative senator, James Buckley, into nomination for President, and perhaps eventually for Vice-President, in Kansas City. The local politician who is the incumbent Vice-President took himself out of the race for the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination last November (a decision suspected, of course, of being subject to change). A New Yorker hasn't been elected to the Vice-Presidency since 1908, when James Sherman, of Utica, ran with William Howard Taft, and the last time a New Yorker was even nominated for the second spot (it was 1964, when William Miller, of Lockport, who is now better known as the man nobody recognizes in the American Express television commercials, ran with Barry Goldwater) things didn't work out well. The move to nominate Buckley in Kansas City caused some local wonderment, since in his race for reëlection as senator this year he hasn't even been endorsed by Nelson Rockefeller, still by all odds the most powerful Republican in the state, and he won his seat in 1970, running on the Conservative ticket, only because two liberal opponents, Democrat Richard Ottinger



"Let's go around one more time and then call it a day."

• •

and Republican Charles Goodell, conveniently split sixty-one per cent of the vote. At the beginning, at least, the local implications of the Buckley maneuver seemed to be that, if he didn't so anger the state's Ford supporters that they wouldn't vote for him for any office, it would be an attention-getting boon for his so-far lacklustre senatorial campaign, in which he would face not only the Democratic nominee in the November election but also Representative Peter Peyser in a September primary for the Republican nomination. In a state where Democrats are famous for their fratricidal primaries, this would mark the first time since a contest over a Court of Appeals seat in 1921 that there had been a Republican primary for a statewide office. It is not only on the national scene that the Republicans have lately been acting like Democrats.

On the Democratic side, the only New Yorker said to have been on Jimmy Carter's original list of Vice-Presidential candidates, Governor Hugh Carey (who if things had broken differently might have received serious consideration as the Irish-Catholic governor of a Northeastern state who had had fourteen years' experience in Congress), has been politically immobilized since soon after he took office, in January of 1975, by his preoccupation with saving New York City from imminent default and then getting the state back into the lending market, from which the city's infectious fiscal problems had helped to exclude it last fall. He was successful in both efforts, but triumphs involving complex fiscal arrangements are "not the stuff of which colorful candidacies are made," as Carey has said. In any case, the struggle left him with little time for national politicking or for glad-handing at any political level. Ironically, since the creation last year of the state Emergency Financial Control Board to direct the city's fiscal priorities, Mayor Beame, who, unlike Carey, had a good deal to do with getting New York into its financial fix, has been taking the position that the board and Carey, as its chairman, can be blamed for anything that goes seriously wrong in town—a view that has left him free to become City Hall's most active handshaker since Jimmy Walker, and even to do some dealing on the national scene. Late in May, Beame, a Henry Jackson delegate, announced his support for Carter, a commitment that Carey didn't make until over two weeks later. When he heard of the Mayor's canny move, Carey commented sourly that he had been too busy trying to save the city university—Beame's alma mater, which was then about to be closed for lack of funds—to give any thought to politics.

More than anything else, it was the fact that virtually all the prominent Democrats in the state had guessed wrong in their party's Presidential sweepstakes that seemed to consign New York to the political sidelines this year. In the state's primary, on April 6th, only twelve and eight-tenths per cent of the vote went to Carter, who came in fourth, well behind "Uncommitted." The emergence of Jackson as the big New York winner (he took thirty-eight per cent of the vote, the rest being divided almost equally between Representative Morris Udall and the uncommitted slate, which generally favored Hubert Humphrey) brought especially grandiose dreams of glory in Queens, whose boast is "As Queens goes, so goes the nation," on the ground that in the last three decades no President—or, for that matter, no New York City mayor or governor of the state—has been elected without carrying that borough. Donald Manes, the Queens Borough President and Democratic chairman, who was also Jackson's state campaign chairman, had made sure that his candidate took every single Queens district, and no doubt had visions of a plum such as a federal judgeship, or even a Cabinet appointment, along with other Washington favors. This time, however, the rest of the nation's Democratic-primary voters neglected to take their cue from Queens. At the Democratic Convention, Jackson got only four of the hundred and three votes committed to him in April; local political leaders, including Manes, trying to make a showy recovery, persuaded most Jackson and uncommitted delegates in the state to combine their votes with fifteen and a half from Udall supporters and thus contribute two hundred and nine and a half votes to Carter's total—the largest single bloc of the Madison Square Garden tally. Unfortunately, just as Beame, the co-chairman of the delegation, proudly rose to announce this dramatic reversal of the delegation's recorded sentiments of three months earlier, the television cameras switched to Carter's hotel suite, to show him fondling his grandson.

Some local comfort was taken from the fact that six days after his triumphal post-Convention departure for Plains, Georgia, Carter was back in New York. When he and his campaign strategists decided that it was advisable for him to reassure leaders of the American business and banking community about the soundness of his views, this was where he came. Despite the widespread reports about corporations' abandoning New York, eighty-nine of *Fortune's* list of the nation's five hundred largest businesses still have their main offices here—a total more than that of the next four headquarters cities combined. But the headquarters of the Carter campaign will, of course, be in Atlanta. Its overall director in New York will be Gerard Doherty, a Bostonian associated with Kennedy campaigns in the nineteen-sixties. The co-chairmen in the state are two early Carter supporters—Margaret Costanza, the vice-mayor of Rochester, whom many downstate politicians had never even heard of before this spring, and William vanden Heuvel, a former special assistant to Robert Kennedy in the Justice Department. Over the years, vanden Heuvel has made a few unsuccessful tries for local and state office,

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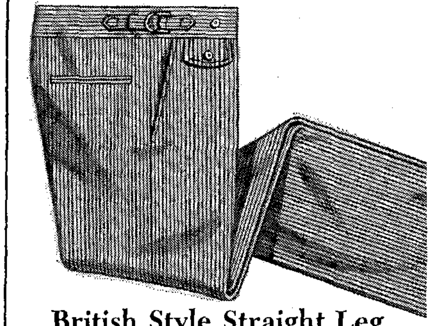

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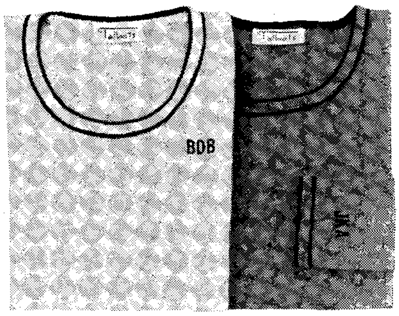

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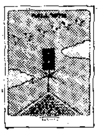

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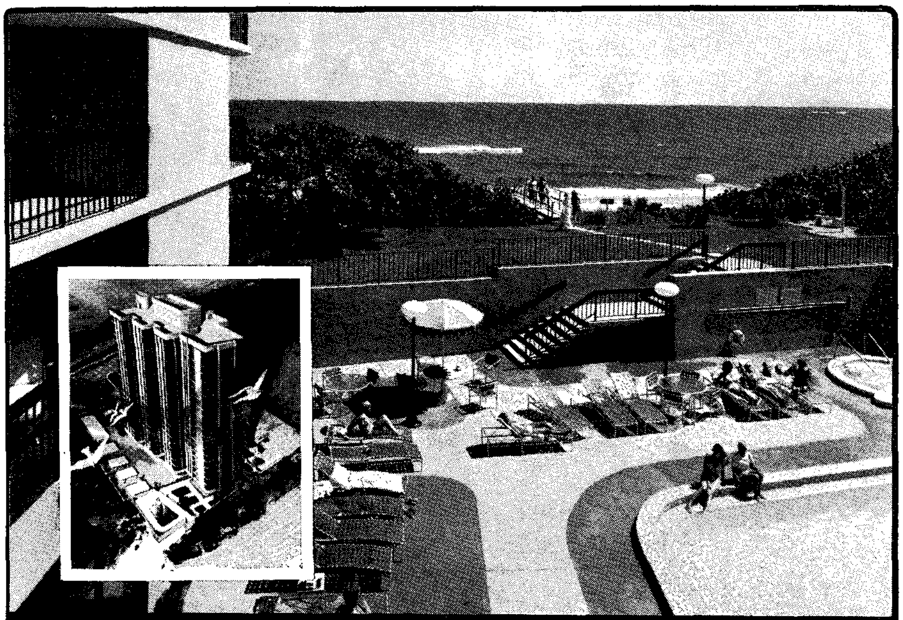
usually not getting beyond the primary, and has been a rather dim figure, amiably tolerated on the outer fringes of Party gatherings. There was some danger that next January the Democratic leaders of the largest traditionally Democratic state (except for the Lyndon Johnson landslide, in 1964, California hasn't gone Democratic in a national election since 1948) might celebrate the return of a Democratic President to the White House only to find that they hardly knew a soul who could help them get a call through the White House switchboard.

LAST month, a member of Carter's staff remarked to him that when he spoke to the New York Democratic delegation at the Statler-Hilton in mid-June—his speech, received politely, was followed by standing ovations for Representative Udall and California's Governor Jerry Brown—he had not seemed nearly as comfortable as he had before other groups he had met with since he was assured of the nomination. "I wasn't," said Carter. It is no news that the feeling is mutual—that there is an uneasiness about Carter among some local political leaders that goes beyond the awkwardness of having to shift to all-out support of a candidate whom they may have spent the winter and spring disparaging as a two-faced good ole boy and perhaps warning against privately as a religious fanatic. Post-Convention regrouping is part of the political game. "There are things I'll say in October that I'd cut my tongue out for saying in June," Udall commented early this summer, predicting that he would "find a lot of virtues in our candidate that are not apparent to me now." But even though most of the New York political leaders have now officially come around, the adjustment of many New York voters to the candidacy of Carter, a Southerner and a Baptist, may be a lengthier process. Last year, when the city was financially in extremis, it was noted that, among out-of-state members of Congress and among residents of other parts of the country, those opposing a federal rescue often bolstered their arguments with attacks on New York that were almost irrational in their intensity. It seemed that the attackers, most of whom had probably suffered no personal damage at the city's hands, and many of whom had never even been here, were reflecting the hostile view that the largest of the nation's cities was the most threatening and un-American of places—a view dating back to the days when this was a predominantly rural and small-town nation, which it ceased to be over half a century ago. The concern that some New Yorkers feel about a Southern Baptist Presidential candidate no doubt reflects in a similar way fears and resentments that can be traced back to painful events and conditions with which they themselves have had no experience and whose details they may not have clearly in mind. There is a popular theory that as a result of mass communications Americans are becoming increasingly homogeneous in culture and outlook, but in many respects that is not true in this state, and particularly not in this city, where preoccupation with ethnic heritage and religion seems to be, if anything, on the increase. Following last month's assassination of the British Ambassador to Ireland, Anthony Lewis wrote in the *Times*, of Americans who continue to support the Irish Republican Army, "There is a particular Irish-American political strain whose ideas about Ireland are frozen somewhere back in 1916." Proof that they still carry some weight here, he said, was the fact that "Paul O'Dwyer, an extreme example of the strain, is the official candidate of the New York State Democratic Party for the United States Senate." Although this may not be a fair characterization of O'Dwyer, the president of New York's City Council, or of local Irish-Americans, some New Yorkers do tend to react to political situations as if nothing had changed since the time of old horror stories told to them as children, and their response to the first major-party Presidential candidate from the Deep South since the Civil War has demonstrated this.

At the 1924 Democratic Convention, the last major-party National Convention held in New York before the one this summer, the delegates refused by a margin of one vote to condemn the Ku Klux Klan, revived in Atlanta nine years earlier, whose message was that the prime dangers to this Anglo-Saxon Protestant nation were the blacks, the Catholics, and the Jews—categories that account for every one of the forty-two members of the local City Council and for eighty-three per cent of the vote in the recent New York primary. One of the phenomena of the Carter primary campaign was, of course, his sweep of black neighborhoods in many places, where the voters were clearly ready to take note of his non-racist record as Georgia's governor and to forget old grudges. Among the New York blacks, who made up about fifteen per cent of those who took part in the primary, Carter won only about twenty-five per cent of the vote. Few prominent black politicians in the state supported him—probably because most of them operate in close alliance with white political leaders. Along with a number of white Carter supporters, some of the blacks who did vote for him were presumably influenced by the fact that, like Senator John Kennedy in 1960, Carter had the endorsement of Martin Luther King, Sr. The 1960 endorsement, however, came only because the candidate had called Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., to express his sympathy after her husband was jailed by Georgia authorities and Kennedy's staff had then arranged to have him released on bail. "It took a lot of courage for Senator Kennedy to do this, especially in Georgia," the younger King commented at the time—that is, only sixteen years ago. King's father told reporters, however, that Kennedy's concern for the King family was all that had won him over; he had never thought he could vote for a Catholic. "Imagine Martin Luther King having a bigot for a father," Kennedy said when he heard of this. "Well, we all have fathers, don't we?"

This year, of the thirty-two per cent of the voters in New York's primary who were Catholics only about eighteen per cent voted for Carter, and most of these were upstaters—many of them blue-collar workers—whom Margaret Costanza had pulled in. On the minds of some Catholics who did not vote for Carter, perhaps, were the outspoken opposition of Southern Protestant ministers, and especially Southern Baptists, to the candidacy of the first Catholic President and the appearance Kennedy had felt it necessary to make in Houston to assure religious leaders that as President he would not be taking his orders directly from the Vatican. Others may have been remembering further back—to the defection of five states from the traditionally solid Democratic South in 1928, which had much to do with the defeat of the first Catholic Presidential nominee, New York's Al Smith, and to the story, popular in the South, that the following day Smith had sent a cable to the Pope reading "UNPACK!" That doesn't mean, of course, that they would necessarily agree with the Reverend Andrew Greeley, a Catholic priest and syndicated columnist, published locally in the *News*, who recently wrote that Catholics "are afraid of Carter, a word I have heard time after time after time." Added Greeley, "As one shrewd New York Catholic put it,



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'We no longer wonder where he stands; now we wonder if he wears sheets.' ”

IN his autobiography, "Why Not the Best?," Carter writes that his mother's father, Jim Jack Gordy, was "an avid supporter" of Tom Watson, the Georgian who in 1896 was the candidate for Vice-President on a Populist ticket, headed by William Jennings Bryan, and who ran for President himself as the Populist candidate in 1904. The night Carter made his acceptance speech, his mother, in an interview with Walter Cronkite, mentioned this association, and the following day Carter described his speech as "uniformly populist in tone." Of the Democratic Party, he said, "The strength of our commitment in philosophical terms is derived directly from the concerns and the yearning of the people themselves, which is my definition of populism." The theme of Watson's populist philosophy in the early years of his political career, when he was spreading the word that the poor of the nation, black and white, must unite against the privileged and predatory rich, was "The people, the people are sound." It was of this period in Watson's life that Carter's son Jack spoke recently in calling attention to the parallels between Watson's political outlook and his father's. There was another Tom Watson, however. In the biography "Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel," C. Vann Woodward writes that "if any mortal man may be credited (as no one man may rightly be) with releasing the forces of human malice and ignorance and prejudice, which the Klan merely mobilized, that man was Thomas E. Watson." Indeed, Watson's thirty or so years of public life (he died, a United States senator, in 1922) were divided almost equally between that early period, when he was a heroic figure throughout the country, calling for understanding among blacks and whites and seeking justice for the powerless, and a later era, when he spent his time fighting for causes like the disenfranchisement of Georgia blacks and fulminating against popery and Jewish conspiracies. It was this last crusade that led directly to the founding here of the Anti-Defamation League. In 1913, Leo Frank, a young Jewish businessman who had moved to Atlanta from Brooklyn six years earlier, was convicted on trumped-up evidence of the murder of a fourteen-year-old white Atlanta girl—a verdict reflecting the virulent anti-Semitism that Watson had helped to stir up in Georgia. Much of the money for Frank's defense, including an unsuccessful argument before the Supreme Court, was provided by Jewish leaders in the North, notably New York. They included Nathan Straus, the owner of Macy's, whose name Watson used as a symbol of arrogant Jewish capitalist interference in Georgia justice. For months, in his popular weekly *The Jeffersonian*, he devoted pages and sometimes whole issues to calls for revenge against "the Jewish sodomite" and his rich Jewish friends in the North. In 1915, Frank was taken from prison by vigilantes and lynched, an event that Watson hailed as "the triumph of law in Georgia." News of the lynching was covered on the front pages of New York papers (as many of the events of the trial had been), and Harry Golden, then a young newsboy, remembered running up and down the streets of the lower East Side shouting out the terrible news. The response of B'nai B'rith to the Frank case was to establish the Anti-Defamation League.

All this happened long ago, of course, but for New York voters who had only a vague, handed-down sense that Georgia was not the kind of place one's friends come from there were later bulletins, including those from the many children of New York Jewish families who marched with the blacks against Southern officialdom in the civil-rights struggles of the nineteen-sixties. Such voters may not have considered that in the last decade relations between blacks and their white Southern neighbors have greatly improved, while those between blacks and some of their Jewish neighbors in places like Brooklyn's Canarsie and Queens' Forest Hills have grown much worse. In any event, in the New York primary the thirty-six per cent of the voters who were Jewish gave Carter just one and eight-tenths per cent of their vote.

Robert Coles suggested recently in *The New Republic* that, as the natural descendant of the early, benign Tom Watson and other populists, Carter could be the man to revive as a force in American political life the populist movement that came to such a dismal end early in the century. For New Yorkers of all faiths who feel that their city has special problems that the federal government should attend to, this prospect is not wholly encouraging. The populism expounded by Watson, early and late, was, above all, agrarian, and its goal was the glorification of the farmers' way of life. (The fact that there were few Jewish, Ital-

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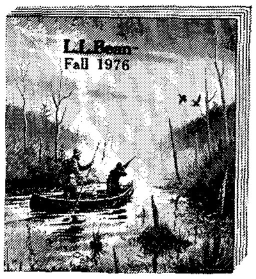

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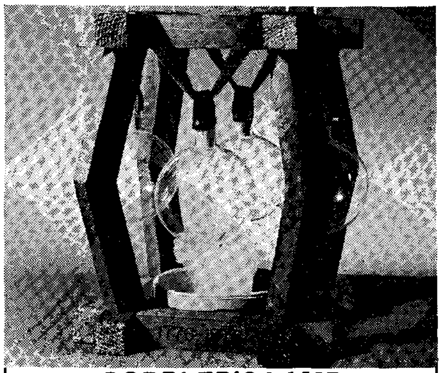

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n, or Irish farmers in the South was hat gave the movement an anti-emitic, anti-Catholic tinge from the art.) The prime enemies of the peo-le, in Watson's view, were the power-l and greedy bankers and corporation eads in the Northern cities, particu-rly "the plunderers" in New York. mong those he singled out were . H. Harriman, whose son Aver-ll was an early Carter backer, and ohn D. Rockefeller, whose grandson elson, of course, was not. By exten-on, the threatening elements included e cities themselves and the alien sorts f Americans who chose to make their ving in such places. Indeed, some of e more feverish attacks on New York st fall sounded as if they might have een passed along through the genera-ons from long-ago speeches by Wat-on and other city-hating populists, such Nebraska's William Jennings Bryan, ho as he arrived in New York to ac-ept the Democratic Presidential nomi-ation in 1896 at an earlier Madison quare Garden said, "We are now en-ring the enemy's country." Watson lso urged that the South "cut loose om the East and North connection nd make an alliance with the great Vest," and would no doubt have re-arded the Sunbelt's current threat to e economy of the Northeast as a salu-ry development. Coles notes that hen Carter campaigned for governor f Georgia it was as the man from lains running against the Atlanta city lk. There is no evidence that he has ver thought of himself as running gainst New York (Gerald Ford had lready preëmpted that role), but it is robably not surprising that last fall, hen the city's troubles were at their eight, George Wallace and Jimmy arter were the only candidates for he Democratic Presidential nomination who were opposed to helping New ork in any way.

Even during his campaigning here ust before the state primary, Carter id not promise any special help for he city, and after Beame endorsed im in May, saying that consultations with the candidate had convinced him hat President Carter would be the ity's friend (Carter badly wanted the ndorsement, to help sway Jewish vot-rs in the upcoming New Jersey pri-nary), there was fierce argument over what, if anything, the candidate had ommitted himself to. Maurice Carroll eported in the *Times* that, at a meet-ng Beame held with local political eaders after a conference with Car-er and their various advisers at Gracie Mansion, one aide to the Mayor ex-

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plained, "He'd lift the load off the city."

"He didn't say that," said someone else who had been there.

"Well, he said that he'd take over welfare," Beame said.

"Abe, he didn't say that," another participant put in. "He specifically said he wouldn't."

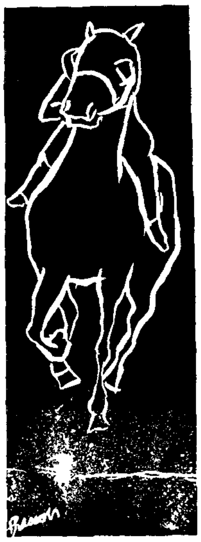
That same day, Carter explained that the nationwide federalization of welfare at the New York level of payment would be impossible, since it would cost twenty-two billion dollars a year. Subsequent Carter commitments have consisted largely of agreements to "study," to "consider," or to "make every effort to implement" programs that would ease the burden of cities generally. However, he has clearly been giving the matter some thought, and, among other things, his proposal that any public-works and job programs should be concentrated in urban areas, near the people who need them most, should reassure voters here and in other Northern cities, where his polls have shown that his support is weakest. He has spoken sympathetically of New York's financial problems and has suggested that they will take six or eight years to work out—although he may see some irony in the fact that it was to the city that has been doing all the poor-mouth talking that he came last month to consult with the princes of privilege, just where Tom Watson found them in Carter's grandfather's time. A plank in the Democratic platform, which Carter has endorsed, says, "The Democratic Party recognizes that a number of major, older cities—including the nation's largest city—have been forced to undertake even greater social responsibilities, which have resulted in unprecedented fiscal crises. There is a national interest in helping such cities in their present travail, and a new Democratic President and the Congress shall undertake a massive effort to do so."

NELSON ROCKEFELLER is said to have told President Ford that the Republicans are unlikely to carry New York this year even if Rockefeller himself should be on the ticket, but, whatever names are at the top of the Republican column in November, a major effort will no doubt be undertaken after the Kansas City Convention to give the lie to this prediction. For example, there will be reminders to local Italian-Americans, who make up nearly a quarter of New York State's voters and who have increasingly pulled Republican levers in recent years, that a man who pronounces it "Eyetalian," as Carter did in his acceptance speech, is not anyone to rel on, and in other precincts it will t pointed out that on the evidence c "Why Not the Best?" Carter's fathe was something of a white supremacis Republican clubhouse workers will t urged on by reminders that Queen where the registration has traditionall been more than two-to-one Democra ic, went for Nixon not only in 197 but in 1968. Even if Carter should wi the state, there could be some consolation for its Republicans if the victor was by a small margin. In the Unite States Senate race, short coattails an the added factor of mismanagement b the Democrats, who will have five candidates slugging it out for the nomination until the September 14th pr mary, could conceivably give the senatorial election to the Republicans. Eve worse, from the viewpoint of the Democrats, and perhaps also worse for a the citizens of the state, the Democra could fail to win a majority in the Stat Senate. In the 1974 election, the Democrats took the Assembly by a goo margin, but the Republicans retaine control of the Senate by eight votes. A a result, with the exception of bills tha helped save the city and several stat agencies from default, for which th emergency atmosphere inspired a measure of bipartisanship, little legislatio of any significance has been passed i the last two sessions, since members c the Assembly spent their time passin bills they could be sure would be kille in the Senate, and the Senate returne the compliment. If the Democrat should win control of the Senate (o of course, if the Republicans should wi control of the Assembly, which seem less likely), at least the Legislature as whole would have to take some responsibility for what it does or does not do.

Carter does not seem convinced tha his candidacy is without problems here despite the one-sided national polls. Perhaps the Democrats' best hope in Nev York is that in the weeks ahead larg numbers of the voters who rejecte Carter in the state primary will conclude that bigotry is not a geneti characteristic, and that the character of people who grew up in certai places are not necessarily frozen a some ugly point in the past—much a Carter has apparently decided that however unnatural urban life may hav seemed to some Americans in the las century, it must be regarded differentl now that three-quarters of the nation' people live or work in cities. After h was nominated, Carter said, "I reserv the right to change my mind and t learn as I go along." —ANDY LOGAN

THE RACE TRACK

News from Saratoga



IT'S been a long time between trips to the winner's circle for Optimistic Gal; the last one was after the Kentucky Oaks, on April 30th. But she made up for the disappointments since then by winning the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday by sixteen lengths. Dona Maya, a 35–1 shot who took the place by a head from Javamine, was later dropped to fourth, after a protest lodged by Nemetti, who rode Moontee. Javamine and Moontee were moved up to second and third, respectively. Seven ran, and the time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅗, a stakes record. The winner's share of the purse was $48,555. Victory was no doubt made easier for Optimistic Gal by the absence of Ivory Wand, winner of the Test Stakes, who was nominated but not entered, and of Ivory Wand's stablemate Glowing Tribute, who was scratched.

It was like old times to see the Whitney colors—Eton-blue jacket and brown cap—home in front in the Saratoga Special, which opened the second week of the meeting. C. V. Whitney's Banquet Table finished with a powerful rush through the stretch to beat Turn of Coin by a neck. Winning the Special is a sort of family tradition. Mr. Whitney's grandfather William Collins Whitney, who revived racing at Saratoga Springs, won the first running in 1901. His father, Harry Payne Whitney, won it five times; one of his winners was Regret, the only filly ever to win the Kentucky Derby. This year made the third Special for C. V. Whitney.

Father Hogan, a colt by Dewan who was not nominated for the Travers Stakes this weekend, beat eight of the horses who were, in the Jim Dandy Stakes, the public trial for the Travers. Quiet Little Table, the favorite, was never in the picture. As this is written, Majestic Light, from the stable of Ogden Mills Phipps, looms up as the probable favorite in the Travers, on the strength of his win by six lengths in the Monmouth Invitational. Might be odds-on.

Erwin Boy, winner of four straight on the grass earlier in the season, was no match for the opposition in the Bernard Baruch Handicap at nine furlongs over the turf course; he finished third to Phipps' Intrepid Hero, who won by a length and a half over Modred.

SHOW STOPPER, a colt by Secretariat, brought the top price of $550,000—a record—at the Fasig-Tipton Company's yearling sales in Saratoga last week. The bid was made by Jim Scully on behalf of himself, Mrs. Ethel D. Chige, her husband, and a number of others. Scully has been called the Syndicate Man ever since he bought Wajima for a group headed by Zenya Yoshida, a Japanese industrialist, for $600,000. At the vendue the evening before Show Stopper was sold, Ed Stevens, a Virginia horse breeder, gave $275,000 for Exclusive Dancer, another Secretariat colt. Mr. Stevens said that he was acting for a group of friends. (Incidentally, Exclusive Dancer was consigned to the sales by Mrs. Bertram Firestone, who owns Optimistic Gal.) Mr. Stevens owns the Rocketts Mills Farm in Virginia, not far from the Meadow Farm, where Secretariat was foaled. By the way, both colts by Secretariat are roan, an unusual color for a racer. They come by it from their mothers, both of whom were by Native Dancer, the Gray Whirlwind. Buyers had enough small change left from the Keeneland sales to spend a total of $10,510,700 at the Saratoga sales for two hundred and thirty-seven potential champions.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*From the Cape May Star & Wave*]

TO THE EDITOR:

MAC and the City of Cape May are to be congratulated on a wonderful Victorian Weekend!

The plans for three days, the charm and warmth and hospitality of all involved were all delightful.

My husband and I, because of the nature of our business, have been from the Carolinas to Vermont to Indiana and California this year. We study museums and restorations and the towns that hold them. Some have walking tours, or house tours, or fine museums, or cocktail parties.* But no one has all of these at one time and the Coast Guard, and the particular brand of friendliness there is in Cape May.

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BOOKS

Petrified Forest

HISTORICAL pulp, a genre spawned by romantic melodrama and the high example of Sir Walter Scott, leads a prodigal, unembarrassed existence. It has its ephemeral masters and Stakhanovites, adroitly turning out reams of the stuff on a fundamentally honest level of research. The cloaks and daggers are authentic; the laird's moorland, the plantation, the gabled street stand up to the historian's inspection, candidly miniature in detail. A stylized archaism, which renders the antique feel of things without obstructing the reader, spangles the dialogue and narrative. As in a New England oil-lamp-and-rocking-chair emporium (authentic hot buns next door), there is enough patina of the past to make up for the spurious. To a degree that only Marxist literary critics have investigated, it is from this order of pulp narrative that a major part of the common readership derives its image of history. Sometimes the form is exploited with such innocent vim that a queer case of near-greatness occurs: "Quo Vadis?," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Gone with the Wind" endure in the frontier zone between discarded daydreams and rooted archetypes.

Historical and political actualities have, of course, played a large part in some of the best prose fiction. But your thorough novelist—seeking that total realization and enactment of supposed life which, as Aristotle already held with respect to poetry and drama, is intensely more true, because more universal, more individually felt, than the chronicle truth of actual events—will work at an angle, making the public matter private: witness Stendhal's and Thackeray's treatments of Waterloo in "The Charterhouse of Parma" and "Vanity Fair," respectively. The interleaving of historical personages and documentary material into integral fiction always poses problems. The Napoleonic and "newsreel" episodes in "War and Peace" are immensely interesting but strained. Are there, outside the special, not altogether adult achievements of Scott's Waverley set or a book such as Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," historical novels that are at the same time great novels *tout court*? In political fiction, the case is marginally different. Here we locate a handful of masterpieces, very few but preëminent—among them Dostoevski's "The Possessed," Conrad's "Under Western Eyes," Malraux's "Man's Fate," and, it may well be, Trilling's "The Middle of the Journey." For the historical novel in general, however, the terrain between kitsch and genius is restricted.

In "Gossip from the Forest" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), Thomas Keneally, one of the most talented of current Australian writers, has made the task of writing a historical novel almost intractable for himself. He has chosen to narrate from inside, as it were, one of the most complex and massively archivized scenarios in the whole of modern history: the armistice negotiations conducted in a railway carriage in the forest of Compiègne for four days in November, 1918. Nearly everyone connected, even obliquely, with these lofty and tragic doings has left detailed memoirs. Diplomatic, military, and political historians have cropped bare every millimetre of recorded ground. Marshal Foch and General Weygand, the British Admiral Wemyss, and Matthias Erzberger, the plenipotentiary voice of a rapidly disintegrating Imperial Germany, are glaringly limelit actors whose every utterance and twist of purpose have been dissected. Portentous as it was, moreover, the Compiègne ceasefire—for this is, strictly speaking, what was arrived at—has lost its contours or assumed ironic, inverted significance in the light of the events that led up to a second round at the identical forest clearing, in 1940. Thus, Mr. Keneally, whose motives in the enterprise are suggestively indistinct,

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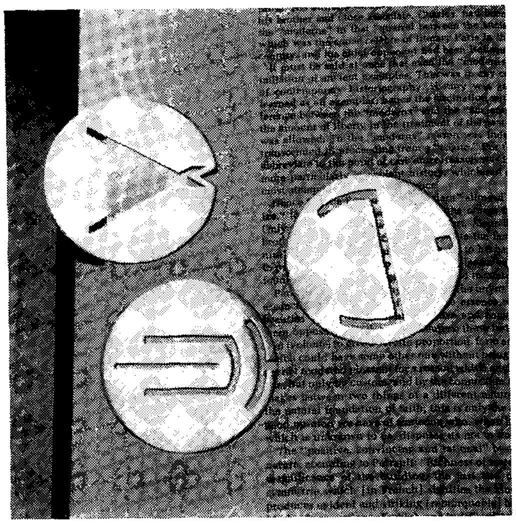
aims to get at the "true truth," at perceptions more persuasive than the historian's within a stringently factual framework. The current vogue for "fact-fiction," for the montage of real happenings and celebrities on an invented background, is plainly at work here. But Mr. Keneally's range is higher. He is after that poetry of order, of inward transparency, which enables the classic novel to say not merely "This is how it might have been" but "This is how it must have been" given the raw material of human sensibility, which only serious art can lay bare.

The protagonists in this ritual confrontation are Foch and Erzberger. Keneally would unmask the Marshal by making ominously expressive the bizarre compaction of his physique: "He didn't waste time with his cognac. He sniffed it rowdily. He drank it quickly. He wiped his mustache with his hand, and even the rim of his sleeve. He was all head and hands—the head and ham fists of a much bigger man stuck on the pip-squeak body. Even by these means he defocused the concentration of opponents. As a cunning fetus in 1851 he had stopped just short of being a monster." There is in his every gesture a devouring economy, an astute gorging. We see him through the eyes, at once fastidiously hooded and fascinated, of Admiral Wemyss. What he reads on Foch's "impish square face" is a proposition whose strategic enormity denies the ancient gentilities of international encounters: "Everything will go the way it ought if you will simply accept for a day or so that I am the God of Moses. And can part the waters." Weygand plays Aaron. He is supple, feline, wonderfully available. Between him and the Marshal there is a secret debauch of mutual need and satisfaction which comes near to love. Weygand is priest-schooled and almost a Jesuit. In 1940, he will give to Pétain the sort of professional counsel which Foch, in the astonishment and terror of victory, did not require.

Across the green table sit State Secretary Matthias Erzberger and three more or less crazed companions drawn from the aristocratic praetorians of the German Empire. Their embassy has crawled, nearly literally, through barbed wire and the lunar landscape of a shattered front to negotiate a respectable armistice. The notion turns out to be wildly impertinent. What Foch will choke out of them is abject capitulation: Belgium, France, Luxembourg, Alsace, and Lorraine to be evacuated in fourteen days; five thousand heavy and field guns to be handed over intact;



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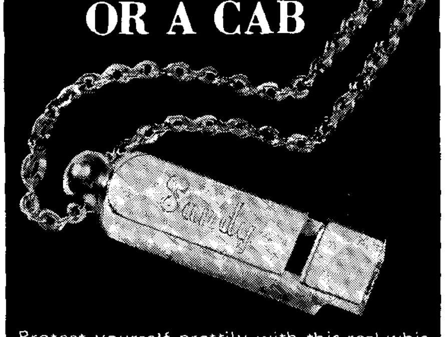

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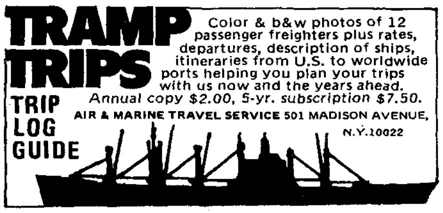
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thirty thousand machine guns ditto; the High Sea Fleet to be interned; bridgeheads to be established thirty kilometrès deep across the Rhine from Mainz, Cologne, Coblenz. And no lifting of the Allied blockade. As Erzberger leaves the railway carriage, his calves tremble so that he wonders whether the Allies have left him his legs. Marshal Foch retires to his lair: "You got the impression his short legs had been drawn gnomishly off the ground and that he might hug himself." Erzberger pleads for time, for political realism, for a mustard seed of compassion. Already the Bolsheviks are busy in German ports and cities: take our machine guns and the red tide will surge. Many German families are on the edge of starvation: a continuation of the blockade will lash them to despair. How can armies whose means of transport are now drastically reduced evacuate in two weeks territories they have held for four years? To Foch, these objections are wholly unreal. The forest meeting represents the necessary, ineluctable crowning of his own will, of that almost carnal weight of purpose which has carried him through slaughter and devastation (the ruined town of Soissons lies close by) to supreme command and victory. The plenipotentiaries across the table derive their substance only from his own compelling insistence that they be there. What other authority can they possibly claim? The German nation is crumbling into quasi-anarchy at their backs.

There are no heroes in this tale, but Erzberger's dishevelled humanity strikes a constant note of grace. The man's political career has not been unblemished; his cravings for creature comfort are of a vulnerable, sometimes pathetic kind. But whereas the von Winterfeldts strut like deranged puppets, Erzberger stumbles like a man. He knows that a people of more than sixty million can be made hungry and abject but that it will not die. The forest draws him toward normalities of repose and self-knowledge that will outlast the ceremonious battiness of the Compiègne occasion. He seems to sense that there is to be, for him, a second, more significant forest. It will be the Black Forest, where, on August 26, 1921, Matthias Erzberger, stigmatized as the instrument of Germany's defeat and humiliation, is shot dead by two right-wing hoodlums, outriders of Nazism: as the guns spit, the ex-leader of the Center Party opens his umbrella of black silk.

Mr. Keneally's presentation is as stylized as a Balinese dance-drama. Much of the dialogue is direct. Short sentences and terse paragraphs hammer away to simulate confinement. Epithets are mannered in the extreme. Men touch off "the sonship glands in other men;" a courier carries "exorbitant peace chained to his wrist;" von Winterfeldt suffers "a slight trembling of the elegant structures of his face;" Wemyss is startled by the intimacy of Foch and Weygand, but "a mouthful of sorbet wafted the shock away." A precedent suggests itself for this artifact. It is a novel that few today will have heard of, let alone read: George Meredith's "The Tragic Comedians," of 1880. In it, Meredith tells the histrionic, bathetic tale of the last days of Ferdinand Lassalle, the German radical Socialist and demagogue who perished in an absurd duel in obese Geneva, his genius floundering in a risible affair of the heart. Meredith and Keneally produce a comparable omniscience and posturing irony.

I do not know that Keneally has looked at Meredith, but one source is certain. In 1931, John Maynard Keynes read to a circle of friends an exquisitely subtle and poignant memoir of his negotiations with Dr. Carl Melchior, who in 1919 had met with Allied economic officials to plead for a delay in reparations and for a more humane view of Germany's desperate domestic plight. This memoir, published later in Keynes's "Essays and Sketches in Biography," inspires not only Keneally's treatment of Erzberger but many touches of material and atmospheric detail. The honors stay with Keynes. Himself a party to the high business, and expertly equipped to judge the strategic motives and national sensibilities implicit in the situation, Keynes keeps his narrative reticent and his verdicts on person and motive provisional. "Gossip from the Forest" has a damaging knowingness. Behind the pointillist technique rumble great portents of foresight and allegorical finality. There is a tactical coyness even to the title. In short: an interesting failure, quite like the parleys at Compiègne so many (or was it so few?) Novembers ago.

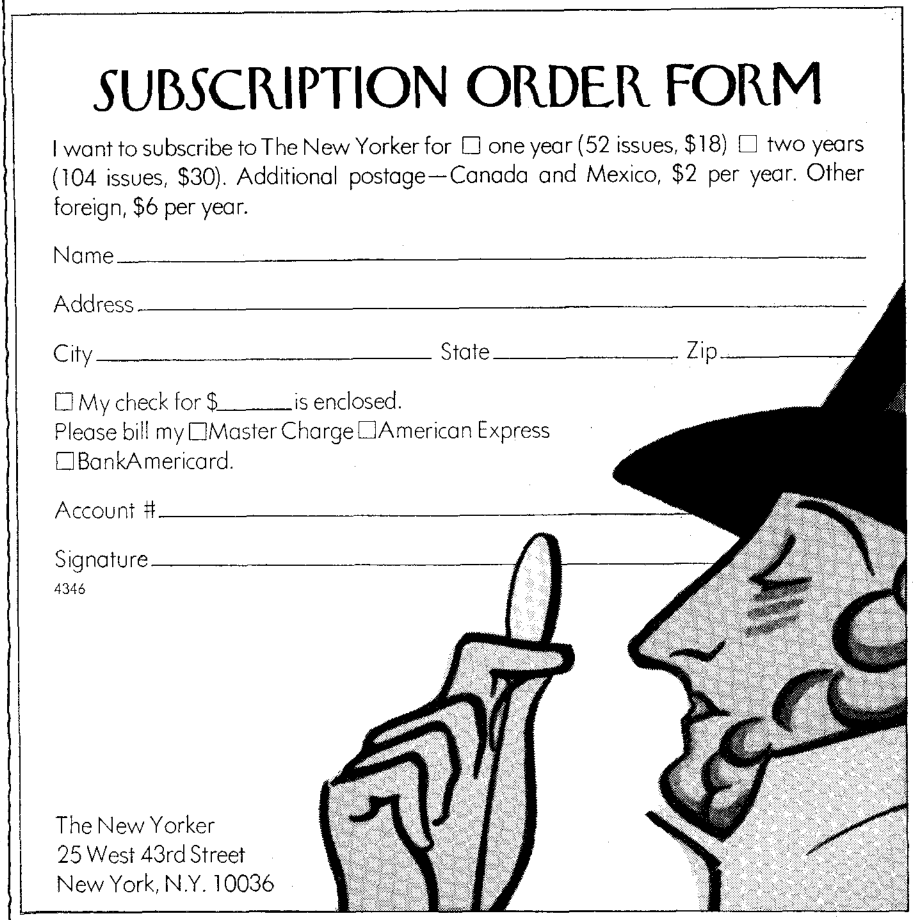
—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LIVES OF ROGER CASEMENT, by B. L. Reid (Yale). A brisk, notably precise account of the known facts concerning the man who was knighted by the British government in 1911 for exposing brutalities in Africa and South America and hanged by the British government in 1916 for attempting to smuggle German arms into Ireland. To discredit Casement and counteract sentiment for mercy, British officials apparently showed people parts of his diary, which revealed that he was a homosexual. Irish patriots have canonized Casement and called the diaries a forgery. Mr. Reid agrees with another recent biographer, Brian Inglis, in calling them authentic, but says, "They are tiresome as a fact and as a problem; the sexual side of them does not seem to me to cut very deep into what I want to call character, and I do not see why it need affect the Irish definition of Casement as hero or saint. In a sense it is nobody's business, like the sex lives of the rest of us." This attitude does not prevent Mr. Reid from quoting enough of the diaries to satisfy anyone's curiosity. Though his dealings with the English had been difficult, Casement accepted his knighthood in a letter so effusively grateful that, according to Mr. Reid, "it is not extravagant to say that the style of his letter to Grey was one of the things that hanged him at last." He was vain and self-deceiving, and when he set off on his fatal mission he miserably knew that he would fail, but he had to do it. Mr. Reid, after telling Casement's story with detachment, concludes that he was a complex and, in many ways, an exemplary man: generous, noble, and brave. Twenty-five dollars.

STEP RIGHT UP, by Brooks McNamara (Doubleday). A historical account of the rise and final downfall of the medicine show in America. The medicine show—with its quack doctor, aided by clowns, musicians, and, perhaps, trained dogs—was not an American invention, but over the years, from Colonial times to the mid-twentieth century, it acquired a distinct native character. Early in the nineteenth century, entrepreneurs discovered a mysterious equation in the public mind of the Indian and good health, and the travelling Indian medicine show was born. These spectacles, complete with tribal medicine men in full feather and encampments of whole Indian villages, were the high-water mark of the medicine show—although in the nineteen-fifties there was a spurt of revival in the form of the enormous caravans featuring Hollywood stars such as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and two of the Marx Brothers which toured the country selling a con-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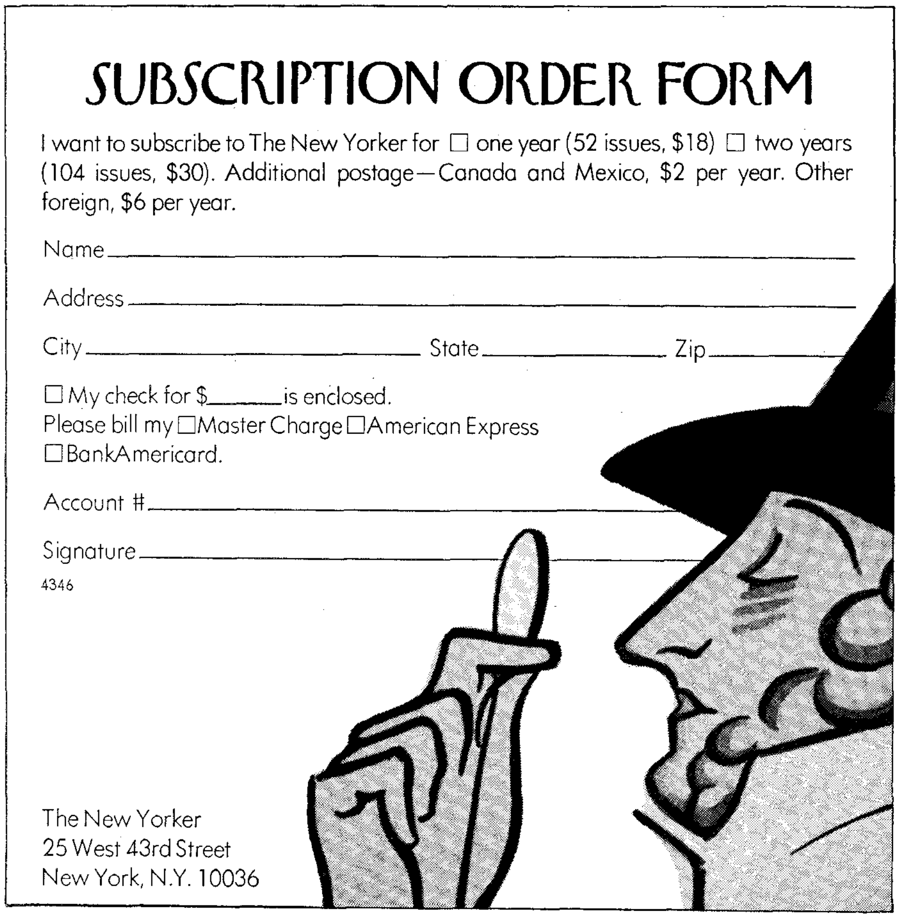
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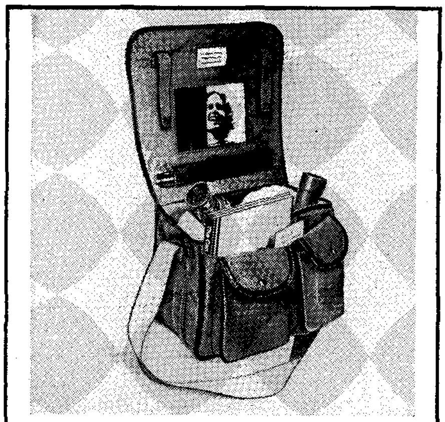

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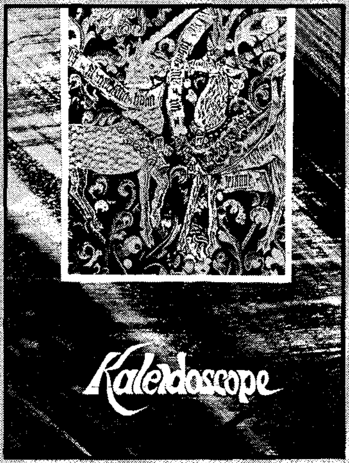

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coction called Hadacol. Mr. McNamara, a scene designer and writer on drama, is thorough, and admirably deadpan, about all this. Wonderful illustrations, in abundance.

MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, by Alun Chalfont (Atheneum). A factual and, in the best sense of the word, critical biography. Lord Chalfont recounts the formation of an eccentric personality, and shows how this personality became more eccentric, and more effective, in a somewhat unimaginative institutional setting (the British Army) and under stress (the trenches of the First World War, anti-guerrilla actions in Ireland and Palestine). Chalfont's assessment of Monty's talents, which seems sophisticated and just, suggests that Monty was not the military genius he thought he was. As one reads along—and this is the book's great virtue—one feels that one is beginning to know a man who did not know himself very well. The author, who has been a Regular Army officer, is exceptionally good at explaining military matters—so good that he never appears to be teaching.

THE COOLING, by Lowell Ponte (Prentice-Hall). The title of this fascinating survey of trends in global climatology refers to what Mr. Ponte believes the earth's climate is now doing. There is no universal agreement on the subject, but there is evidence that the global climate is becoming less stable—severe winters, bizarre local heat waves in northern countries, the failure of the monsoon to arrive with its accustomed regularity in Asia. Mr. Ponte has assembled a vast amount of material about what this has meant for the world's economy and our ability to feed ourselves. If we have entered a long period of climatic instability, the consequences will be exceedingly sombre. The earth simply will not be able to support its present population, let alone a population explosion. Millions of people will die, and the political turmoil will be extreme. What is to be done? This is not clear, but, at the very least, we had better start thinking about it.

•

A more detailed investigation of the possibility of life on Mars is scheduled to begin early Wednesday morning when the Viking 1's robot arm is to reach out and scoop up samples of soil for analysis by three biology experts on board the spacecraft.—*The Times.*

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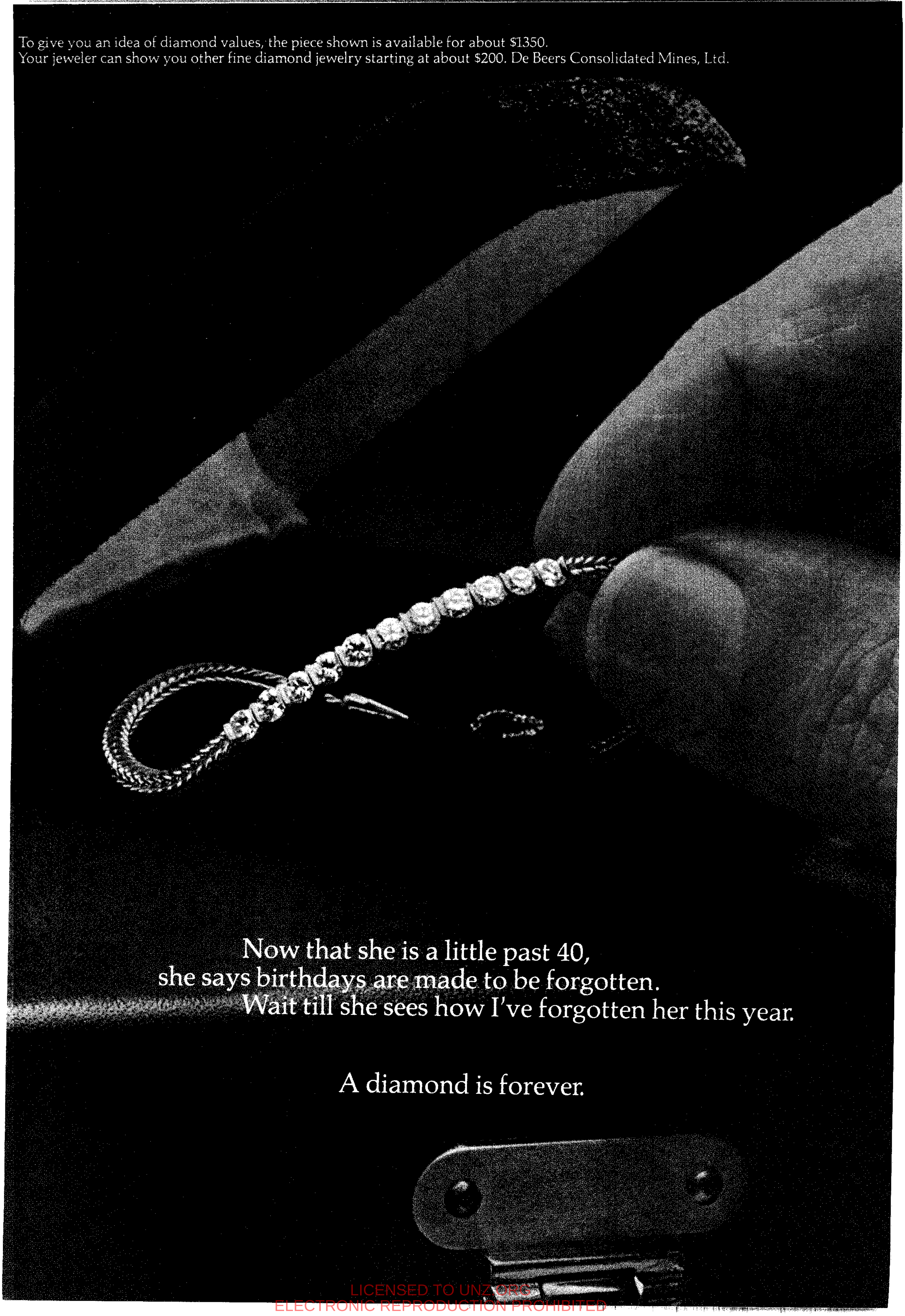

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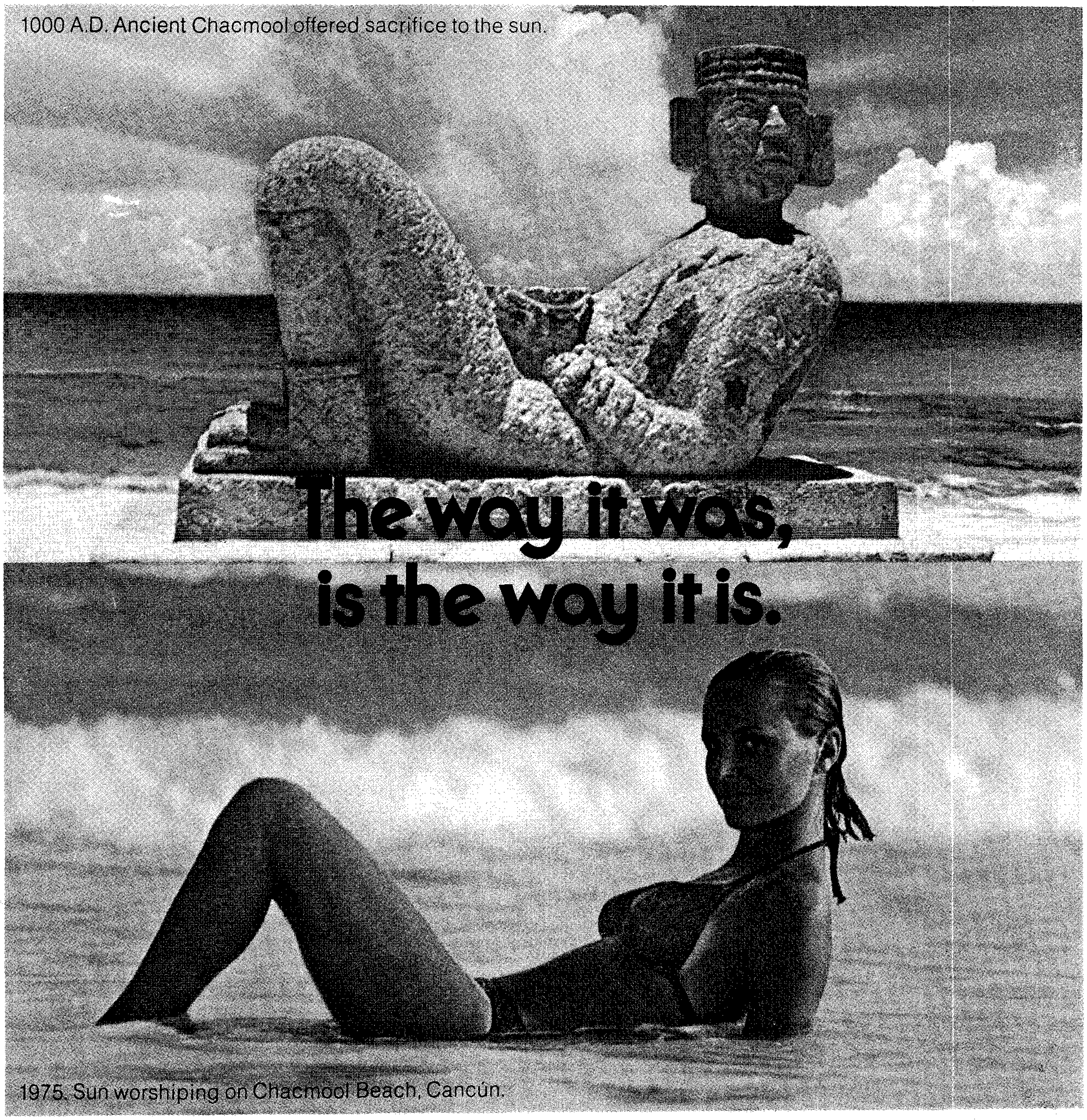
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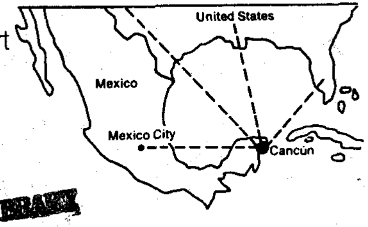

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